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The Ultimate Insider's Investment Guide

BY JAMES J. CRAMER

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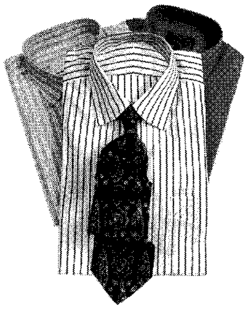

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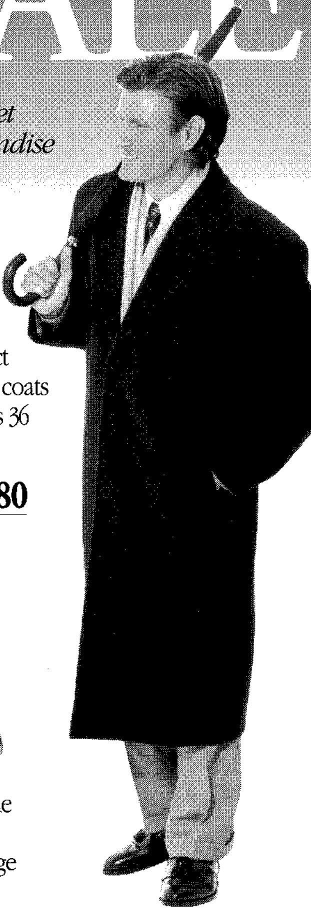

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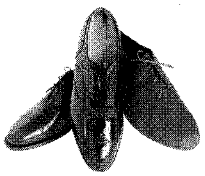

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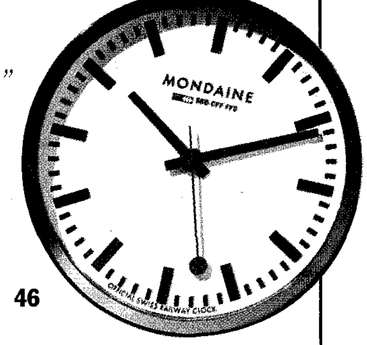
> *"For like eight hours, the {police} were screaming at me, pointing fingers in my face, spitting all over me, smoking cigars, just throwing darts at me, saying, 'You did it, you did it.'"*
>
> AMANDA LEACH, PAGE 38



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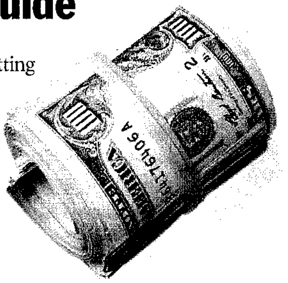
By James J. Cramer



So you missed out on last year's record-setting stock market. Maybe you made a few bucks. But this year, the party's over. You're too late—right? Wrong. The Dow should fight its way up to 6,500 this year, even as the economy sinks into recession just in time for the presidential campaign. In-your-face money manager James J. Cramer pokes his head out of his foxhole long enough to share with us his entire battle plan.

28 The Brothers McNally, Together Again

By Beth Landman and Alex Williams

In the early eighties, when their stylish TriBeCa brasserie, Odeon, was riding high as the dining spot of choice for the hip downtown crowd, nobody was hotter on Manhattan's restaurant scene than British-born brothers Keith and Brian McNally. But the collaboration ended abruptly in 1984 with a mysterious, much-gossiped-about breakup that lasted for nearly a decade. What kept the taciturn pair, now reconciled, at each other's throats? Checking in on their preparations for new projects here and in Miami, our *New York* exclusive spills—as it were—the beans.

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By Amy Pagnozzi

Last July in Brooklyn, Amanda and Sylvia were brutally attacked by a man who raped Amanda, then shot and killed Sylvia when she came to her lover's aid. That's Amanda's story. But police have been saying privately that Amanda may be fabricating the rape to cover up her own involvement in the killing. Are they right, or are they making the same mistake they made in 1994, when they wrongly accused another lesbian of crying rape in Prospect Park?

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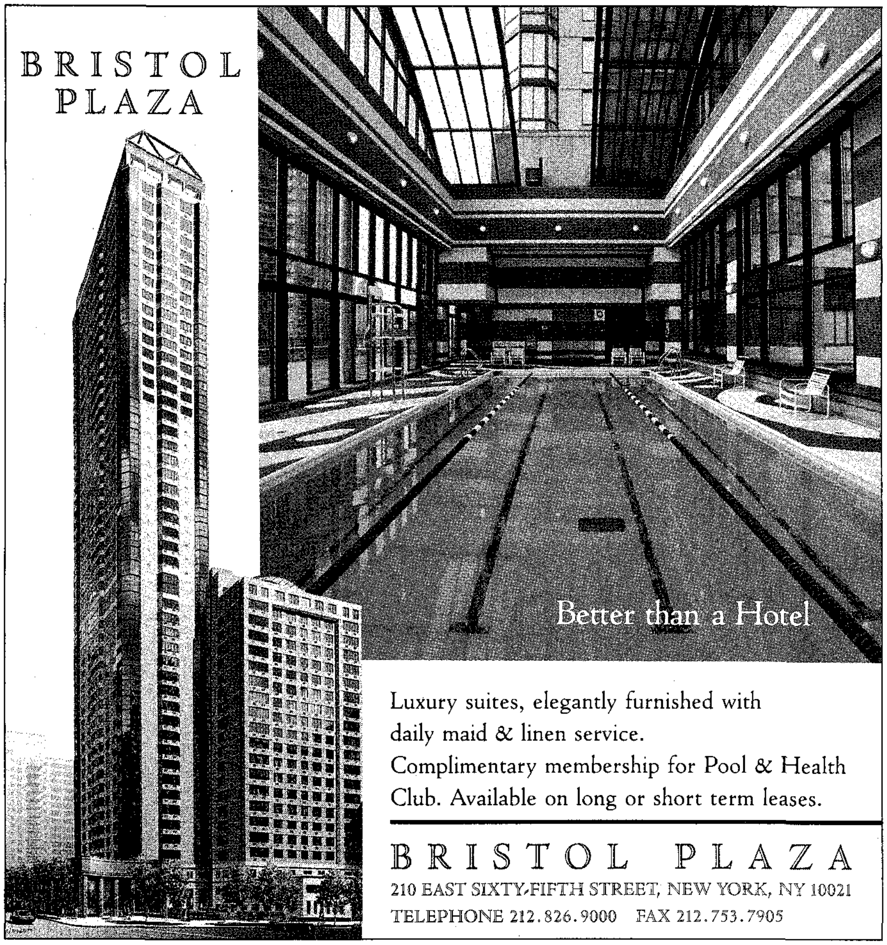

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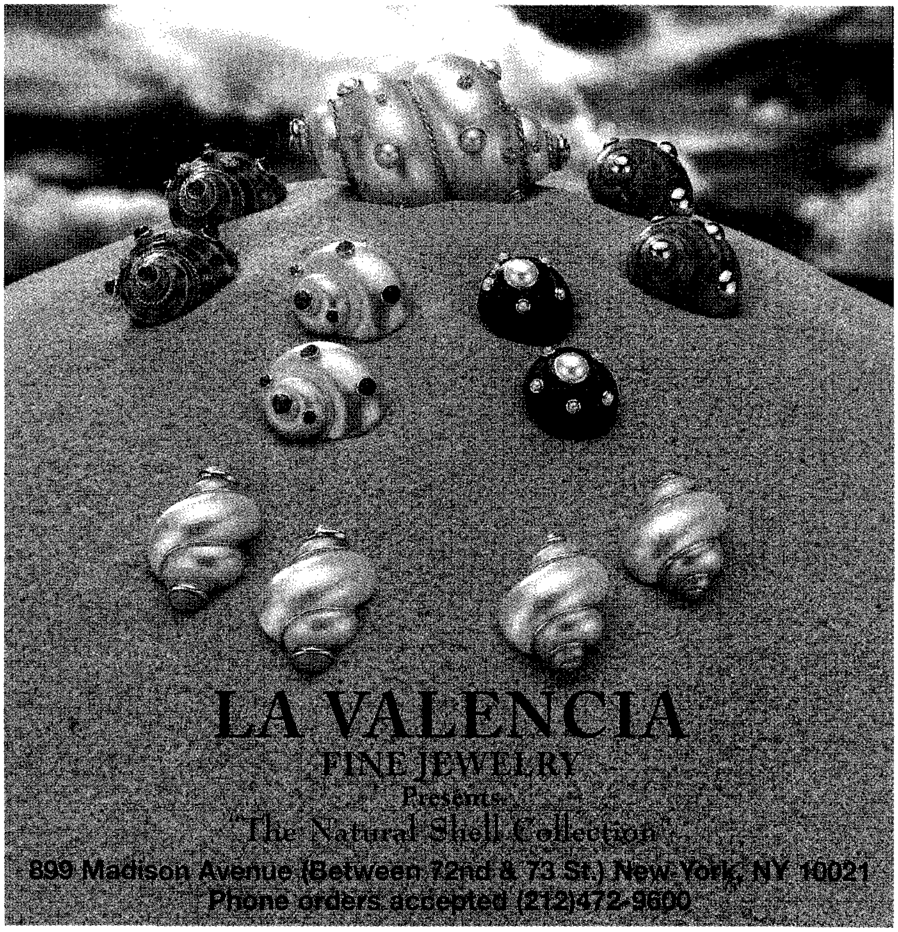

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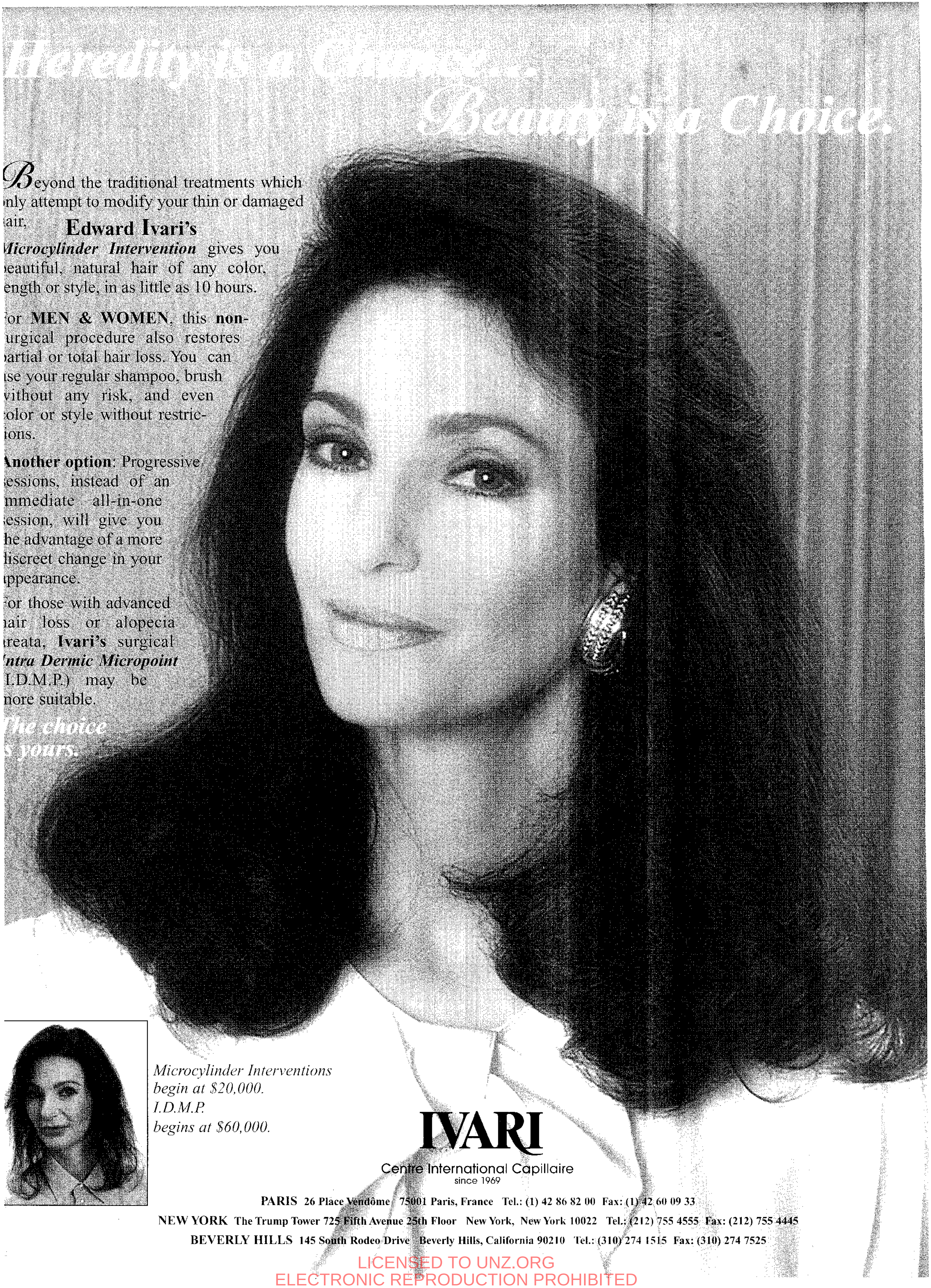
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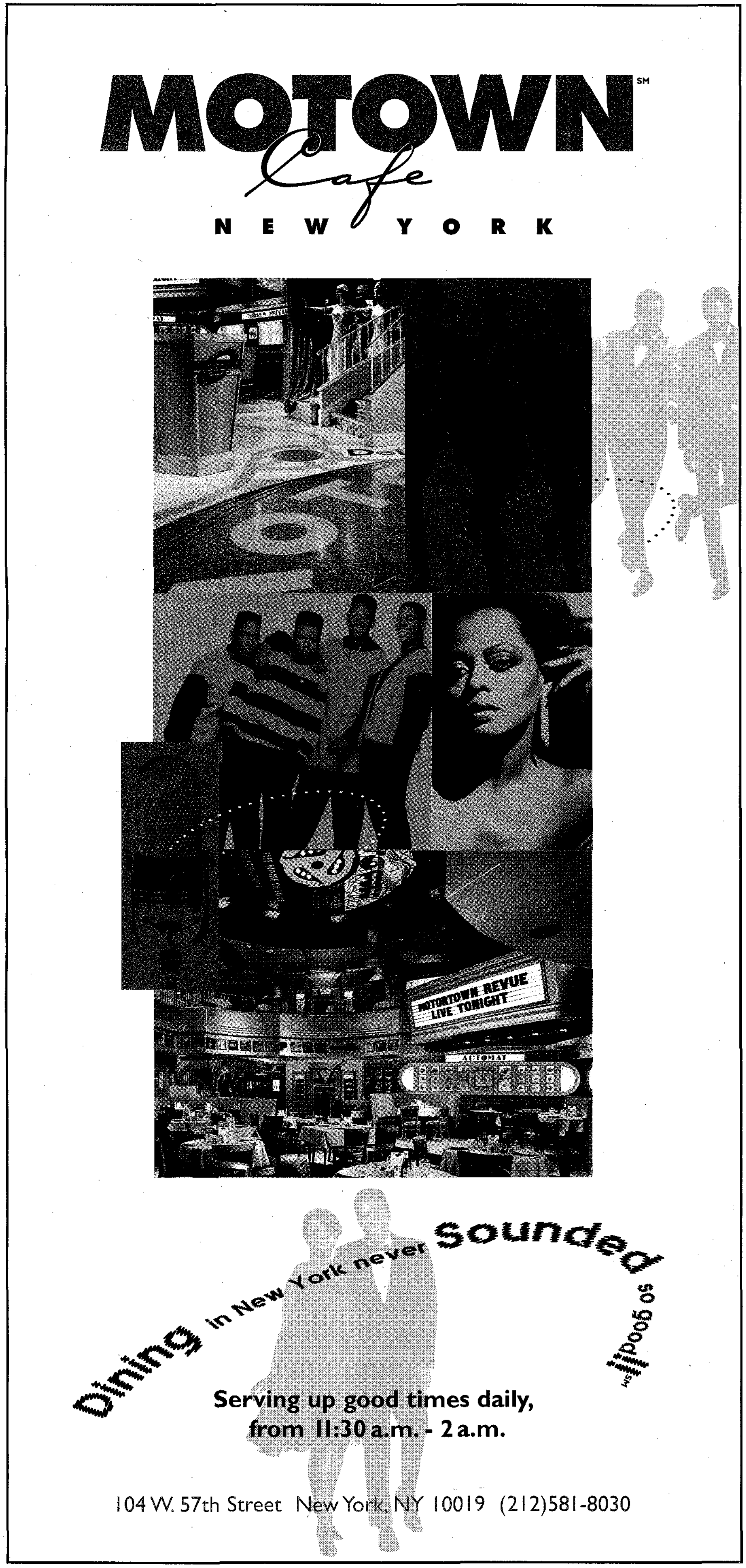
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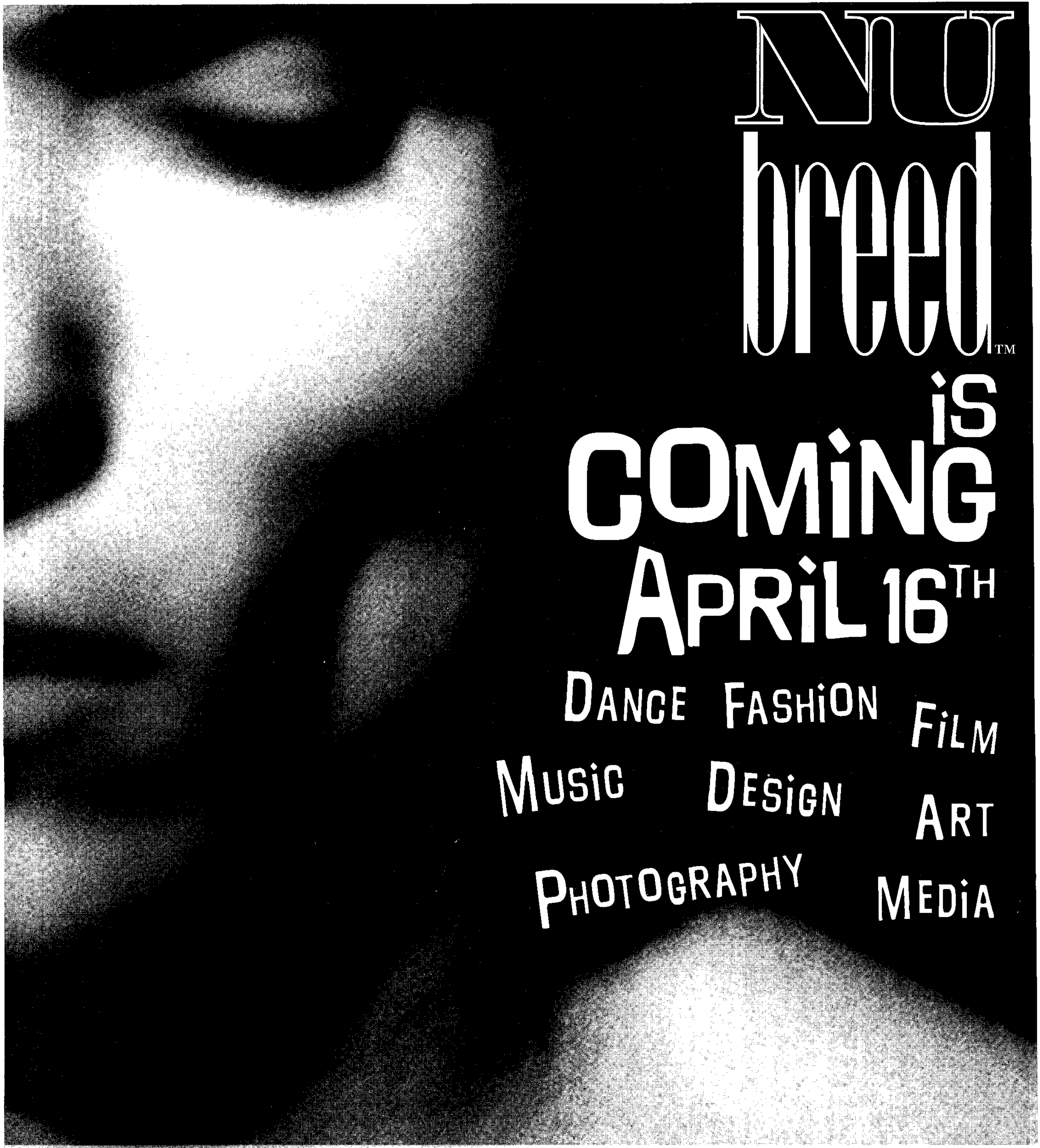
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Testing, 1, 2, 3

Kids remember the trauma and parents question the efficacy of the ERBs; an uptown rapper clarifies her bona fides.

AS ONE OF THE TRAUMATIZED FORMER 4-year-olds who was subjected to the hourlong ERB tests, I'd like to thank Steve Radlauer for his skeptical article "The Big Question" [December 18, 1995]. I have only a hazy memory of kissing my dad good-bye and then sitting, terrified, in a room with a stranger while she asked me to choose a colored peg to correspond with a duck.

What it all boils down to is parents too eager to find out how well their investment will pay off, wanting their kids to be labeled "elite," "gifted," "bright." We shudder at rumors of Communist athlete farms that glean only the most promising newborns and prime them, years ahead of time, to face future competitors. Why, then, do we listen calmly to upper-middle-class adults with little Brearley hopefuls justifying intimidating tests and relying on dubious results to tell them whether their little kids will succeed in a school thirteen years from now?

The Big Question is whether it is counterproductive to quantify someone's intelligence, emotional or otherwise, child or adult. People should know what the ERB measures, and how it affects kids emotionally, before using it as a Weed Whacker in the kindergarten.

Cat Deakins
MANHATTAN

SOME TWENTY YEARS AGO, WHEN I WAS ASsociated with the Parents League of New York, we published an article questioning the sanctity and power of the ERB test. The consequences might amuse you.

We received calls from parents praising our audacity. Some school-admissions people protested that, faced with throngs of applicants, they needed an objective test to prove fairness in rejections. These gatekeepers insisted that the ERB test was only one part of the picture in considering any candidate—I note from your piece that they still say it. Some hinted that if another standard test were available, they might use it instead of the ERB. Someone from the ERB wrote a letter threatening to sue. I believe we sent the ERB a mealymouthed letter, standing by our author but denying any intent to defame or degrade, etc.

It seems that little has changed in respect to the private-school admissions process since the early seventies. Experience tells me your conclusion accurately suggests the reason.

Bravo to your "butterfly dissident"; and weren't you both wise and humane to send her to a non-ERB-using school!

Ellinor R. Mitchell
MANHATTAN

I CAN GIVE YOU A PRIME EXAMPLE OF HOW the ERBs are no measure of future academic success. Our son is currently a seventh grader in an independent school in Manhattan. When he took his ERBs for kindergarten, his scores were quite high. He was accepted and/or wait-listed at every ultra-selective school we applied him to. He attended one of these schools, and by second grade they discovered he had learning disabilities. He has since switched to a less demanding and prestigious school where he is thriving and successful.

My son's best friend from nursery school did not do as well on his test and his parents were forced to send him to a "third-rate school" (their words). In third grade, he applied to one of the most selective and academically rigorous schools in the city. He was accepted and is now one of the top students in his grade. His parents are *very* happy.

I think the real problem is not the ERBs, but the parents themselves (myself included). We are all so caught up in the misconception that our children's future success is based on kindergarten acceptance at a top-tier private school that we lose sight of the most important question: What is best for my child?

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

WHAT EXACTLY IS STEVE RADLAUER'S BEEF? If he thinks the ERB process is a distasteful one, I'd like to tell him about a system that does not put children through a competitive application process. It's called . . . *public school.*

If Radlauer thinks ERBs give an incomplete or inaccurate picture of a child, what about the report from the nursery-school director or the school interview? Nursery-school directors may soften their reports about really problematic students or not perceive the high intelligence in other, quieter ones. On the day of their private-school interview, some children may be coming down with colds and be in bad moods while others exhibit perfect, but artificial, behavior. It seems to me that although it's not flawless, the ERB is the most objective and trustworthy part of the application process.

What any reasonable person recognizes is that you don't have to subject your child to any of this. Parents can easily avoid the mean and awful ERB system. But please respect the rest of us parents who just want to see our children placed with children of similar abilities.

Susan Friedman
MANHATTAN

I WAS PLEASED AND INTERESTED TO READ "The Big Question." The use of the WPPSI test as an admissions instrument and the requirement that it be administered to all 4-year-olds applying to independent schools by the Educational Records Bureau are both issues that continue to need review. Mr. Radlauer's article is both fair and pertinent. Thank you.

Edes P. Gilbert
Head, The Spence School
MANHATTAN

Rapping It Up

I WAS SHOCKED AT THE WAY I WAS MISREPresented in Michael Kaplan's December 18 article "Oy, Word!" First, the article failed to mention that I am a psychoanalyst. I have been included in the Marquis *Who's Who of Science and Engineering,* published in March 1996. Second, I have been separated from my husband since November 30, 1993. He lives with his parents. Third, I do not consider myself part of a "middle-aged Jewish couple," as this would deny my fundamental belief in Christianity, as my latest rap song will attest.

"Infidel" Lauren Lawrence
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998 or sent via e-mail to 76702.2510@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

BY BETH LANDMAN AND ANNE ADAMS LANG

INTELLIGENCER

STERN MEASURES AT HARPERCOLLINS

Though it's now headed into its sixth printing, **Howard Stern's** best-selling *Miss America* almost never got crowned. According to a well-placed source at HarperCollins, a highly public tussle between the belligerent shock jock and his high-strung editor, **Judith Regan,** almost derailed the project. The confrontation reportedly erupted during a fractious meeting at the publisher's 53rd Street offices last summer. Tiring of a long debate about a niggling design point, Stern held up the offending page and went over—or rather, under—Regan's well-coiffed head, soliciting opinions from the assembled staff. When Regan flew into a rage and stormed out of the room, the unflappable Stern turned to her then-lieutenant, **Mitchell Ivers,** and snapped, "If Judith isn't back in five minutes, there will be no book." The threat apparently worked. Ivers fetched his boss in time to appease Regan-Books's most stupendous asset, but only after brokering a deal: Regan would return to the room only if everyone but Howard left first. They did; she did; and the rest is book-publishing history. Meanwhile, the book is reportedly still causing rifts in Stern's camp: Stern sidekick **Robin Quivers** is said to be fuming over her characterization in *Miss America,* which portrays her as moody and tantrum-prone. A Stern spokesman admits that Stern and Regan have tussled, but says, "Judith always comes around." As for the rift with Robin: "They're getting on just fine, thank you."

Howard Stern:
Near *Miss*

BELLA BLAMES THE MESSINGER

How's **Ruth Messinger** doin'? Don't ask **Bella Abzug.** Taking a page from the **Ed Koch** playbook, Abzug is taking aim at a kindred spirit and sitting elected official: Manhattan borough president Messinger. Koch himself touched off the dispute by deriding Messinger to the *Times* as "a young Bella Abzug"—meaning, presumably, a strident paleoliberal woman—and declining to support her likely 1997 candidacy for mayor. The 55-year-old mayoral hopeful quickly denounced the comparison—sending the feminist elder stateswoman through the roof. Though Abzug is now downplaying the feud, she couldn't resist interjecting that "Ruth should be so lucky if she were a young Bella Abzug. . . . She should have just said, 'Thank you very much for the compliment.' " As for throwing her support to any of the candidates, Abzug warns, "Nobody's endorsement is in the bag, ever." Meanwhile, a backpedaling Messinger spokesman insists his boss was misunderstood: "Ruth just wants to be taken on her own merits and not be compared to anyone."

YOU HAVE TO KISS A LOT OF DOGS

Managing money comes naturally to high-profile investment banker **Teddy Forstmann,** but chivalry is apparently more of a challenge. On a recent trip to Washington, sources say, **Princess Diana's** onetime escort was so smitten with a pretty attorney that he invited her for a lavish weekend in New York, promising her a trip on his private jet and dinner at a top Manhattan restaurant. But when the woman phoned to request her own hotel room, sources say, Forstmann downgraded the trip, sending a shuttle ticket in lieu of the jet, and suggesting she take a taxi from the airport. Arriving at Forstmann's East Side pad for dinner, the woman was treated to a tour of his art collection instead. Already unraveling, the evening turned into a classic date from hell when the attorney was left alone with Forstmann's terrier, **Duncan**—who snarled and allegedly bit her on the mouth. Forstmann judged the wound to be superficial and ordered his guest to sit down. Finally, after her napkin was soaked with blood, she said, "I must insist you take me to a hospital." Sources claim the financier dropped her at a local hospital and paid the bill only after his erstwhile date forwarded it to his home. Forstmann's attorney dismisses the story as "a fabrication . . . totally absurd on its face." As for the dog, a Forstmann assistant maintains, "Duncan is very sweet dog, but he *is* a little playful."

Holy terrier:
Down, boy!

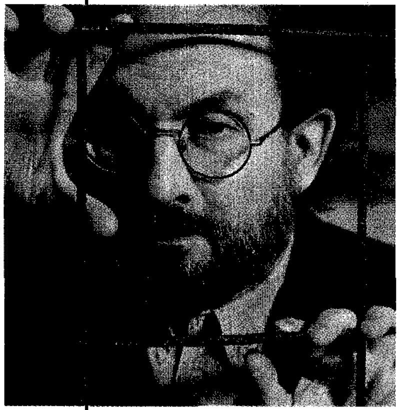
CHIC SET IS WALKING OUT OF SCHOOL

The Hampton Day School, the pastoral home for the offspring of the North Shore social elite, has split over the reappointment of the school's director, **Barry Raebeck.** And, as is so often the case in such private-school disputes, it is a hippies-vs.-reactionaries sort of schism. Nine trustees of the school, including founder **Tinka Topping** and Nick & Toni's co-owner **Jeff Salaway,** recently sent letters of resignation to the ten board members who backed Raebeck, complaining

Bella Abzug:
The feminist mystique

FIRST BOSTON EVENS ITS SCORES

A hapless investment banker got more than he bargained for on a recent foray to Scores, the high-end stripperarium on East 60th Street. It seems that the banker and his friends—a half-dozen executives from the blue-chip investment firm First Boston—were enjoying themselves so much they didn't notice the whopping $3,600 tab the club charged to his American Express corporate card. "They knew we were drunk, so they took advantage of us," complains the banker. But unlike suckers of his ilk throughout history, he did not simply pay up and abashedly shut up. This is the nineties, after all, and these *were* bankers. Instead, after an acrimonious flurry of calls between the banker, his irate boss, his lawyer, and a Scores corporate officer named **Eternity Riley,** the charges were negotiated down to a more decent $1,600. "After looking into the matter," says Eternity, "we thought it would be good public relations to reduce the charges."



Salman Rushdie: Back in business

Warner LeRoy: Tea Room trade

that the school had lost its "broad and embracing" educational mandate and threatening to start a rival academy. But remaining trustees claim the "Nasty Nine" departed because the director wouldn't kowtow to their oversize egos. In a letter to the Easthampton *Star,* HDS parent and former *Observer* columnist **Michael M. Thomas** observed, "At HDS today, the emphasis is on . . . growth rather than perpetual preadolescence." *Get Shorty* director **Barry Sonnenfeld** quickly responded with a letter that began: "I am shocked and outraged that the *Star* would print a letter from an individual pretending to be Michael M. Thomas," and went on to dispute multiple points made by "the writer pretending to be Michael M. Thomas." In fact, Thomas *did* write the letter, but claims he was underwhelmed by Sonnenfeld's response. "It was tiresome. He called me 'dumb' several times. Obviously, I did write the letter, and as I have always been a firm believer that it takes one to know one, it's a very high honor to be called dumb by the distinguished auteur of *The Concierge.*" Says Sonnenfeld: Thomas's letter "personifies for me what the present HDS president and board is like—back-stabbing Republicans."

A TACKY TAG SALE AT THE TEA ROOM

Warner LeRoy has a short memory. When he bought the Russian Tea Room last June, the well-fed restaurateur pledged to keep the legendary room intact, but he's since had a hasty change of heart. Last month LeRoy quietly arranged for William Doyle Galleries—a second-string auction house—to dispose of a multitude of RTR items, including booths, samovars, dinner plates, and most of the artwork that hung at the 68-year-old restaurant. Meanwhile, memorabilia like menus, matches, and postcards will be sold this weekend at a mammoth tag sale in the restaurant itself. Admits a LeRoy spokesperson, "Every time he walks in, Warner changes his mind about what he wants to keep. He's only auctioning things he *really* doesn't like."

F IS FOR FICKLE; RUSHDIE REDUX

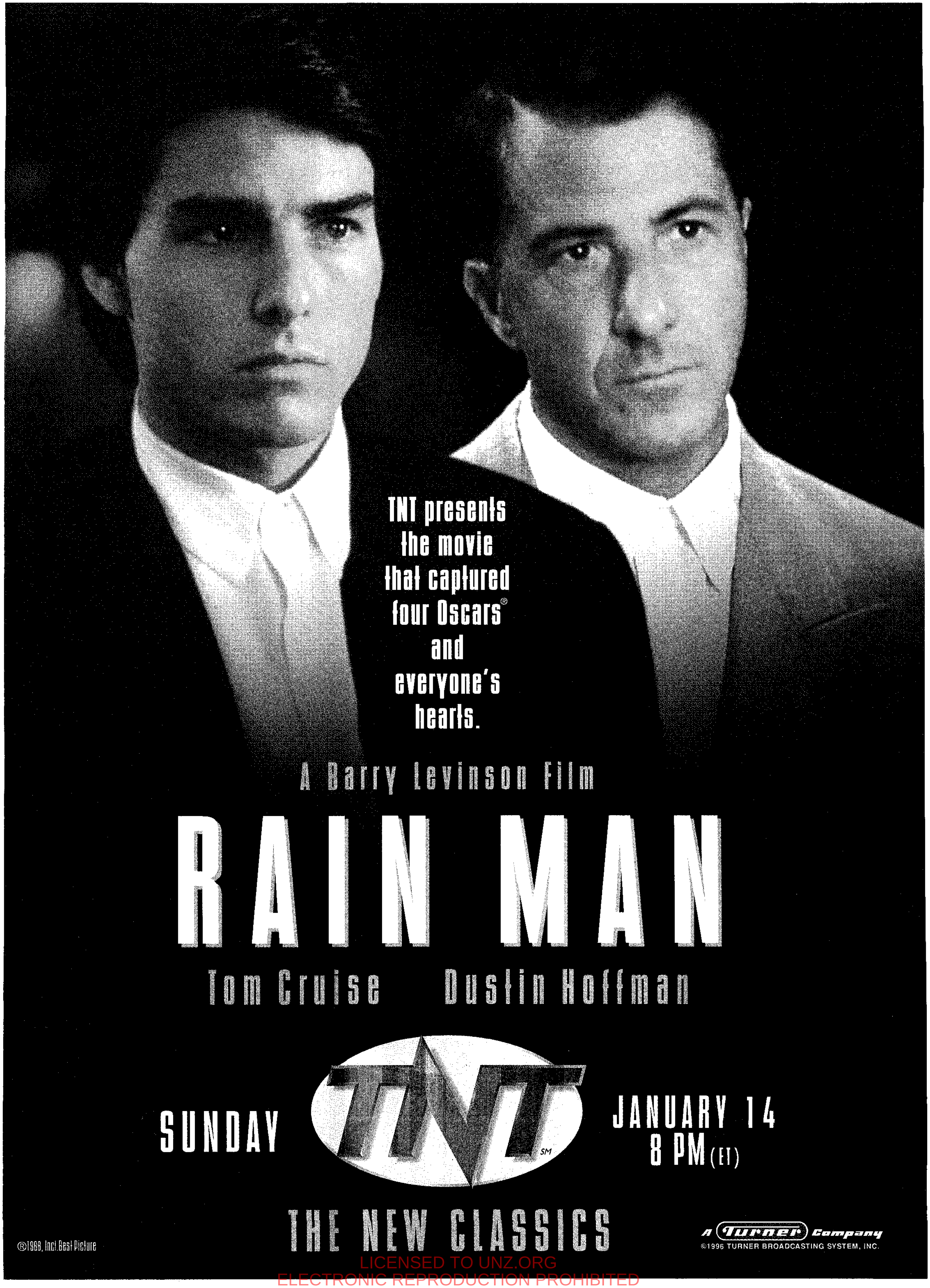
PAPER CHASTE: Tastefulness is a quality not often associated with New York *Post* editors, but it appears that even America's trashiest daily tabloid has its limits. Last month, a 1,000-word article about Jesse Sheidlower's racy new Random House reference book, *The F-Word,* was frantically—but inexplicably—ripped off the presses by editor Ken Chandler. This isn't the first time the book has inspired editorial jitters. The New York *Times*'s Mary Tabor wrote up Sheidlower's collection last summer for her Wednesday book column. But though the article was fact-checked and edited on Tuesday afternoon, it, too, was mysteriously spiked. Tabor was unavailable for comment; Chandler claims the decision was strictly editorial.

FULL-COURT PRESS: Salman Rushdie is coming out of hiding. The endangered author is making his first post-*fatwa* preannounced appearance in the U.S. at the National Press Club in Washington on January 17. Rushdie will address Press Club members and select guests at an "author book rap" to promote his Booker Prize–short-listed *The Moor's Last Sigh.* Bowing to security concerns, the club has ordered a presidential-level detail to protect the author during his appearance.

Additional reporting by Sam Pratt.

YOUTH'S LIPS SPARK SNIT AT *HARPER'S*

A pair of tastefully puckered lips on the cover of *Harper*'s Valentine's Day issue sparked a bitter behind-the-scenes battle at the normally sedate monthly. After a first set of photographs featuring a professional model were deemed too "*Penthouse*-y" for the magazine's audience, a sharp-eyed male editor volunteered the pretty twenty-something intern with the generously proportioned mouth that he'd noticed hanging around the fax machine. But according to sources at *Harper's,* the idea was not universally well-received. Many staff members gathered for a heated meeting to denounce "the sexualization of an intern who was hired because she was smart and qualified, not because she's got great lips." Undaunted, and in no position to turn down cash, the young volunteer-slave agreed to pose for an undisclosed sum. If nothing else, the editor who proposed the controversial idea had a good eye: The intern performed so well the photographer suggested she give him a call once her internship is over.



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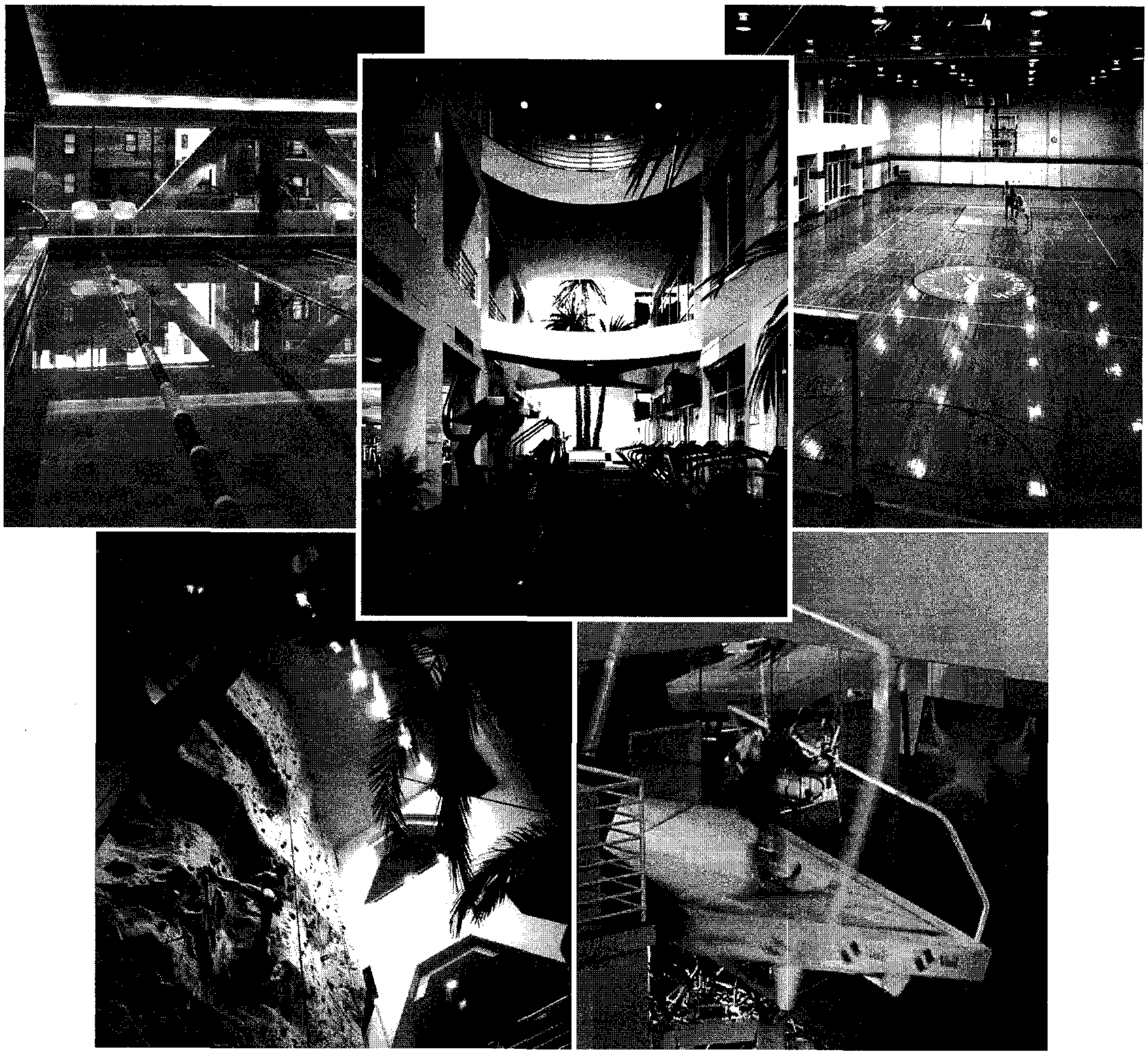

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GOTHAM

New Yorkers are not polite—*Calvin Trillin*

THE FRONT PAGE

The Answer Mayor

Giuliani's plan to solve all the city's troubles is to make them illegal.

Rudy Giuliani has the most amazing mind. He can be asked the biggest questions, the ones that have stumped all his predecessors, and instantly produce the answer: Arrest some people. He can be faced with the most intractable social problems, the ones that have been debated for a hundred years, and, without so much as furrowing his expansive brow, offer the solution: Arrest some more people. He can look into the heart of a tragedy, where others can see only sorrow and wretchedness, and know how to make it all better: Arrest that man.

The death of firefighter John Clancy last week would seem to be another one of those awful things that happen, borne of unfortunate circumstances and terrible luck. A homeless drug addict, squatting in the basement of an abandoned building in Jamaica, Queens, tried to keep himself warm by lighting a metal box filled with wax; the flame caught on one of the blankets he had hung to block the cold and wind, and the building went up. The man and his girlfriend escaped unharmed, but when Clancy went into the building to see if there was anybody else left inside, he fell through the weakened floor and was killed.

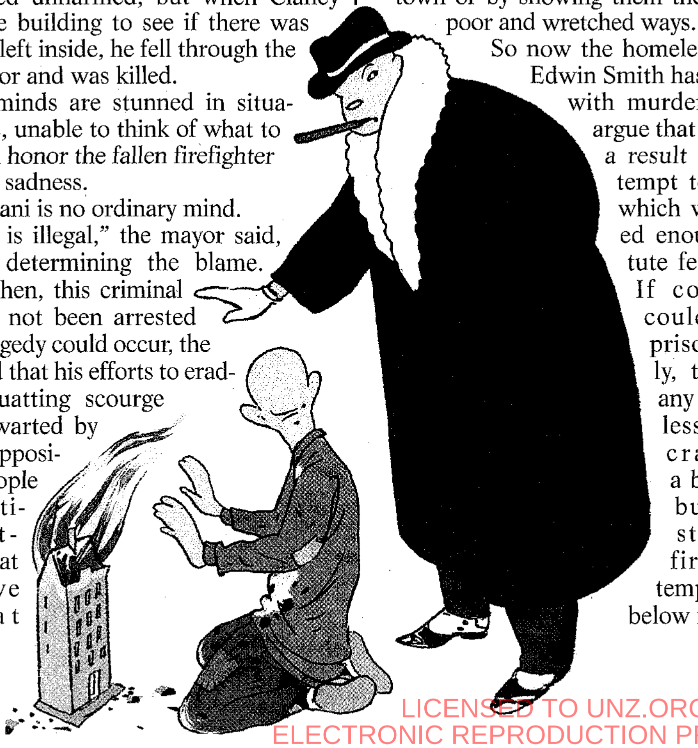
Ordinary minds are stunned in situations like this, unable to think of what to do other than honor the fallen firefighter and feel deep sadness.

Rudy Giuliani is no ordinary mind.

"Squatting is illegal," the mayor said, immediately determining the blame. Asked why, then, this criminal squatter had not been arrested before the tragedy could occur, the mayor replied that his efforts to eradicate the squatting scourge had been thwarted by "enormous opposition from people who romanticize squatting." Now that people have seen what squatters are capable of, though, expect the announcement of another citywide crackdown, to be followed shortly thereafter with the announcement of its complete success.

Giuliani was elected on his promise that he would eliminate much of the unpleasantness that has made it hard to live in New York. To an admirable extent he has done this, working with Commissioner Bratton to dramatically reduce serious crime and make the city feel safer. But from the very beginning, the mayor has had a much broader agenda, which is to make unpleasantness itself a crime, then to proceed to crack down on it. The poor and wretched, who can be very unpleasant, are a kind of criminal syndicate the mayor has seemed particularly intent on defeating, either by running them out of town or by showing them the error of their poor and wretched ways.

So now the homeless drug addict Edwin Smith has been charged with murder; prosecutors argue that Clancy died as a result of Smith's attempt to keep warm, which was boneheaded enough to constitute felonious arson. If convicted, he could get life in prison. Apparently, this will deter any future homeless people from crawling into abandoned buildings and starting small fires when the temperature drops below freezing.



WHO'S THAT MOLL? **"We have high-profile people in the jail all the time, so it would have been nothing special. But during her movement, she'd have to be escorted by deputy personnel and kept away from the general population—to prevent attack against her and to maintain the smooth operations of our jail, not because she's a special threat to the other inmates," Sergeant Ron Spear of the L.A. County Sheriff's Department told *New York*, regarding the task of imprisoning Madonna, who faced jail time for her initial refusal to testify against alleged stalker Robert Hoskins.**

Fat-Free Fat?
U.S.News
Are You Too Fat?

FAT MONDAY **"We did not think this story represented a desperation move to put a snazzy story on the cover, though I wouldn't say the same thing about [*Time*]. Cover obsession is like obsessing on weight guidelines: It's fairly pointless."—Avery Comarow, assistant managing editor of *U.S. News & World Report,* on why, amid collapses in Washington, revolutions in *Moscow, and snowball fights in* Giants Stadium, *Time* and *U.S. News* both ran cover stories about fat last week**

BREACH OF SKULL **"If you've got a lot of people, you could come up and surround the person and say, 'You can't treat her that way.' Make a scene, intervene, but it's inappropriate to beat him up with weapons."—Letitia Baldridge, etiquette authority, *on how a justice-minded mob in* Washington Heights might best have intervened in a romantic dispute; the crowd instead opted for baseball bats, resulting in several arrests**

Politics

THE FINAL DAYS

THE FOOT SOLDIERS OF PAT BUCHANAN'S holy march toward the White House were plodding along Williamsbridge Road in the Morris Park section of the Bronx. Joe Palau, a beefy 31-year-old Buchanan volunteer on vacation from his postal-service job for the past month, scanned a computer printout.

"Good," Palau said as he rang an apartment doorbell on the third floor of a nondescript building. "We've got two in here."

"Who is it?" asked a voice from behind the door. A dog barked.

"Republican Party," Palau said. The dog continued barking. "We're trying to get signatures to get delegates on the ballot."

Pat Buchanan
Reclaiming The American Dream
Buchanan
for

"We're trying to open up the primary process in New York," added Fernando Vasquez, the campaign's state director and Palau's petitioning partner for the day. Neither Vasquez nor Palau mentioned Buchanan by name.

The door finally opened. A middle-aged guy with a slight limp holding a small dog asked again what Palau and Vasquez wanted. "I'm unemployed right now," the guy said apologetically.

"No, no, we don't want money," Palau said. "We just need you to sign this petition." The guy agreed and began scribbling his name. Vasquez asked eagerly whether the guy's wife would also be willing to sign. A female voice responded from the depths of the apartment, "I've got oil on me right now. I don't think so."

So it went last week for Buchanan supporters as they scrambled to meet last Thursday's deadline to qualify their candidate for New York's March 7 Republican primary. Calling the effort an uphill battle would be a significant understatement.

With state GOP bosses (Al D'Amato chief among them) using the party's byzantine ballot-qualification rules to lock up all 102 delegates for Bob Dole, most of the other Republican presidential contenders have steered clear of New York's primary altogether. There have been only two exceptions. Quasi–local boy Steve Forbes and his supporters went to court in an unsuccessful attempt to get easier access to the ballot. Buchanan's troops, meanwhile, simply went into the streets.

"You could say that I used to like D'Amato, but after what he's done this time, I can't support him anymore," said Palau, wearing an Islanders jacket in the heart of Rangers country. The first thing he did was sign up everybody on his block in Morris Park. "Nobody else is going to get anything on Bogart Avenue."

Of course, the volunteers weren't venturing into *all* of the streets in the city; Vasquez's goal was to simply collect enough signatures to place Buchanan delegates on the primary ballot in about half the state's congressional districts. (Forbes and Dole went for all of them.) This strategy apparently worked, but it led the campaign to ignore most of Manhattan. And most of Brooklyn. And most of Queens.

"We've got to be realistic," Vasquez was saying last Monday. "How are we going to get 1,250 signatures in Harlem?" It's a reasonable question given that he and Palau were about 400 signatures short of the magic number in the district they were then canvasing, a predominantly Italian Catholic enclave where they had hoped Buchanan and his pro-life stance would play well.

"I'm going to be out here until the last day," said Palau, undaunted despite Vasquez's estimate that the pair had been collecting signatures at the rate of two an hour. "A lot of the time, people aren't home or they've already signed somebody else's petitions. Other than that, it's going pretty well."

Next stop was a two-story brick house on Rhinelander Avenue. "Someone was here the other day," said the woman who answered, sounding annoyed. "I told them my husband wouldn't be here until next week."

"Was it a girl that came by?"

"No, a black guy."

"A black guy?" Palau said, confused. "Definitely the opposition. I don't know which opposition. Maybe it was Forbes. Well, they didn't get the guy's signature either. Good." ED SHANAHAN

Culture

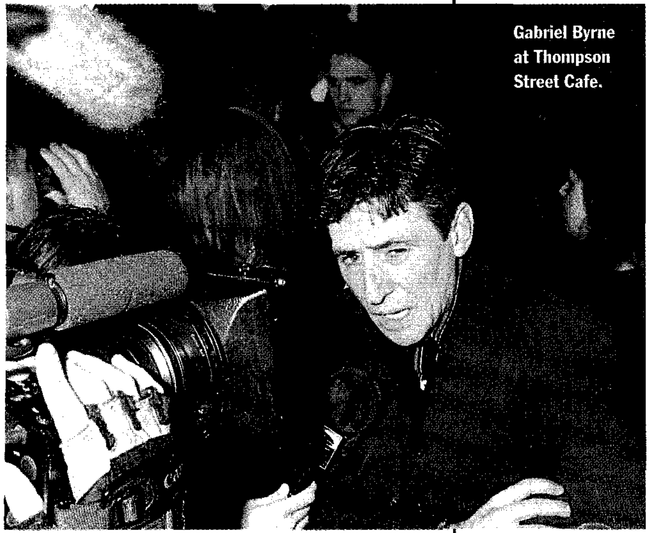
DRINKING FOR HUNGER

TRADITIONALLY, THE IRISH IN NEW YORK (considered the scourge of Manhattan during the nineteenth century, when hundreds of thousands fled the potato famine) have made their way as cops, firefighters, or pub owners. Yet in the past few years, they have emerged as one of Manhattan's—and Hollywood's—most unlikely new cultural forces. On a recent Thursday night, a handful of Irish and Irish-American artists, writers, and actors, including Gabriel Byrne, Matt Dillon, Denis Leary, Aidan Quinn, and the newly ubiquitous actor-director Eddie Burns, converged at Thompson Street, the happening new restaurant co-owned by Terry Quinn, himself a New York firefighter turned restaurateur turned husband of actress Patti D'arbanville. They, along with their lesser-known, less hunky brethren, donated $100 apiece to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the Irish famine, raise funds to erect a nine-foot statue of a starving Irish family in Battery Park City, and drink free all night.

The mood was decidedly convivial; sure, there was a small-scale model of what the sculpture would look like (an emaciated couple leading their five emaciated children away from a Celtic cross), but that was easy enough to miss, positioned as it was but a few feet from the floor. And the Emerald Society, which sponsored the event, was selling HUNGER MEMORIAL sweatshirts, but they weren't moving nearly as quickly as the alcohol was. Waitresses, balancing hefty hors d'oeuvre platters, unsuccessfully tempted chain-smokers.

Dillon, Byrne, and Leary obligingly posed for photographers; they huddled together, shoulders hunched, brows furrowed. Thirty seconds later, Dillon capriciously walked away. Leary, however, hung at the front of the bar with Terry Quinn, chatting amiably with any and all who approached—though he deftly passed off a question about the statue's unlikely home to Quinn, who explained, "Every other place was rented out," before ducking into the crowd. Aidan Quinn (no relation) seemed a bit perplexed. "I really have no idea why it's going up in Battery Park," he admitted. "I guess it's as good a place as any." Colin Quinn (no relation), late of MTV's defunct game show *Remote Control*, was, at least, a bit more imaginative: "It's so all the people from Hoboken can look at it from across the river." Reminded of the sculpture's modest stature, he retorted, "Yeah, but it's just like Catholicism. If you *know* it's there, that's enough."

After a grace period of uninterrupted imbibing and socializing, one of Quinn's barmen took to the makeshift podium and addressed the crowd: "Hey, *shut up!*" He introduced Seamus Egan, who scored *The Brothers McMullen*, with the nothing-short-of-threatening directive "Now we're gonna listen to some music." Seamus began playing a pretty, sad tune on his flute, and a few drunks in the back yelled at one another to shut up. He was followed by an actress who read a scathing anti-Irish editorial that ran in England during the Great Famine, which blamed the "lazy" Irish for their self-inflicted plight. The audience politely applauded; glasses clinked, voices rose, and backs turned. The barman reappeared. "*Shut up!* Now Gabriel Byrne's gonna speak, and then we're gonna watch his film." Byrne, who is actually Irish and seemed to be the unofficial master of ceremonies, delivered a moving speech about the famine and introduced a thirteen-minute clip of a documentary he is making on the subject, at which point the crowd, without reprobation, fell silent.



Gabriel Byrne at Thompson Street Cafe.

Just as those raising money seemed to be a bit fuzzy on what they were raising money for—"the cause," as it was referred to—the Irish interviewed in the actor's documentary admitted possessing little knowledge of the Great Famine. The crowd erupted when one young woman acknowledged that "anybody who had the intelligence to get through the famine, most of them just left. So we all descended from stupid people in a way." Byrne's excerpt, which was both humorous and sober, received an enthusiastic reaction. He received the applause and stepped down into the crowd, which, having paid its respects like mourners at an Irish wake, quickly grew louder and more raucous.

The Emerald Society's bagpipers, all pink cheeks and smiles, marched out from the back room and played for nearly half an hour; the guests were finally free to talk and yell and laugh as loudly as they pleased, having done their part for the cause in the city whose Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor long ago gave up on their indigent ancestors. "They love to clan together in some out-of-the-way place," wrote a puzzled, fed-up bureaucrat in the mid–nineteenth century, and "are content to live together in filth and disorder with a bare sustenance, provided they can drink and smoke and gossip . . . without molestation."
MAUREEN CALLAHAN

City

CAB 54, WHERE ARE YOU?

CHRISTOPHER LYNN, WHO IS KNOWN IN New York at the moment mostly as the man who wants to raise the cab fare, spent his New Year's Eve chasing down taxi drivers who might be price-gouging, without much luck.

"This is not funny. This is not funny," the Taxi and Limousine Commission chairman was saying to one cabdriver who could not stop laughing. Lynn thought he had spotted a violation, but the driver had an alibi that the passenger corroborated, so Lynn reluctantly put away his new badge and let him go.

"He thinks the whole thing is funny, that guy," Lynn said unhappily, climbing back into an unmarked 1991 Chevy Caprice. Once settled, Lynn reached for the mouthpiece of his shortwave radio and said, "This is the chairman, Car 54, all units stand by." Car 54 "was the number they used before I even got here," he said, though the 45-year-old lawyer, gay activist, and Giuliani campaigner clearly relished the pop reference as well as all the gadgets of his new job—the badge he flashed to cabdrivers and their passengers, the blue flight jacket he wore with TLC ENFORCEMENT emblazoned on the back ("I had to buy this myself for 25 bucks"), the cellular phone, the red light on the dashboard, the loudspeaker.

"Don't jaywalk," he said over the loudspeaker as the car inched its way past revelers down Ninth Avenue.

"Last year, I was at Times Square watching the ball drop," said the chairman's driver, Ernst Bonny, a senior inspector.

"Why is that fun, for God's sake?" Lynn asked.

Bonny, wearing a fedora with a feather, looked out the window at a passing van of beautiful women in party hats who smiled, blew their horns, and waved. "Since Mr. Bonny started working for me June 15, I don't think

ADVERTISING

Tear Gets in Your Eye

"We combed New York for an Indian," says Joe Goldberg. "We even talked to the guy who posed for the buffalo nickel, but he was in his nineties. He couldn't *walk* toward a canoe, let alone paddle one." Back in 1970, Goldberg, then an art director at Marsteller, had been picked to create a public-service TV ad against littering for the Keep America Beautiful foundation, which he finished shooting a quarter of a century ago this week. Goldberg eventually found what he was looking for—a Cree-Cherokee actor named Iron Eyes Cody—in California. Goldberg then shot most of the ad on the West Coast, including scenes of a factory, but the smokestacks he caught on film there were spewing benign steam, not pollution. Goldberg reshot the footage, using exhaust vents in the more suitably blighted Yonkers in January 1971. *The ad went on to become an* icon, seen by viewers 10 billion times over its three-year run. Iron Eyes Cody—the shedder of the famous tear—became a key figurehead, if you will, for the environmentalist movement. "I was just doing my job," the 92-year-old Cody, who lives in L.A., told *New York*. "I never thought it would have such an impact."

But still, it's only an ad. The pollution was real, but Cody's tear, the now-retired Goldberg admits, was glycerin. "He does get emotional about litter, but you have to *understand the expediency of shooting a commercial,*" says Goldberg. "Besides, glycerin shows up better."
GERSH KUNTZMAN

Photographs: top, M. Gerber/LGI; bottom, courtesy of Keep America Beautiful, Inc.

Ringing It In

Herreras did it uptown at Mortimer's, and hipsters did it downtown at Jackie 60, but everyone lived large on New Year's Eve.

Photographed by Patrick McMullan

Above, at Carolina and Reinaldo Herrera's New Year's Eve party at Mortimer's: *Post* columnist Richard Johnson and Calvin Klein. Left, Andrea Reynolds-Plunket and the Mortimer's staff. Below, author John Richardson, photographer Camilla McGrath, and friends.

REFUNDS
XTREME

Above, New Year's Eve at Jackie 60: *A Brief History of Time* star Tommy Gunn, designer Kitty Boots, doorguy Tony Brown, and Chi Chi Valenti.

Above, Elle MacPherson and Claeys Bahrenberg join the staff of *Harper's Bazaar* for a holiday party at Liz Tilberis's home. Right, Cindy Adams with her hostess at Joan Rivers's holiday party.

he's gotten home before midnight, have you, Mr. Bonny?" the chairman said.

At 8 P.M., the chairman used the cellular phone to call the taxi complaint line, 302-TAXI, which on New Year's Eve would for the first time be manned at night by TLC employees. A minute later, he was on the shortwave radio to headquarters: "I got a *recorded message*—a live person didn't pick up the phone! I made a promise!"

He grabbed the loudspeaker again. "5P12, put your meter on," he said, reading the medallion number on the top light of the cab in front of him, which was lit even though the cab had passengers. "Mr. Bonny," the chairman said, with some excitement. They followed the cab for two blocks, then made the bust.

"They were trying to decide where to go," 5P12's driver explained uncomfortably as his four passengers fled the cab. Mr. Bonny confiscated the cabbie's license while the chairman used the cellular phone to call the driver's garage manager. "Tell him he's suspended for 30 days, immediately. His meter was not on," the chairman said sternly. "He's lucky I don't suspend his license forever. He was doing a flat rate. . . . Everybody knew they weren't supposed to pull this trick tonight."

For the next several hours, the passengers of Car 54 got out at taxi stands to shake hands, passed out complaint forms to people hailing cabs while advising them to "tip well; it's New Year's," and popped into TLC headquarters to greet employees manning the now-functioning help line. (There were 21 serious complaints, including overcharges, refusals, and one woman who said she was dumped in a warehouse district in Williamsburg because she insisted the driver take the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway to her home in Long Island City.)

Close to midnight, the chairman became restless. He decided to take a detour to Splash, a gay bar on 17th Street where a friend of his was dancing. "I promised I'd drop in to see him for five minutes." The chairman turned to his driver and pouted, "Mr. Bonny, you haven't turned on the siren all night." Mr. Bonny obliged, in short, relatively soft bursts that accompanied the red flashing light on top of the dashboard.

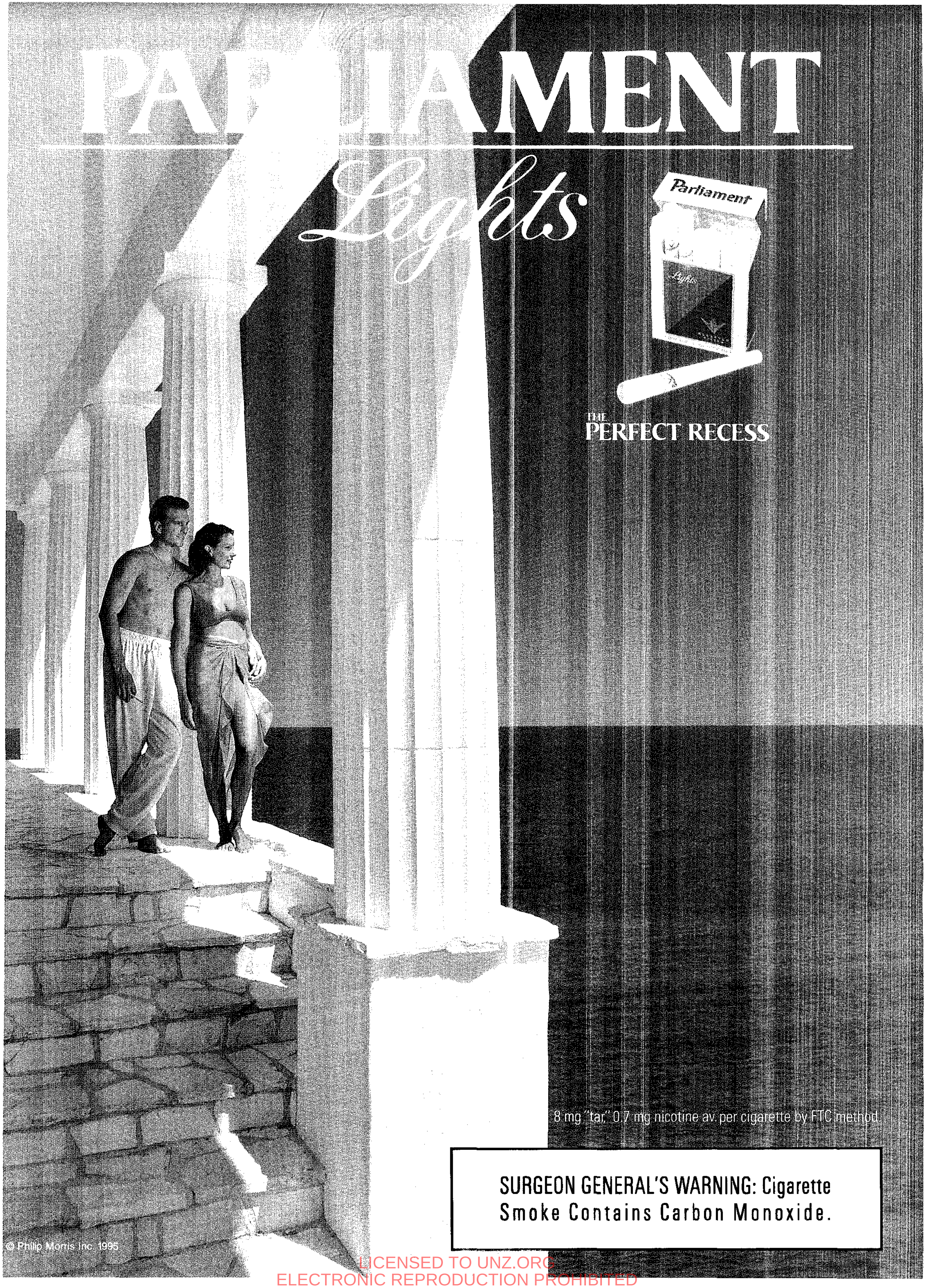
"Whoop, whoop, whoop," the chairman murmured almost inaudibly.

As the car pulled up in front of Splash, the chairman eyed the long line to get in.

"You could just walk in. You're the chairman," said Mr. Bonny.

"No," said the chairman sadly. "It wouldn't look good."

JONATHAN MANDELL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MICHAEL TOMASKY

Could Rudy Lose?

Definitely. He's played only to his base, and Ed Koch's recent anyone-but-Rudy declaration leaves him further weakened. Can he wise up before it's too late?

PUBLIC ADVOCATE MARK GREEN, who was visiting the in-laws in West Palm Beach the week he suddenly became a more credible mayoral contender, says he ran into a top aide to Mayor Rudy Giuliani last Wednesday morning. The conversation wasn't long, but it was telling. After perfunctory New Year's chitchat, according to Green, the aide suddenly leaned close and said, "Boy, is D'Amato weak."

They laughed, but they knew it was no joke: Ed Koch's famous post-Christmas divorce from the mayor, and his naming of six candidates, including Green, whom he might back against Giuliani in 1997, provided reasons aplenty for Giuliani partisans to wish Green into a 1998 Senate race and away from next year's mayoral one. Green, in a city that's still five-to-one Democratic, is strong on his own terms; in 1993, running for public advocate below Rudy on the ballot, he collected about 17,000 more votes than the mayor did.

But throw Koch into the mix, and the equation tilts undeniably in favor of Green, or any Democrat with Hizzexonor's backing. Endorsements are almost always overvalued. The *Times* is worth maybe a few points in certain neighborhoods, and some union endorsements accrue value because they come with phone banks and troops. But Koch is another matter. He is ubiquitous, he is loquacious, and he is, the antipathy of certain demographics notwithstanding, a popular fellow. I ran into him at the movies once, and as we spoke, the stream of people who came up to shake his hand and thank him or wish him well was constant ("Aren't you nice?" is the standard reply).

So Green looks not in this gift horse's mouth. "It was better than poking me in the nose," he says, "and of course I'm delighted that a man I've largely traded insults with said something nice about me." For the record, what Koch said on New York 1 was that Green is "capable of running this city in a moderate philosophical way." Green probably wants to run for Senate, but Koch's legitimation, while no panegyric, may make him think twice.

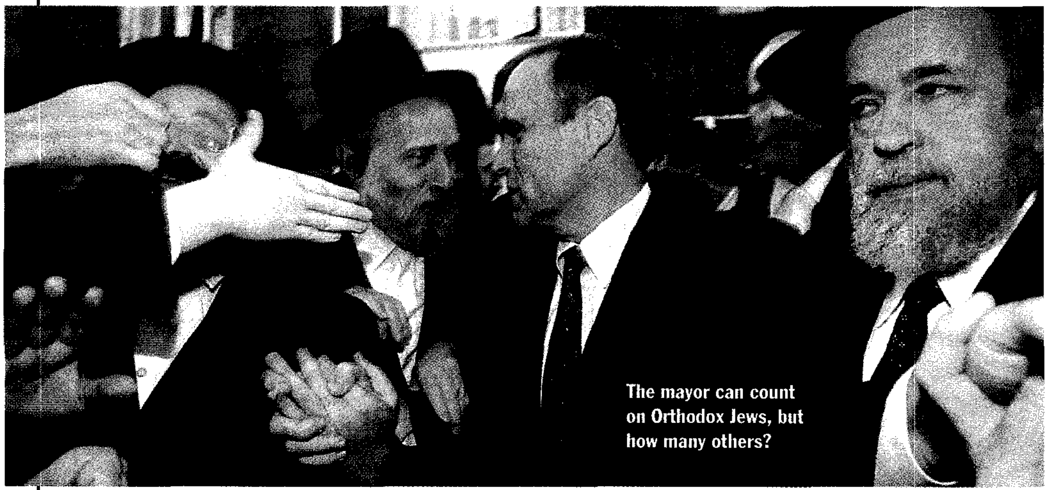
THERE IS MUCH GUESSING AROUND TOWN whether Koch's break with Giuliani has the smell of permanence. For his own part, Koch told me, "I can't see it as fixable." But is Koch really so important? It's simple math. Giuliani beat David Dinkins by about 55,000 votes out of 1.8 million cast. Dinkinsites say the loss was a result of their failure to crank up black turnout. That was a factor, as was the presence on the ballot of the Staten Island secession referendum, which raised the pro-Rudy Richmond vote by 21,000 over the norm.

But the real reason was that Dinkins, in his four years in office, did not expand his coalition. Neither did it shrink much, but it frayed at precisely the edges that meant the difference between victory and defeat. Specifically, Dinkins lost ground between 1989 and 1993 in a handful of neighborhoods that, more or less, fit a profile: outer-borough, Democratic but not strictly partisan, centrist, Jewish. Places like Riverdale in the Bronx, Forest Hills and Bayside in Queens, and Midwood in Brooklyn (and, to a certain extent, Manhattan's East Side, where there are gobs of true independents). Dinkins's slide in these neighborhoods brought his share of the white vote from 27 percent in 1989 to a ghastly 21percent in '93: a bit of racism there, to be sure, but mainly a reaction to Dinkins's failure, in Crown Heights and at that Korean grocer on Church Avenue, to rise above the interest-group tribalism that so dominates New York politics.

Back to the math: Can Giuliani count on a Democrat, any Democrat, to win just 21 percent of the white vote in 1997? Even Manhattan borough president Ruth Messinger, reckoned by many to be the weakest, would surely get at least a third. Green, City Council speaker Peter Vallone, and some others whom Koch tagged as candidates would all have a numerical advantage—for example, if Brooklyn congressman Chuck Schumer, whip-smart and appealing to both Manhattan liberals and outer-borough moderates, changed his mind and ran for mayor (he'd rather be governor), it wouldn't be very close.

Hence, Koch's importance. Almost any candidate, especially a Jewish one, would make up some of the Dinkins deficit in Riverdale and other such neighborhoods—and they're precisely where Koch is most popular.

GIULIANI'S SUBVERSION OF THE JUDICIAL-screening process and elevation of two judicial nominees for obviously political reasons, which was the ostensible backbreaking straw for Koch, is important to Koch—he ranks instituting the process as one of his top three achievements and says that "what [Giuliani] has done is so destructive, I can't tell you"—but probably


The mayor can count on Orthodox Jews, but how many others?

Photograph by Frances M. Roberts.

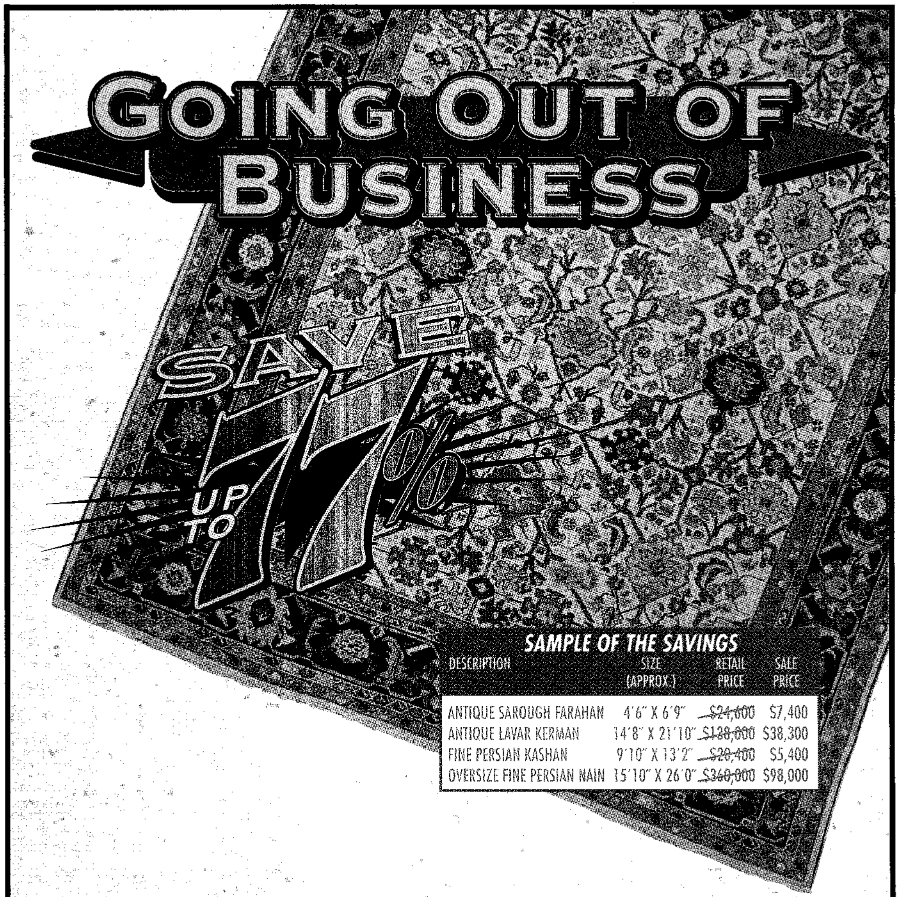
lacks resonance with most voters. And Charles Posner, whom Giuliani nominated over another judge who'd been approved by the screening panel, has had something of a bad rap; City Hall cannot pretend politics wasn't a part of his nomination, but many people think highly of him.

The canker the Posner nomination exposes is a deeper one, and it suggests that Giuliani's fatal flaw is the same as Dinkins's. As different as the two are, they fall into the very same trap: Each plays relentlessly to his core constituency, but not a feather beyond it. "[Giuliani] has not expanded his base," says Chris McNickle, author of the useful book *To Be Mayor of New York.* "He has responded forcefully to a number of issues that his core constituencies found pressing, but he's done it in a way that a lot of people find offensive. And he didn't win by enough to be able to offend many people."

The Posner nomination was a payoff to Orthodox Jews. It wasn't the first payoff in this city, and it won't be the last. But to whom else is the mayor extending his favors? It's remarkable that, two years into his term, there is no black person in a high position at City Hall; the concern is not for some sop to political correctness but for a glaring omission by an administration that seems to have worked double-time to isolate and anger blacks—on purely practical political grounds it seems gratuitous and stupid. He is quick to attack Al Sharpton for speaking of "white interlopers," and Sharpton richly deserves such criticism. But his own Sharptons—Hikind, Rabbi Abraham Hecht, whose rhetoric nudged along the assassination of Yitzhak Rabin in Israel and pollutes cross-cultural understanding in New York—constitute the peanut gallery to which he plays. Will we be able to watch with equanimity, after the killing in Tel Aviv, when the mayor stands with the likes of Hikind and Hecht at a campaign rally?

That should bother all decent people of any color or faith, and it probably *will* bother moderate and liberal Jews especially. Giuliani's success as a crime fighter and an effectual manager of a seemingly unmanageable city may be enough for such voters, but it shouldn't be.

New York is two morally compromised camps masquerading as "coalitions"—blacks, Latinos, and white liberals on the one hand, and white ethnics and ideological conservatives on the other (I cheer for the former, with less hope than I'd prefer). The Riverdales and Midwoods are important not just numerically but because they represent a point where one side or the other can begin to cross the bridge that keeps the city divided. The candidate who can build that bridge is the candidate who will be worth supporting. ■



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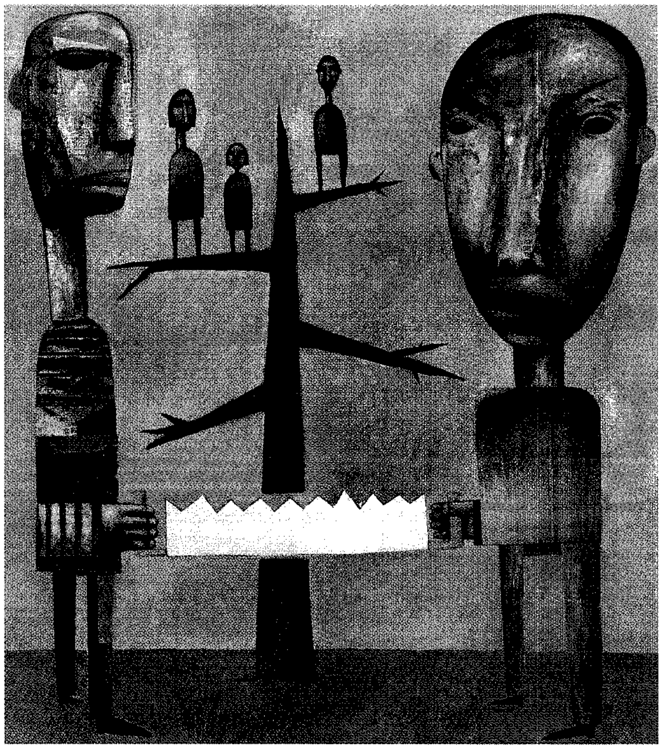
THE NATIONAL INTEREST JACOB WEISBERG

How Low Can You Go?

Playing hot potato with the poor, states are not even bothering to wait for the go-ahead from Washington to launch into competitive miserliness.

BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS, PRESIDENT CLINTON MAY already have vetoed the so-called Personal Responsibility Act, the Republican-sponsored welfare rollback that passed both houses of Congress at the end of 1995. But administration sources on both sides of the contentious internal debate say that despite the veto, Clinton is willing to sign a modified version of the same legislation, which is most likely to become law as part of the massive budget reconciliation deal still being negotiated. Though Clinton can't be thrilled with any Republican version of welfare reform, he's even less thrilled with the prospect of losing his grip on an issue that helped elect him in 1992.



Probably the strongest argument against Clinton's signing even an amended bill into law is that it would usher in a "race to the bottom" among the states. Aid to Families With Dependent Children, the basic federal welfare program, has been a federal entitlement since 1935. That means the federal government sets the basic qualifications and contributes the bulk of the cost of benefits. If more poor families turn up in Oregon because of an economic downturn or immigration there, the feds bear most of the increased burden. With block grants, however, Oregon gets a fixed sum of cash. If indigents pour in because California has again cut its benefits, Oregon must spend its own funds to cover them. Alternatively, Oregon can cut *its* benefits and try to make California look less unattractive. Hence the race to the bottom, negative competition, or what George Peterson of the Urban Institute calls "spiraling parsimony."

Proponents of the "reform" bill dismiss this argument as bleeding-heart conjecture. But the race to the bottom is already under way—here. Last month, Governor Pataki unveiled a welfare-reform proposal for New York State. Effective as soon as April 1, it would cut benefits by some 25 percent, lowering the payment for a mother and two children from $577 a month to $424, in order to match the level in New Jersey. Pataki also proposes to adopt New Jersey's "family cap," which denies mothers an increase in benefits if they have additional children while on welfare. Parity is necessary, according to the governor, "to end New York's lure as a welfare magnet" and also because the Personal Responsibility Act, if the president signs it, means Washington will no longer be picking up the tab for increased costs.

This knocks the ball across the Hudson into the court of Christine Todd Whitman, who must now consider whether already miserly New Jersey risks becoming a poverty magnet vis-à-vis New York. After all, the cost of living in Newark or Jersey City is lower than in New York City; if benefits are the same, her state becomes a more alluring destination for the poor. It's a problem for Connecticut too. Following the passage of Governor William Weld's plan to limit benefits to 24 months in Massachusetts, its southern neighbor imposed a 21-month cutoff and lowered benefits from $581 a month to $543 for a family of three. Now, with New York becoming less generous, Connecticut Republicans are proposing to cut even further.

Newt Gingrich didn't create this problem on his own. Benefit levels, which states set themselves, have effectively been dropping since the Nixon administration, sinking 40 percent in real terms with the help of inflation. Only recently, however, with Republican governors and legislatures replacing Democratic ones, have there been actual dollar reductions. This reflects rising anti-welfare sentiment; according to a recent Quinnipiac College poll, 56 percent of New Yorkers now think it would be a good thing if Pataki's cuts encouraged poor people to move out of state. This mood is reflected not just in the governor's plan but in "reform" proposals around the country. Mark Greenberg of the Center for Law and Social Policy, a liberal group that tracks state programs, notes that through 1994 most state reform efforts imposed time limits while steering people toward jobs. "In 1995," he says, "it became much more common for time-limit proposals to simply provide for a complete cutoff of aid."

The waiver process, under which states must request permission from Washington to abridge the rules for the sake of experimentation, now mitigates the most extreme efforts at cold-turkey reform. The Clinton administration, which has granted 50 waiver requests in 35 states, nixed Connecticut's attempt to penalize interstate immigrants by holding them for a year to the level of the state from which they moved. It also stipulated that Massachusetts make some provision for people who seek work but fail to find any after two years. Under block grants, there is no waiver system, so there will be no federal second-guessing, no brake on Hobbesian impulses.

But the real reason the race to the bottom will accelerate once the block-grant legislation takes effect is that it creates an entirely *new*

Illustration by Jordin Isip.

incentive for states to cut welfare. Now, if a state reduces benefits, it loses federal aid—as much as $1.80 for every dollar it saves. Under block grants, however, states will not only get to spend some of the federal money they don't spend on welfare for other programs (or lower taxes), they will actually *get additional* federal funds by slashing benefits. Cutting one dollar in welfare would mean an infusion of an additional 33 federal cents in food-stamp benefits. As Robert Reischauer of the Brookings Institution explains, "States are obviously spending more now on programs that aid the poor because we have enticed them through generous matching formulas. When those formulas are abolished, states will rethink. We've been effectively offering this service at a sale price to state legislatures. Now we're saying the sale's over." In a recession, the pressure to "rethink" becomes overwhelming, as growing numbers of unemployed people and diminishing tax revenues exert a pincer effect on state budgets.

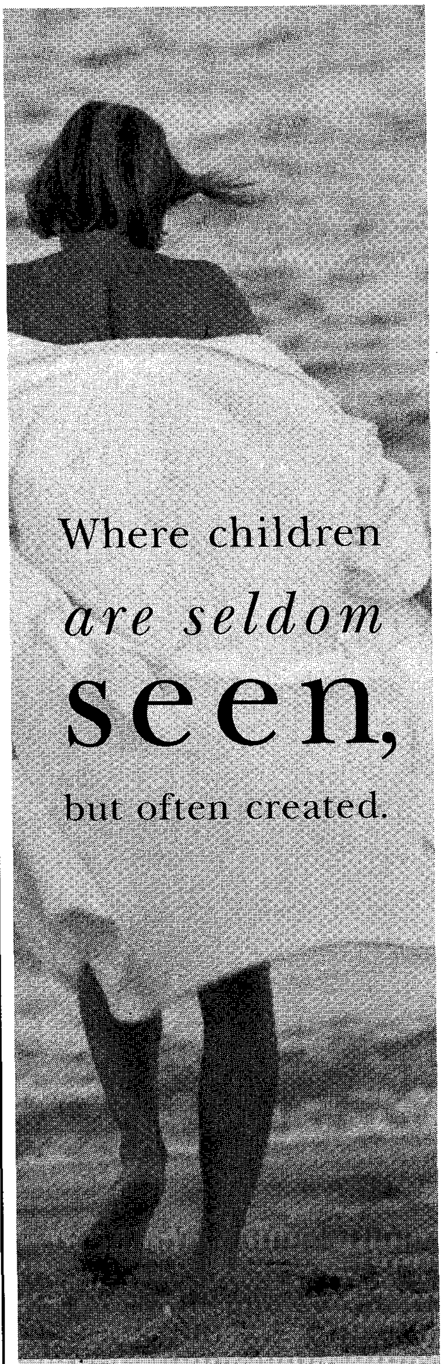
This is particularly bad news for cities. In Detroit, 67 percent of children receive AFDC benefits at some point during the course of a year. In Philadelphia, the number is 57 percent. In New York, it's 39 percent. These statistics underscore Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan's prediction that a result of the Republican bill will be an enormous surge of child poverty once welfare time limits take effect. "When that cutoff starts, there will be places where you can't imagine the number of people tumbling out of the system into chaos," Moynihan says. "They will migrate and they will be told, 'No, you can't come in here.' And there will be no federal arrangements that say [to state authorities], 'You mustn't.' " Moynihan compares repealing the AFDC entitlement to the deinstitutionalization of mental patients, which began in the sixties and led to the epidemic of homelessness two decades later.

Bob Dole contends that it insults governors to suggest that they would even think of shortchanging unfortunates. States are filled with good and kind people; only Washington bureaucrats are evil. But the problem isn't that governors or state legislators have anything against the poor. It's that putting welfare recipients to work—the explicit goal of the Personal Responsibility Act—requires an approach diametrically opposed to the ultra-cheap, laissez-faire one being pushed by the Republicans. With a frozen block grant, states will be getting steadily less from Washington every year, leaving nothing for the kinds of programs that move welfare recipients toward work. And the JOBS program—which was created during the last wave of welfare reform in 1988 and now provides $1 billion a year for experimentation—is set to be terminated. Without money for employment programs, the result will be more plans like Pataki's, filled with rhetoric about work but involving no practical scheme for fostering it.

"THE PRESENT SYSTEM IS THE BOTTOM," SAYS Bruce Reed, Clinton's chief welfare adviser, who is thought to be among those who want the president to sign a version of the Republican bill. Reed argues that details yet to be negotiated will determine whether block grants induce a race to the bottom or what he hopefully calls "a race to independence," in which states compete to put their welfare populations to work. He argues that more money for child care, an expanded "maintenance of effort" provision requiring states to spend most of their block grants on poor people, and, lastly, a bigger contingency fund to help states during downturns would go a long way toward creating the right dynamic. But to really spur a race to independence would mean returning to Clinton's New Covenant idea: making welfare a job entitlement rather than a check entitlement. That, however, means spending serious money, something neither Republicans nor Democrats are now willing to contemplate. Instead, we're getting the No Covenant.

Part of the reason welfare advocates haven't emphasized the crisis of spiraling parsimony is that it forces them to acknowledge something they have long disputed: that poor people do indeed act in part on the basis of rational self-interest. Liberals have never wanted to concede Charles Murray's point that welfare contributed to the growth of the underclass by creating an incentive to stay home and bear children out of wedlock. The left has long maintained that poor people's moving for the sake of higher benefits is a conservative myth; making the race-to-the-bottom argument now would force them to admit that welfare magnets are a reality.

But the right-wing contradiction is even greater. Republicans want to maintain that poor people respond to economic incentives but that governors and legislators do not. As the Northeast's regional race to the bottom shows, states act rationally, too. Conservatives, by placing their faith in a radical repeal of AFDC, are neglecting the essence of their own wisdom. As John J. DiIulio Jr. of Princeton writes in the latest issue of *The Public Interest:* "Whatever public policies contributed to bringing 'underclass' culture to life, there is no logical reason to suppose that running the incentives in reverse will lay it to rest. Conservative social engineering is not immune to the law of perverse and unintended consequences." In other words, ending welfare won't turn the kettle of fish soup back into an aquarium. If Bill Clinton signs a version of the Personal Responsibility Act, he will certainly change the system. There remains no basis for thinking he will change it for the better.



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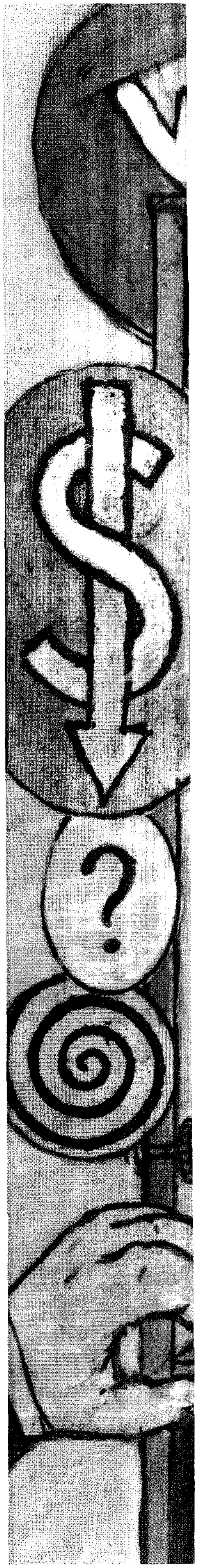
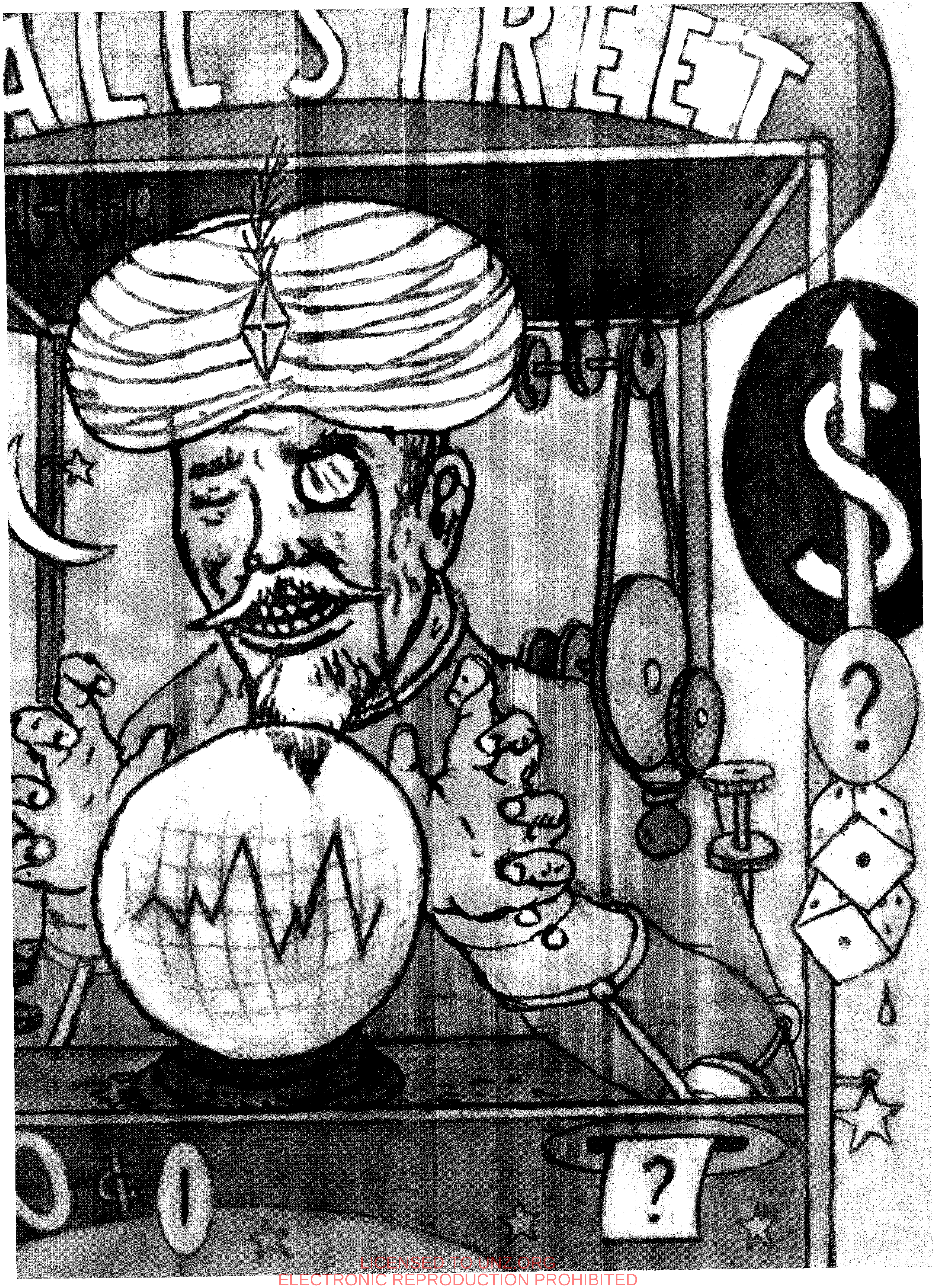
A SHORT, BRUTISH RECESSION. THE DOW SOARS TO 6,500. BUY TOOTHPASTE, NOT TIRES. BUY BONDS, NOT GOLD. BUY HIGH-TECH STOCKS, BUT WAIT A LITTLE. BUT ABOVE ALL, *BUY*. IN THE ULTIMATE INSIDER'S INVESTMENT GUIDE TO 1996, JAMES J. CRAMER STICKS HIS NECK OUT—AND LETS YOU WATCH.



LAST WEEK, PREDICTABLY, THEY STARTED UP AGAIN, THOSE VOICES TELLING YOU HOW YOU CAN'T MAKE MONEY this year, how 1995 is over, you missed it, you'd better take cover. In all those Outlook '96 articles, you could already hear them, droning their bearish lament: *A thread of caution . . . Clouds gather . . . No guaranteed answers . . . Look elsewhere this year . . . particularly to overseas markets.*

So let us now cut out the caveats and eliminate the equivocations. We're not going to tell you, "On the one hand, if the economy heats up, you should sell stocks; on the other hand, if it slows down, buy

ILLUSTRATED BY JONATHON ROSEN
FOR NEW YORK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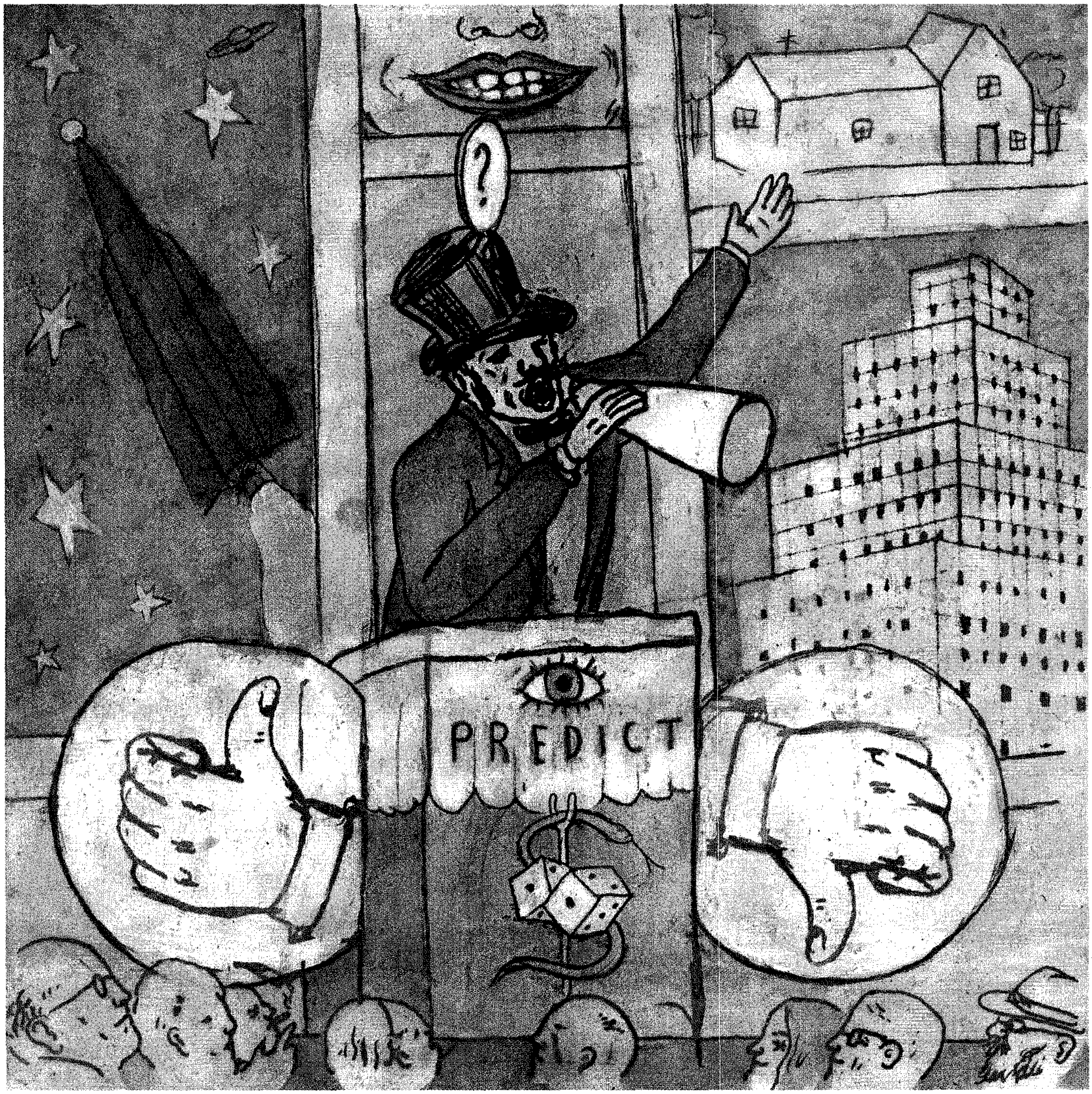

bonds." You get enough of that from your broker, from the talking heads on CNBC, and from the daily and monthly financial writers. Go ahead and take their advice if you want, but remember that most of these guys don't invest their own money but just quote others who may or may not be telling the truth.

The stakes are higher for me. I make my living in the trenches of Wall Street. A stray error in economic forecasting here, a boneheaded guess on interest rates there, and I'm blown to bits. I've got enough big money on the line, mine and that of my clients, that I'll never be able to show my face in public again if I get it wrong. And I don't intend to. Having just completed a year in which I was up 61 percent—the Dow was up 36 percent, the S&P 37 percent—I may even be worth listening to as someone with a hot hand.

You be the judge. I'm going to let you in on my game plan for 1996, top to bottom. Sure, you can't play this game exactly as I do. You don't have my low transaction costs, or my access to five Pentium-based trading machines and three crack wire services. But the principles and insights I'm relying on could help you make the right decision for your 401k, or that contemplated mortgage refinancing, or those investments for your kids. And if you're like most New Yorkers I know, you've got more money in your checking account than anywhere else, out of not just inertia but fear, fueled by perpetually gun-shy articles in *Money* magazine and the *Wall Street Journal.* Consider this an opportunity to redeploy some of those mattress-stashed assets to a couple of winning stocks and mutual funds.

At Cramer & Co., we are, in the vernacular of Wall Street, top-down players, meaning that before we commit any capital, we make a forecast about how we see the world. In other words, we don't just say, "Oh, the market's at 5,100; that's too high." Or, "We don't like the bond market—it's had too much of a move." We get paid only if we make people money, so we

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James J. Cramer is a money manager who may have open positions and may trade in the stocks he writes about. Of the companies mentioned in this article, he owns shares in Merck, Oxford, Microsoft, Dayton-Hudson, Chemical, Gucci, Philip Morris, Fannie Mae, AT&T, Intel, and Compaq. He holds a short position in IBM.

don't have the luxury (or handicap) of being able to tell our investors that there's no asset out there worth buying right now. If we think all of the money in 1996 is going to be made buying Indonesian blue-chip stocks, we'll be grabbing Hero Supermarket and Bank Bali like there's no tomorrow.

So with that background, let me put some fear into you. Not about the stock market—let the bearish worrywarts from other publications keep you from making more money than you do at your job—but about the economy. Quite simply, as you read this, we are already ankle-deep in a recession. If the Federal Reserve responds as I expect it to, the downturn should be short, sharp, and V-shaped, probably lasting only six months. (So it won't necessarily squash Clinton.)

The recession is being brought on by a combination of a tapped-out consumer—still paying down eighties debt—and a government so committed to a balanced budget that we've stopped priming the economy altogether. I don't get my information from Wall Street analysts, all of whom seem pretty sanguine that 1996 will be a fairly robust year for the economy. They're wrong. I discern the coming slowdown from an ad hoc hodgepodge of real-life factors: everything from the price of gift wrap to the inventories of washers and dryers at Circuit City to the action of the stock and bond markets. It's the last indicator, also known as interest rates, that's flashing bright red. Anytime you can borrow longer-term (30 years) for a rate nearly as low as one for 30 days, as is the case right now, that's the sign that a recession has begun. Stocks don't lie, either, and with chemical, steel, and paper stocks hitting new lows, it's only a matter of weeks before we find out how bad the damage is.

All of which leads me to my first piece of moneymaking advice: Load up the boat on stocks, and do it right now. Counterintuitive, you say, given my outlook and the marvelous run stocks and bonds had last year? Only if you've been brainwashed into believing that stocks are somehow reflective of the general health of the economy. Sure, if we're going into a recession, you don't want to gorge on Bethlehem Steel or Goodyear Tire, cyclical stocks sensitive to downturns. And if I am right about the economy, there will be plenty of carnage ahead for a whole host of sectors, including technology, which after its 1995 fourth-quarter pasting is still way too rich for my blood. I still love tech stocks. They're this country's long-term gem. But you just don't get a lot of $2,000 boxes blowing out the door of Best Buy when the purchasing power of ordinary Americans dries up, as it started to do in the fourth quarter and continues to do so inexorably now. Nor do you go out and buy that second Compaq Presario when you're worried about keeping your job at Chemical Bank, AT&T, or Aetna, all of which are hoping you'll take the buyout before they ax you. Let the kids queue up at their parents' computer for Reader Rabbit if they need it that bad.

> IN ANY CASE, YOU HAVE A WIN-WIN BUYING STOCKS IN 1996, BECAUSE FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, BOTH MAJOR POLITICAL PARTIES (AND, OF COURSE, ROSS PEROT'S THIRD PARTY) ARE COMMITTED TO MAKING RICH PEOPLE RICHER.

No, I'm not talking about industrial stocks, those that do well when we, as a people, do well. Just the opposite. I'm buying what Wall Street calls the "pain" stocks, in companies that thrive while we're in economic distress. They don't give a hoot about how you're doing because you've got to buy from them anyway. You know: Bristol-Myers, Gillette, Anheuser-Busch, or virtually any advertiser on the football game you'll be watching this weekend—except, of course, for those idiots playing golf in the Rockies, the ones who brought you Zima, my prediction for the Mediprin Award for biggest consumer write-off of 1996. I'm betting on a virtual Japanization of these noncyclical U.S. household names. In case you missed the eighties, many stocks in Japan simply went to the moon as inflation stayed low and liquidity—all of that money sloshing around with no place for a home—built up. By the top of the Japanese market in 1989, the Tokyo stock exchange was worth much more than the U.S.'s even though the Japanese economy was a fraction of the size. Get used to that term, *Japanization,* because you'll need to have it handy by the time you get back from the Hamptons this fall and the Dow Jones Industrial Average is 1,400 points higher than its current resting place. Yeah, you read that right: 1,400. Dow 6,500, by Labor Day. (Before you think I've gone out of my mind: Last spring, when the market was at 4,000, I committed to 5,000 by year's end in another publication, and I was dead right.)

Here's why: As a consequence of the coming recession, the Federal Reserve will have to force down short-term interest rates to get the economy rolling again. Nobody's borrowing at these current levels; if anyone was, the rates on long-term bonds would be a lot higher. There's just not enough demand in this economy right now, whether for computers or cars or homes. So the Federal Reserve will have to create some demand by making it easier to borrow money. Compounding matters, it's an election year, one in which the economy will play the same huge role it always does. Fed chairman Alan Greenspan is typically above politics, but he doesn't want to be responsible for gutting Clinton's re-election chances, à la Paul Volcker, who put the kibosh on Jimmy Carter with a Fed-engendered recession just in time for the November matchup with Reagan. Make no mistake about it, the Fed's actions last fall, cutting rates a second time even though the stock market was roaring past 5,000, shows that it would rather err on the side of getting the economy back on track, even if it means pouring gasoline on a highly flammable stock market. Which it does. With the Fed on your side for another year, you can expect a reprise of last year's astounding stock and bond performances. It just won't be the same stocks climbing.

In any case, you have a win-win buying stocks in 1996, because for the first time ever, both major political parties (and, of course, Ross Perot's third party) are committed to making rich people richer. If the consequences of a weak economy hold the seeds to a Republican victory in November, you can bet that taxes on stocks will be cut drastically, perhaps by a third, since the GOP favors particularly low taxes on how the rich make their money—capital gains. But if the Democrats triumph, we may have four more years of a Treasury Department that's smarter than Wall Street, courtesy of former trading ace Bob Rubin. This would virtually ensure a stewardship wise to the ways of goosing stock and bond prices. Unlike some of their predecessors, Rubin and Clinton have sent a clear signal they want certain things, like a strong dollar and stable, growing financial markets. Meanwhile, both Democrats and Republicans favor a balanced budget. Because the government wouldn't be borrowing as much, a plausibly balanced budget could take long-term interest rates down to 5 percent, a nearly one-fifth drop from where they are now, allowing the Fed plenty of room to maneuver short-term rates all the way down to 3 percent. That combination—lower short- and long-term rates, coupled with a benign outlook for inflation, courtesy of the drastic downsizing of the U.S. corporate structure and a much stronger dollar—gets us to an explosive stock market. And if you're nimble, you can profit from it.

My confidence that U.S. equities are the way to go has less to do with the price of U.S. stocks—high already by most traditional benchmarks—than it does with what else is out there.

The rest of the world continues to be plagued with slower economies, especially in Europe and Japan, meaning that inflation will be routed globally. So much, then, for gold, on which, by the way, I am massively short, betting on a 25 percent price decline to $300 by year's end. Ditto real estate, which is in year four of a decade-long downturn and is in no danger of being reinflated any time soon. Don't go selling your house to rent one—the serious decline in housing prices is pretty much over. But don't bet on any price appreciation, either. Houses will just be one more crummy lowball investment for '96.

Similarly, don't be lured into any lunkheaded overseas markets by brokers who get paid extra commissions for jamming you into what their firms want to get out of. There's still scary political instability in Asia and Latin America, but more than that, if we solve the budget deficit, there is nothing keeping the dollar from appreciating dramatically in 1996, thereby wiping out any gains you may have on foreign bourses in vicious currency translations. It's hard enough to monitor dollar-denominated assets. Who needs the headache of juggling zlotys and yen? Ignore the siren songs of overseas investing, and fire those brokers who insist on proffering Argentinean IPOs and Malaysian convertible bonds.

So by process of elimination, that leaves our own stock and bond markets. It's getting pretty late in the bond-market party, but hardly anybody on Wall Street attended—most were still licking their wounds from 1994's bond bloodbath—so you can bet that the trend will continue until all of the major firms finally get dragged into long-term Treasuries. But by then the rates will be 5 percent, and no more money will be made.

Far easier to play will be the U.S. equity markets. Most of you have an aversion to buying individual stocks, and instead try to find managers, or gurus or mutual funds, to do the work for you. Let me give you a piece of advice: If your broker, adviser, or mutual-fund manager failed you in 1995—in other words, if the Dow and the S&P averages soundly bested your performance—fire him before he gets trumped again in 1996. I've been trading for seventeen years, and last year was the first in about ten where the pickings were easy. Unless you were Jay Goldinger, the Beverly Hills investment manager who recently managed to incinerate millions for Pier 1 Imports by betting against the bond market, you could have sleepwalked into big gains last year. Cyclicals, technology stocks, takeovers, restructurings, the Internet, biotech, savings and loans. You name it, they did great.

Look for a broker or mutual fund that was willing to be flexible last year. In the first nine months, most money was made on tech stocks. But at the end of the year, you had to be out of tech and into Merck and Pfizer, as soft consumer spending made PC-related companies lower their growth expectations a bit. Not many managers had the flexibility to switch, but *Investors Busi-*

YOUR NEW YORK PORTFOLIO

You don't have to look far to find bargains for your portfolio. Companies in and around New York are on a tear. I've constructed a New York–themed model portfolio to which I plan to commit about 20 percent of my assets. Here it is.

Chemical-Chase. When this merger closes, these two banking giants should be able to save millions in redundancies—read: *firings*—as well as in technological gains from merging their customer bases. Look for dividend boosts as well as enormous stock buybacks. Price target: $100. Last week's close: $56.

Dayton-Hudson. Not a New York company, but one that will be coming to New York in 1996 through its Target stores. Here's a no-brainer. Whenever a sharp national outfit moves into New York City, all the fund managers who have never traveled west of the Hudson at last discover what the rest of the nation has known for years. In this case, the custodians of New York's billions will find out that Target is much better than Kmart, Caldor, Bradlees, or whatever other also-ran discounter is still left standing. Not to mention that Target can now cherry-pick the best locations from all the bankrupt retailers out there. Target: $100. Last week's close: $75.88.

Gucci. Low-end retail is swimming in red ink. But upscale is the healthiest it's ever been. Gucci—no, not the Gucci that everybody knocked off in the eighties, but the new Tom Ford–directed Gucci—will maintain its blistering pace through 1996. The stock already has taken off, but there's plenty of room left. (Now why doesn't Zegna go public?) Target: $60. Last week's close: $34.75.

Bankers Trust. At some point this year, Procter & Gamble is going to settle its derivative lawsuit with Bankers for a fraction of whatever everybody thought P&G would get. In the meantime, BT's new head man, banking wizard Frank Newman, will have cleaned up shop and stamped his imprint of integrity on the now-tarnished company. What's more, the stock yields 6 percent in dividends. I'd wait till the first quarter gets reported—it shouldn't be a particularly strong one—and then I'd pounce. Target: $85. Last week's close: $65.

AT&T. Anytime a big company splits into parts, we discover they're worth a lot more than the whole. In this case, AT&T's long-distance company could be worth the price of the whole stock. Buy it ahead of the split-up for a potential gain of 40 points. Target: $95. Last week's close: $66.88.

Goldman, Sachs & Co. At some point this year, the venerable gold mine of investment firms will come public. Buy it and put it away. I'm biased, as a Goldman alumnus, but I know I'll be in there fighting for stock on the offering. Target: 25 percent over the offering price.

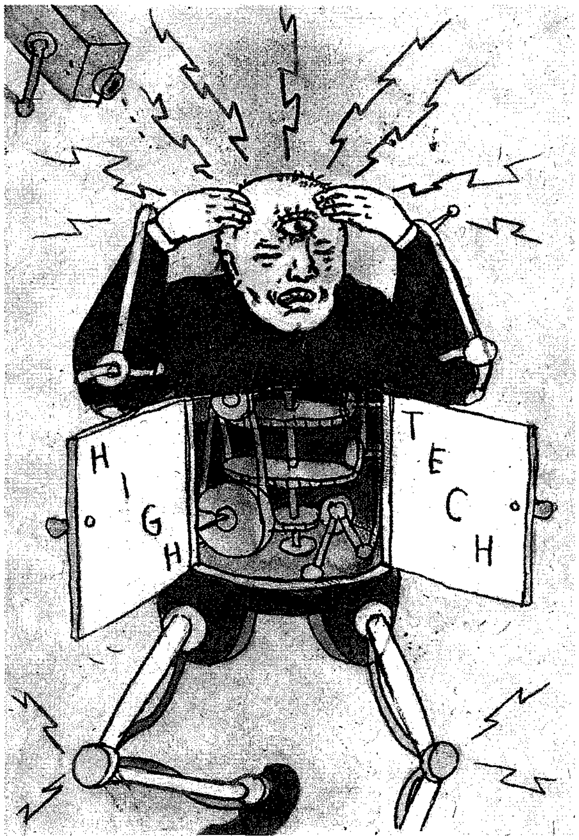
Philip Morris. For those untroubled by political incorrectness, here's the lay-up stock for the rest of the decade. Despite being on every plaintiff-jackal's radar screen as a deep-pocketed defendant, Philip Morris will go through next year unscathed. A few months ago, management gave a presentation in New York and my usually cynical, coal-hearted research director found himself standing up clapping at the conclusion because of how well run the tobacco-and-food giant is. The highest-yielding stock in the Dow, with a great balance sheet, superb management, and a shareholder appreciation unlike that of any other company I've ever seen. A Dole presidency, and the subsequent sacking of the rabidly anti-cigarette FDA chief David Kessler, takes Philip Morris into the mid-100s by December 1996. Look for the General Foods "problem" to disappear, along with all the people who work there. Target: $150. Last week's close: $89.75.

Merck. After a four-year hiatus, St. Merck is back. The great drug company lay low during the early Clinton years but is now raising prices on drugs again and has a blockbuster portfolio of new hit products about to roll out both domestically and internationally. Get Clinton out of the White House and they'll *really* start jacking up prices again. (Pfizer and American Home are solid runners-up and can sub for Merck without a problem.) Target: $120. Last week's close: $63.00.

Pepsi. This is the year Pepsi either solves its restaurant problems or spins them off to its shareholders (KFC is weak, Pizza Hut and Taco Bell not much better). Vice-chairman Roger Enrico has his eye on Pepsi selling at the same price multiple as Coke. In 1996, perhaps by finally getting draconian about cost-cutting, he'll accomplish it. Target: $80. Last week's close: $55.63.

***Short* IBM:** I enhanced my stock-picking reputation by betting against IBM at $95 and then covering my short sales and buying it back at $42. Now it's time to say good-bye. IBM lost two things in 1995: Jerome York, who led its balance sheet out of the wilderness, and $3.4 billion in cash, which it plowed into buying Lotus. Internet programs will make Lotus Notes obsolete, causing a Big Blue write-off. Meanwhile, IBM should just hire someone from Hewlett, Compaq, or Intel and get that PC mess fixed. Enough cost-cutting and marketing; it's time to get someone who knows tech. Cover at $70. Last week's close: $88.50.

ness Daily has put together a terrific index of some who did, and I would recommend virtually any of the funds featured in that index that clobbered the market. All the while last year, when I was racking 'em, I would look at the index each morning, and turn to my partner as if he were Butch Cassidy: "Who *are* those guys?" I couldn't believe anyone was keeping up with our performance. Yet here was a whole posse of them, including Smith Barney Special Equities, John Hancock Special Equities, and Twentieth Century Ultra, to name a few.



But if tracking down 800 numbers for these funds is your idea of heavy lifting, just commit some of your money next year to autopilot, the so-called index funds. Vanguard has one with low transaction costs and salespeople who don't try to pitch other, useless products. Most index funds beat the active manager last year anyway.

Add a smithering of five- and seven-year bonds to your mix, too. As the Fed cuts rates, the value of these bonds will swell. Again, if Treasuries seem too difficult for you to obtain, switch into some intermediate-term bond funds for a similar, but lazier, hit. Every mutual-fund family has them, and they are all pretty much the same.

Finally, top off the whole assemblage with some individual stocks. America's discount brokerage firms are almost all great if you know what you want. If you don't, you've got to find a decent broker. You'd do well finding someone who works at a major firm and has been bloodied at least once in his career from a humbling stock-market experience. It helps to pick a broker from a firm where the head strategist has been dead right, so you can tap into his line of thinking. The only one that has continually shone during this whole bull run is Byron Wien, U.S. investment strategist at Morgan Stanley, so that might be a good place to start, provided you've got the financial horses to open an account there (generally they want millionaires, unless you want to trade your portfolio actively). If Morgan bounces you, try Merrill Lynch, whose top people called last year fairly accurately, too.

So, what should you buy? Besides the big multinational consumer names like those mentioned above, I like certain industries. When economies are growing slowly, or not at all, it's time to buy utilities, like NYNEX or Brooklyn Union Gas, or funds that specialize in utilities. Pretty much any old phone company with a good yield will do. I feel so confident about this that I've made a bet on utility-index calls, a dangerous gamble in which you get wiped out if the whole index doesn't appreciate. Don't try this at home: For one thing, it would require calling your broker every seventeen minutes to see how you are doing.

Entertainment companies do well in this environment, too—moviegoing was big during the Depression and all that. The new Disney/Cap Cities or Viacom will probably do just fine, as could Time Warner or Seagram. Ditto General Electric, which is a little bit of everything and could rally 30 points without being expensive.

AT SOME POINT THIS YEAR, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO LOAD UP ON TECH STOCKS, AFTER THEY TAKE MORE OF A BEATING.

Drug, food, and health-care companies don't care a whit about the economy. HMOs, like Oxford or U.S. Healthcare, will do exceedingly well in low-growth conditions, particularly if you think the GOP will triumph in the fall and start herding citizens into HMOs. I've got a big Oxford position, after my own company's health-care costs shrank with no complaints once we switched to the company. But if you're squeamish about betting on the wrong horse, why not pick Fidelity's Select Healthcare Fund, which will own the best of drug, biotech, and health care for 1996?

As interest rates continue to decline, banks and savings and loans will roar again. Don't get too fancy and try to outthink the tape in this area. The biggest beneficiary is an obvious one, government-sponsored mortgage lender Fannie Mae, which will soon split four-for-one, giving everybody a chance to put it away for the next decade. But the stock of the bank where you do business will probably do well in this environment, too.

Also, anybody who buys raw materials, whether they be aluminum, plastic, steel, or newsprint, should do okay in 1996, as commodity prices will continue to plummet, and a strong dollar will allow U.S. companies to purchase raw commodities incredibly cheaply. But it's got to be "pain" companies doing the buying—car companies may buy a lot of steel, but cars don't sell in a recession. Better to seek out, say, companies that make bottles and cans.

Finally, if you insist on playing the American-dominance theme that worked so well for the past few years, my suggestion is to confine your buying to those that benefit from a rejuvenated aerospace cycle. In 1995 the airlines finally put up some great numbers. That means they will be ordering planes like crazy to replace their aging fleets, so think about buying any company that makes products that go into planes.

Can't leave without a word about tech. At some point this year you'll want to load up on tech stocks—after they take more of a beating. Expectations will be so low and the stocks so cheap that Intel, Motorola, Hewlett-Packard, and Microsoft will jump off the page and into your portfolio. But not right now. Intel's Pentium sales cycle is aging, and the stock never does well in the first full year of a transition into a new chip iteration. Motorola will endure the fact that phone companies virtually give away cellular devices these days. The rest of tech is just too dependent on sales of PCs and too overowned by once-hot mutual funds. Wait until the big funds throw them out this summer and be ready to sweep them up in the fall. (Or sooner, the way tech was melting down last week; if that keeps up, I'm a buyer.)

Most pundits are predicting that 1996 can't repeat the stupendous performance of 1995. I'm betting they're right—it could be much better. ■

THE BROTHE

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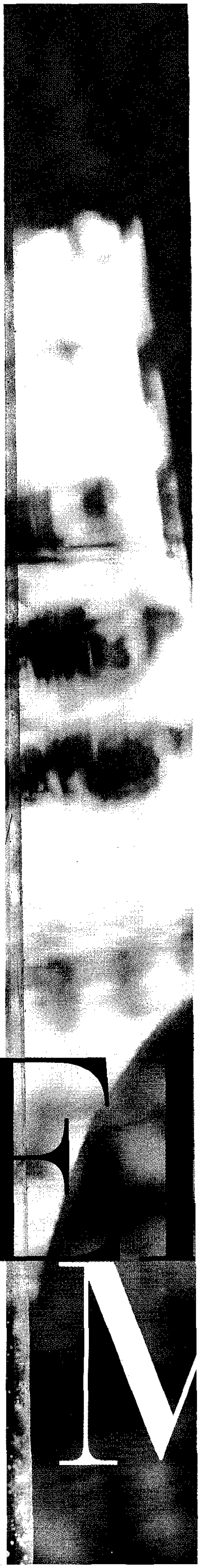
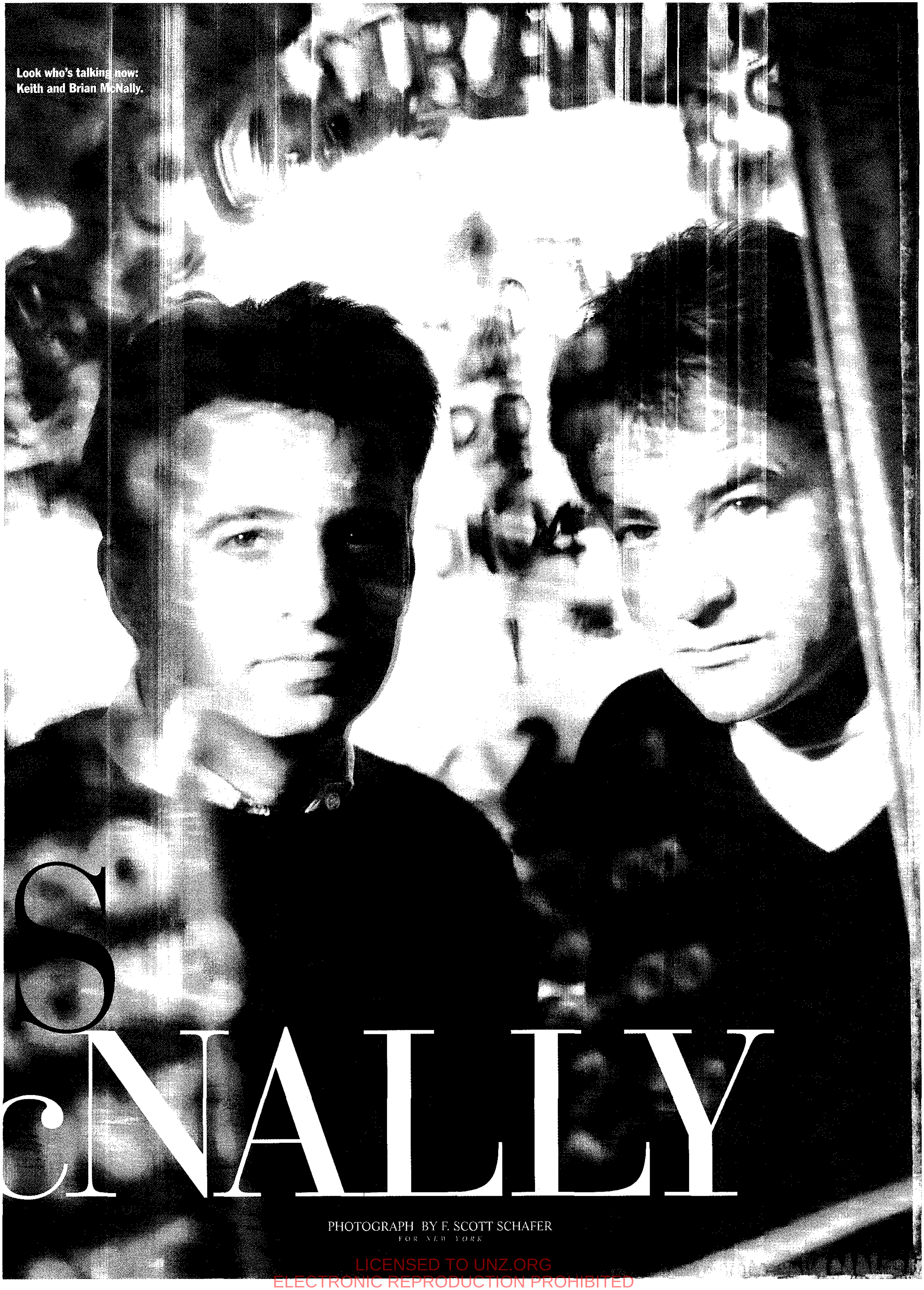
BY BETH LANDMAN AND ALEX WILLIAMS

FROM THE ODEON TO CAFE LUXEMBOURG TO “44,” THEY CREATED THE CITY’S MOST STYLISH RESTAURANTS BUT COULDN’T HACK IT AS SIBLINGS. AFTER AN EIGHT-YEAR FEUD, BRIAN AND KEITH MCNALLY ARE PALS AGAIN, AND BRINGING NEW PROJECTS TO THE TABLE.

‘I’LL TELL YOU WHAT’S SEXY,” OFFERS Brian McNally, seated about ten yards from Linda Evangelista at the bistro of this very second, Bowery Bar. “Fifteen years is sexy. We’ll see how sexy Bowery Bar is in fifteen years.”

McNally ought to know. In 1980, he and his brother Keith (and Keith’s wife, Lynn Wagenknecht) opened the Odeon, the first of the downtown power bistros. The Odeon redefined hip at a time that Studio 54 was wheezing toward extinction. Studio was all id—spandex and cocaine, sex in the shadowy bleachers. Even regulars like Liza and Halston seemed caricatures. But the McNally brothers—two bookish strivers from London’s East End—imposed a superego on all of it, opening the





Look who's talking now: Keith and Brian McNally.

S
cNALLY

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. SCOTT SCHAFER
FOR NEW YORK

world of late-night social jockeying to a more cerebral crowd of artists and writers. Noise and vulgar kinetics gave way to a kind of wry, mannered iciness. The Odeon not only homesteaded TriBeCa but announced that downtown had grown up enough to have a plutocracy all its own. There was a new generation of luminaries—Mary Boone, Lorne Michaels, Julian Schnabel, Jonathan Demme—requiring a funky, geographically correct clubhouse.

And that was just the beginning. After the Odeon, Brian and Keith parted company, and separately, impossibly, managed to conjure hit after hit, each emblematic of its time. Brian produced Canal Bar, Indochine, and 150 Wooster, most recently reinventing "44" in the Royalton Hotel. Keith embarked on his own heady winning streak, achieving a more stable string of successes—Cafe Luxembourg, Nell's, and Lucky Strike—that blended European cool with SoHo irony.

But as their similarly cast careers took off, somehow their relationship imploded. In 1984, the McNallys stopped talking. The origins of the feud became downtown lore. Some said that it was an argument about an impending parental visit from England. Another theory had the brothers falling out over the hours each was spending at the Odeon. Many presumed that, with all the pressure and money at stake in such a mercurial business, it was the old Cain-versus-Abel dynamic that drove a wedge between the two.

Certainly, the brothers have divergent personalities—Brian the inveterate pleaser and Keith the hypersensitive artist (although it may be said that both share an outsize tendency toward self-awareness and professed humility).

KEITH IS THE HYPERSENSITIVE ARTIST; BRIAN, THE INVETERATE PLEASER.

"It's not that my brother and I are *humble*. It's that we have a tremendous capacity to feel *embarrassed*," Brian explains.

"I'm embarrassed just *hearing* this," says Keith, when this comment is later repeated to him.

KEITH, 44, IS THE ONE WHO truly cringes at any form of public examination. He is less well known than Brian, 47, who has basked in the brilliance of each of his cometlike projects before they fell to earth. Robust, candid, the gregarious Brian pulls it off by the sheer force of his puckish charm, his dark, narrow eyes darting beneath wicked eyebrows. With his New York thick skin, he displays a wholly American understanding of how a reputation can forever be updated and redeemed in this image business.

Keith, by contrast, seems at times on the verge of a distinctly English psychic meltdown. Fidgety and guarded, he is the shy McNally, with pale, haunted eyes and an endearingly awkward boyishness. Brian made friends and Keith made films. Says longtime employee Simon Allen, "Keith is an extreme of an English cultural facet. He comes from a point of view within the culture which says self-promotion is the worst thing there is. The English can't be seen to be showing off. Keith is embarrassed by what he does because he feels he is an artist and believes deep down that the restaurant business is too tacky for words."

Now, after an eight-year silence, the two are talking again, conspicuously, constantly. And after their various respective setbacks, both are roaring back with new projects as several of their old places are seeing an unlikely revival.

Brian survived an unpleasant spell in the press, the public airing of his tax and lawsuit problems, to whip things up at media-industry lunchroom "44." Recently separated from his wife, Anne (and living in the Royalton), he's now commuting to Miami, where he manages the Blue Door at Ian Schrager's new Delano hotel; Madonna is one partner.

Keith is bouncing back from his divorce from Lynn Wagenknecht, a partner in all of his restaurant ventures—the Odeon, Nell's, Luxembourg, and Lucky Strike. After the couple's 1992 separation, Wagenknecht bought out his shares in all of the restaurants except Lucky Strike. For a time, Keith lost himself in filmmaking, his stated passion. Long stints working in New York, as well as Paris and Germany, resulted in two feature-length, festival-bound films he wrote and directed. But now he's gambling the McNally mojo on Pravda, a new bar and café taking shape on Lafayette Street, north of Prince Street. (He's also signed a lease on a 3,000-square-foot brasserie space on Spring Street.) The extraordinary successes of the past are, ironically, proving to be a burden. Pravda must become the new Odeon, the new Lucky Strike, the new Bowery Bar. And at every step of the way, Keith has seen combat with SoHo's Community Board No. 2 and crusading councilwoman Kathryn Freed. His bid comes after the Bowery Bar's protracted brawl with neighbors over the noisy bustle it brought to 4th Street. But he does have his brother's active counsel.

Pravda will be Keith's first place in five years. Five years is a hipster's generation. "I feel," he jokes, "like I'm returning to tennis with the same old wooden racquet and baggy shorts."

He isn't smiling.

"IT WASN'T LIKE THIS WHEN WE STARTED. Suddenly, everyone who owns a little diner is swaggering around and saying, *'Do you know who I am?'* " says Brian.

As the elder statesmen of the bistro-of-the-moment business, the McNallys are almost ritually sought out by disciple restaurateurs looking to secure the brothers' blessing on their ventures. After all, McNally restaurant alumni went on to open Le Colonial, Flamingo East, Kin Khao, Republic, Match, to name a few. When Eric Goode (who owned M.K. and Area) wanted to open the Bowery Bar, he showed the space to Brian. "I want it to be like Odeon," he said then.

Tonight, it is. Not far from Steve Martin, Keith has alighted at a table, coincidentally next to Brian's. Brian is there with Roy Liebenthal, who, unchallenged by any fresh McNally activity over the past five years, made Cafe Tabac on East 9th Street the bistro of yestermoment. Tonight was supposed to be opening night for Liebenthal's latest, the Lemon, on Park Avenue South. He has already showed off the Lemon to Keith. "There aren't many people whose opinion I care about. Keith is one of them," says Liebenthal. But his liquor license has been slow in coming, so, as clusters of leggy scene-makers show up at the door to find darkness, Liebenthal sits here, in a very Capone pinstripe suit, eagerly sponging up wisdom from Brian in the hope that the name of his new place won't become a self-fulfilling prophecy.

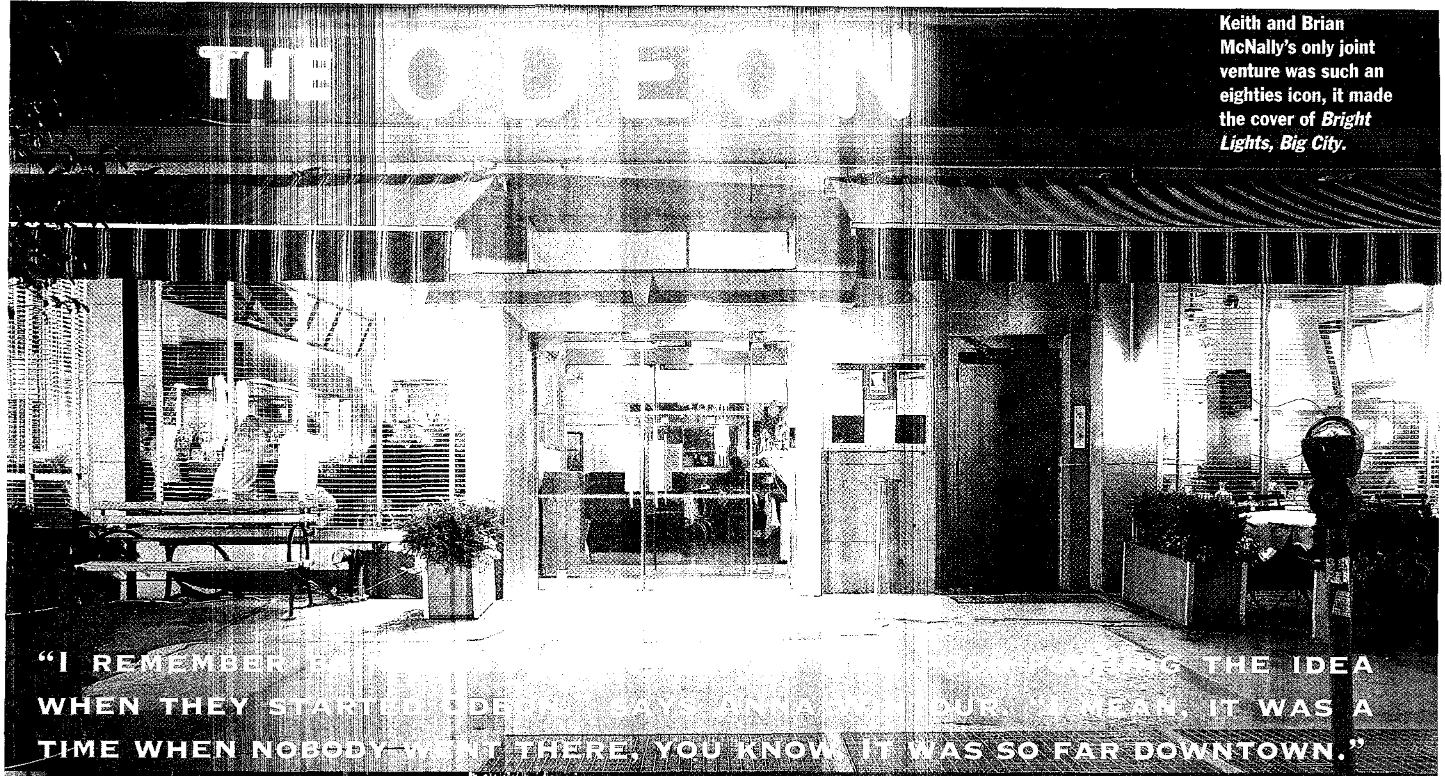
Brian is happy to oblige. He's learned some bitter lessons about the evanescent scene, what he calls "the trendy trap."

Keith arrives with film director Paul Schrader, fresh from Bret Easton Ellis's Christmas party. Though Keith detests parties, he did chat for a few minutes at Ellis's with Jay McInerney about Odeon days; the Odeon was pictured on the cover of *Bright Lights, Big City*. Keith also came away with a fistful of business cards from people clamoring for a piece of him, and, perhaps, Pravda.

Liebenthal is restless, craving the masters' advice. But first, Brian excuses himself and strolls over to whisper something into Keith's ear. They talk for maybe a minute, Brian seeming quite the big brother, smiling and gesturing forcefully as he hovers behind Keith, who listens attentively and politely, staring straight ahead. Afterward, Brian declines elaboration. "It was something about our mother," he says in a mumble. Protective of their new, post-feud intimacy, he'll say no more.

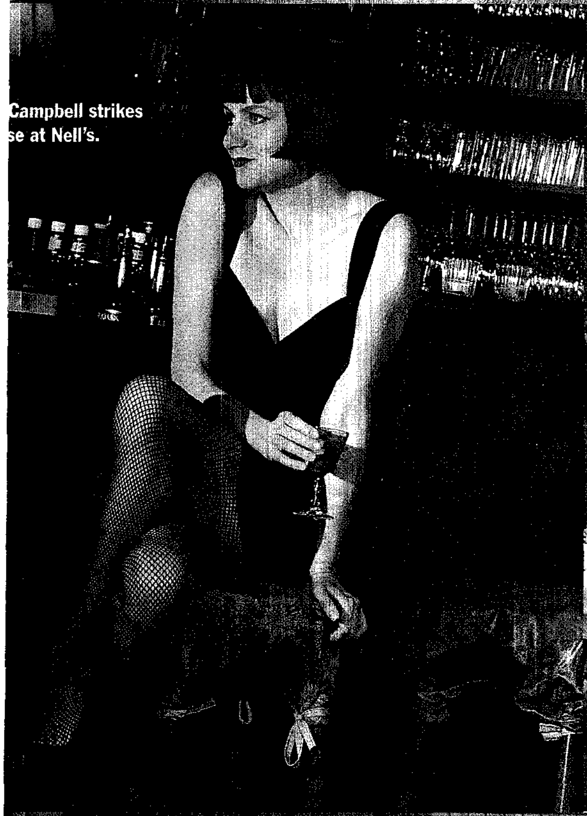
"THEY'VE GOTTEN A PRIEST TO SPEAK against me," Keith says, in disbelief. "Why do I have to defend myself? I want to open a restaurant. It's not like I'm running guns."

Kathryn Freed has helped kill three nightspots in the past nine months. Freed is also a founder of the aggressively anti-development community group SoHo Al-



Keith and Brian McNally's only joint venture was such an eighties icon, it made the cover of *Bright Lights, Big City.*

"I REMEMBER [illegible] POOH-POOHING THE IDEA WHEN THEY STARTED ODEON," SAYS ANNA WINTOUR. "I MEAN, IT WAS A TIME WHEN NOBODY WENT THERE, YOU KNOW. IT WAS SO FAR DOWNTOWN."



Campbell strikes
se at Nell's.

Where the players are: "44."

Regele
Builders
Inc.
PEACE

minimalist 150
ster in its heyday.

LUCKY STRIKE

Lucky Strike, the ersatz Parisian bistro.

liance. Keith has drafted Irving Gotbaum, the lawyer who steered the Bowery Bar through the difficult course toward approval, to the Pravda cause.

But tonight, Freed has agreed to meet for an interview at Campagna, to explain her tenacious resistance. "It's the fucking Generation Xers," says Freed, fixing blame for the recent proliferation of crackling nightspots in SoHo. The talk swings from international politics to pot-smoking to the Leonard Stern family's huge new SoHo Grand hotel on West Broadway. "It's a piece of excrement," says Freed.

It is getting close to ten, and Freed has just ordered her second gin-and-tonic. In walk Brian and Keith; Freed has lingered longer than expected, and the McNallys have arrived at an awkward moment for their own interviews with this magazine. Everyone converges uncomfortably at one big booth. Freed finds herself seated right beside Keith—always 10 percent scruffier than Brian. Soon, the conversation drifts toward Pravda. "What can I do?" says Freed. "My constituency keeps writing letters complaining about Lucky Strike. I have to oppose Pravda." (Says Brian later, "One doesn't come to New York for its bucolic pleasures.")

But slowly, the talk turns lighter. The Cockney charm has been unchained, each quip punctuated by a McNally elbow into the listener's ribs. Freed's righteous tone starts to soften. She's trading gentle jabs with Keith, listening, rapt, to Brian. A half-hour later, Freed is merrily strolling down Park Avenue South with Brian, under his umbrella; he offers her a lift and the Range Rover hisses away on the wet pavement. "You seem to like Brian better," Keith teases from the backseat.

HE HAS GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO DAYLIGHT DOING LUNCHES AT "44," BRIAN SAYS

A week later, Freed will testify to the State Liquor Authority, in an effort to derail Pravda: "Lucky Strike, which McNally partly owns . . . was the first restaurant in the area to cause major problems with noise from taxis, fistfights, and rowdy tenants. It disrupts the entire neighborhood." For his part, Keith flew in a sympathetic Catholic priest from Rome to speak at the hearing: Father Jacobs, who was an Odeon regular. Keith and the council didn't know that there was a picture of Father Jacobs shimmying on the dance floor on a wall at Studio 54. At the hearing, Keith also carts in a fireman and a policeman: "It was like a terrible audition for the Village People," he says.

The bickering over Pravda has been especially trying for Keith, who is simultaneously attempting to jump-start his restaurant and film careers. In 1990, his second feature, *End of the Night,* was selected as one of twenty films to be represented in the Director's Fortnight, a respected sidebar to the Cannes Film Festival. Another was Whit Stillman's *Metropolitan,* which Keith happened to like. At Cannes, Stillman buttonholed him and said, "You're the guy who owns the Odeon, aren't you? You can cater my opening, if you want, in New York."

"The guy was a real prig," says Keith. "He needed a poker stuck up his ass, actually."

IT'S A WARM EVENING, AND KEITH IS damp with sweat. The plan is for him to show off the Pravda space, already half-completed and almost entirely without the required approvals. "The community keeps saying I have this wild following, and the irony, of course, is that Pravda will open and there will probably be no following at all," Keith says, not convincingly.

He agrees to meet up with everyone at a reception in the art-filled Prince Street loft of pro-development SoHo Partnership founder Henry Buhl. Keith arrives at Buhl's early, more harried than usual, and loiters in the cramped marble foyer for maybe ten minutes. He waits for the viewing party to arrive before reluctantly stepping into Buhl's briefly. Later on Prince Street, Keith walks a brisk five paces ahead, almost discouraging small talk about Pravda. "This is my *life,*" he blurts out at one point.

He turns north on Lafayette toward Houston Street. Keith and Brian have always sought out spaces a little beyond the frontier of the fashionable—like TriBeCa, a forbidding grid of warehouses in 1980, or the seedy western fringe of 14th Street, the home of Nell's. This one is on SoHo's relatively undeveloped eastern front. Keith approaches a hulking brick building and descends the gritty iron stairs beneath a sixties-furniture store. A huge iron door creaks open. The place smells of sawdust. He flicks on the lights.

There is a distinctive glow to the space. Every one of Keith's places, even his apartment, is bathed in a mild gold light. "If you didn't look good at Cafe Luxembourg, then you probably should have gone home immediately and not come out for two days," jokes Hal Rubenstein, a former Odeon and Cafe Luxembourg waiter who is now an editor at *InStyle* magazine. "People used to call up to find out what kind of bulbs we used."

"I get so caught up in the details," Keith says, laughing. "I call the postman off the street to ask him what he thinks of a zinc bar." Pravda, which he's opening with Lucky Strike manager Ana Opitz-Wilson, has already cost him an extra $120,000, thanks to Freed's campaign. "Originally, Brian was going to be an investor, but we both decided we didn't want to jeopardize the friendship by working together again."

Keith points to an S-shaped bar along the wall. From there, Pravda will be dispensing 50 types of vodka. Blini and caviar will be fixtures on the menu. "I never go out without thinking about [Pravda]," he says. Though perestroika chic seems irretrievably 1989 (David Bouley's current efforts at the Russian Tea Room notwithstanding), Pravda is more a bizarre hybrid of Eisenstein edginess and Parisian sangfroid. Keith characteristically undercuts SoHo pretension with droll touches: At Lucky Strike, a derivative Parisian bistro, he served Côtes du Rhône in cafeteria-style water tumblers. Nell's was as cozy and old London as Lytton Strachey's study; it was launched in 1986 at the height of the industrial megaclub.

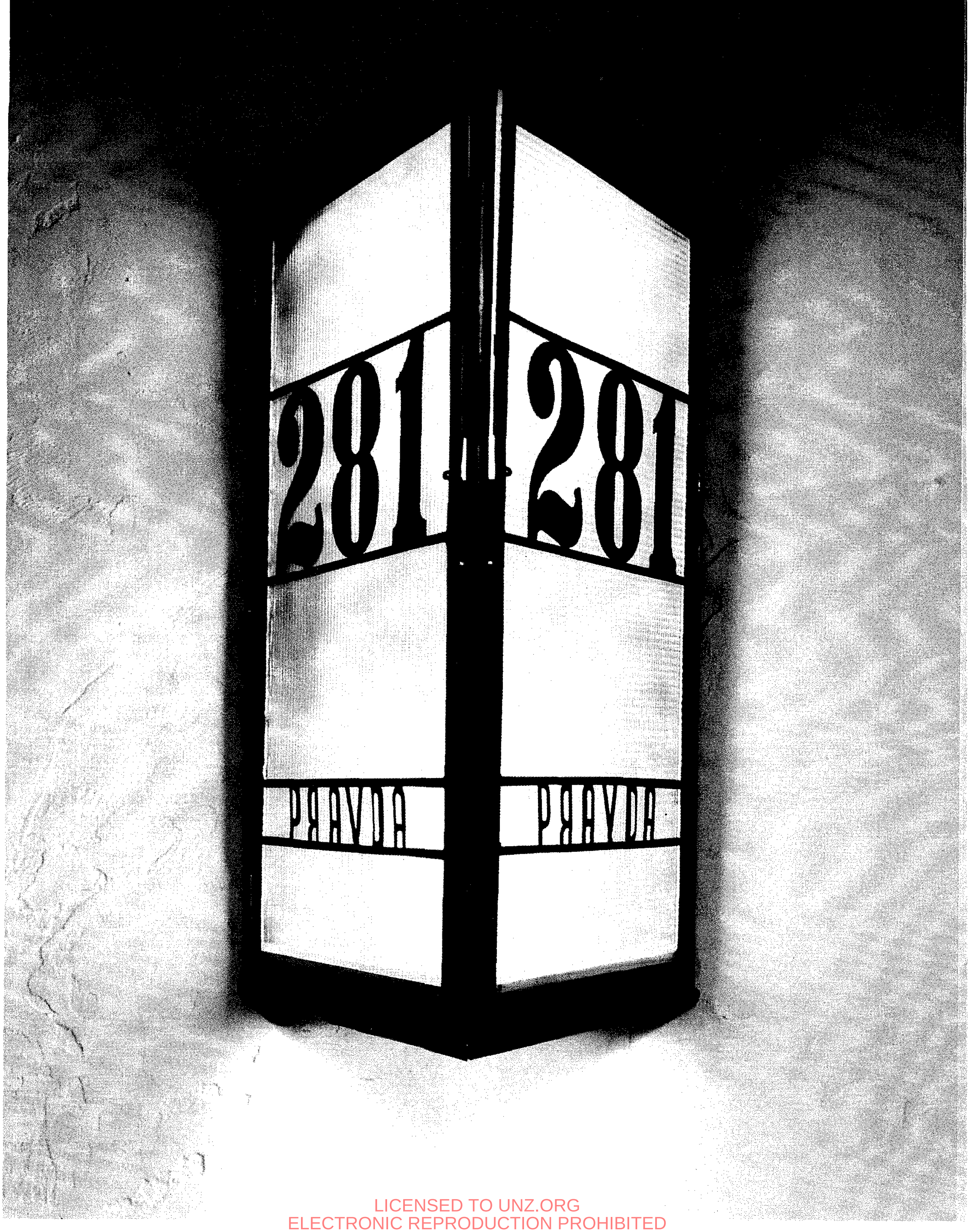
Pravda, with all the egalitarian overtones of its name, will aim to avoid the velvet-rope snobbery that Keith professes to despise. (Initially denied entrance to Bowery Bar one night, he seemed mystified, wounded. "Whose private party was it?" he asked, not recognizing today's euphemism for wholesale rejection.) At Nell's, he ruled with characteristic idiosyncrasy, making the occasional concession to the unglamorous despite the ropes and stanchions, which he has never used at his restaurants. At the time, Keith maintained it was "the club for rejects, for people who aren't allowed to get into other clubs." He would creep up behind the doorman and diffidently suggest, "Those two look very nice. Look what a sweet couple they are." Sometimes he'd chase down people on the street who'd walked away because they'd been discouraged by the sight of a crowd, and usher them inside. Cher was famously rejected at the door. And everyone who got in paid. "Jagger paid; Eddie Murphy threw fits about it," recalls doorman Simon Allen. "Keith wasn't into models or money. It was just an aesthetic. He used to let in all the Asians at Nell's, no matter how tacky they were. He liked Asians because he saw them as minimalist." His partner Nell Campbell refused people with facial hair.

Campbell, the flamboyant Australian actress with a Louise Brooks pageboy, functioned in the Brian-ish host role, luring in unlikely celebrities from her theater days, like Robert De Niro. Keith had dated Campbell briefly in London during the staging of *The Rocky Horror Show,* in which she tap-danced the role of Columbia. Keith worked the lights. (Campbell has remained partners with Keith's ex-wife, opening Kiosk last summer on the Upper East Side. The two are now planning to be partners in a Vietnamese lounge and restaurant opening on West Houston.)

"I wanted to do a club that was like a restaurant," Keith now says of Nell's. He spent only $700,000, a modest amount compared with the club budgets of the day.

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

NOW KEITH IS GAMBLING THE MCNALLY MOJO ON PRAVDA, HIS FIRST NEW PLACE IN FIVE YEARS. "I FEEL," HE JOKES, "LIKE I'M RETURNING TO TENNIS WITH THE SAME OLD WOODEN RACQUET AND BAGGY SHORTS." HE ISN'T SMILING.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“I don’t dance and I don’t generally like clubs. I once saw Brian dance”—he approximates the Swim—“and I vowed I would never get on a dance floor.”

Campbell hurled herself into her new role: The New York *Post*’s “Page Six” reported a bathroom tryst with Sting. On opening night, Nell had the female staff dress up as parlor maids. To Keith, the costumes were degrading and perhaps worse: “We had a big row. I thought they were too *Upstairs, Downstairs.*”

Back at the Pravda space, Keith jogs up a staircase to the future entryway. On the back wall hangs a bulletin board covered in sketches of a mural planned for the main room. “These letters spell *pravda* in Cyrillic,” Keith points out, then pauses to reflect.

“This has to happen. This *has* to happen.”

THERE IS AN OFT-TOLD STORY—perhaps apocryphal—about the McNally feud in its heyday. The setting was the Odeon, in the late eighties. Brian was sitting at a table on one side of the restaurant, talking with friends, and Keith was sitting at a table on the other side. As they studiously ignored each other, their children played together in the middle.

The brothers were the second and third of four children, reared in bomb-ravaged East London. Their father worked at the docks on the Thames. Their mother rose at four every morning to work in hospital kitchens. “Orwell said it, didn’t he?” Brian says. “You’re branded on your tongue.” Like so many working-class kids of sixties England who used art school and rock and roll to leap the boundaries of caste, both brothers were freed by the spirit of the times.

BRIAN’S LEARNED SOME BITTER LESSONS ABOUT WHAT HE CALLS “THE TRENDY TRA

There were early signs of precocity: Brian read voraciously, and Keith became a child actor. Both loved to gamble. Keith, especially, liked playing the horses. At 16, he took off to Paris to bet everything on a Thoroughbred he was particularly keen on. But Ribocco lost, and Keith returned penniless. Brian was always looking for a change of scenery. He hit Thailand and Copenhagen, lived for one wild year in Australia, sold magazines door-to-door in Holland. “I would wind up having dinner with the families and being too embarrassed to sell magazines,” says Brian. “I didn’t sell one subscription.” All three brothers, including Peter, who drives a taxi in London, experienced communal living on a kibbutz; Keith says his great-grandfather was part Jewish and part Irish. “It was anything to get out,” Brian says. (Only their sister, Josephine, a film editor for the BBC, ever attended college.) Once, Brian found work as a croupier; to this day, he’ll pull out a fistful of quarters and methodically stack and restack them on the table before him, a vestigial nervous habit.

“In a way, [Brian] was in his brother’s shadow a little bit in England,” says *Vogue* editor-in-chief Anna Wintour, Brian’s roommate in the late seventies. “You have to remember that Keith was a huge child star in London. He opened in that Alan Bennett play *Forty Years On,* and was being picked up by limos.”

“I was in one play with twelve other boys,” Keith protests. “I rode in a limo only once.”

In 1975, Keith arrived in New York after a year in Nepal and India. He took a job as a busboy at Maxwell’s Plum. Brian came to visit in 1976 en route to L.A., and stayed. Soon, Keith was waiting tables and Brian was tending bar at One Fifth, Greenwich Village’s answer to uptown chic. Brian also tended bar at Mr. Chow’s. He made fortunate friendships with artists like Brice Marden, who wound up as investors in other projects. In the case of 150 Wooster, some of these backers ended up in court with Brian.

‘CAFETERIA,’ BLARED THE NEON SIGN ON Thomas Street. There was a *fin-de*-seventies punkiness to the space. “Before Odeon, it was location, location,” says Brian. “We picked an out-of-the-way spot, used secondhand chairs. Suddenly, people realized that a successful restaurant could be opened without spending a lot of money.”

“I remember being incredibly snooty and pooh-poohing the idea when they started Odeon,” says Anna Wintour. “I mean, it was a time when nobody went there, you know. It was so far downtown.” While Keith was at One Fifth, Wintour had asked him if he wanted to run a boutique in Paris owned by her then-boyfriend. “I knew Anna before the sunglasses,” says Keith. He and Lynn Wagenknecht went over to check it out, eating at bistros every night. Instead of taking the boutique job, they decided to come back and open a bistro of their own. Keith recruited most of his staff from One Fifth, which he’d managed for several years.

“Odeon changed things dramatically,” says Brian. “Before Odeon, you had fun places with bad food, or formal places with good food. We were the first to have both. We stayed open till 4 A.M. every night, even if we had no customers. Eventually, people were waiting for tables at 2 A.M.”

The Odeon exploded the prevailing fern-bar aesthetic. “At the beginning, I used to have a recurring nightmare that I would arrive at the restaurant to find it decorated with blond wood and plants,” Brian says with a smirk.

The guiding sensibility, in fact, seemed to be *noir,* the same *noir* Keith tends toward in his films. The Odeon, once the Towers Cafeteria, was designed as if to be seen through a veil of tobacco smoke. There were the utilitarian red-vinyl booths, retro ribbed-glass dividers, and that big forties-diner clock. “Two things would cause Keith to go insane,” Hal Rubenstein recalls. “If the music wasn’t on at the right level, and if he saw anyone leave without a staff person saying good night to them.”

In those days, Spring Street still had lofts that young sculptors could afford. The glamour remained generally uptown, wafting somewhere between Studio 54 and Le Cirque, the two poles of social ambition. Studio 54 crashed just as a wave of young money started pouring into the city. Downtown’s new bohemian power-brokers were still counterculture enough to eschew their parents’ Establishment swank, and the Odeon filled the void.

“It had a certain kind of *La Dolce Vita* Europeanness,” recalls Condé Nast’s James Truman of the Odeon. “You’d see a businessman in one corner and Andy Warhol next to him and a model at the next table. I suppose it was the beginnings of the idea that hipness wasn’t this small, concentrated thing but something that everyone was into.”

“They always made you feel more sophisticated than you were,” says Hal Rubenstein. “They blurred the line between clubs and restaurants.” Brian became SoHo’s own Sirio Maccioni, a charming, discerning host presiding over a ruthless seating chart. You were welcome if you were welcome. John Belushi would regularly drop by at 1 A.M. to cook himself a burger, unmolested.

In 1983, however, both McNallys were itching to move on. Keith opened Luxembourg. A year later, Brian unveiled Indochine. It was around this time the chill became evident.

“Keith opened Luxembourg alone, then Brian did Indochine. It became like, *I’ll show you,*” says Rubenstein.

Cliff Williams, who worked at the hottest McNally spots for several years, is now a maître d’ at Bowery Bar. In the late eighties, he was the maître d’ at Nell’s, when, he says, he was contacted by a third party about defecting to Brian’s Canal Bar. Keith learned of the overture and was livid. Cliff ended up at Canal Bar.

“Poaching from my brother was unthinkable,” says Brian, who claims Cliff called him. “Even when we weren’t talking, my loyalty was to my brother.”

The final rift came one sweltering summer night when *tout* New York—including Brian—was home glued to the Los Angeles Olympics. “It was an accumulation of things. I was very uptight about work is-

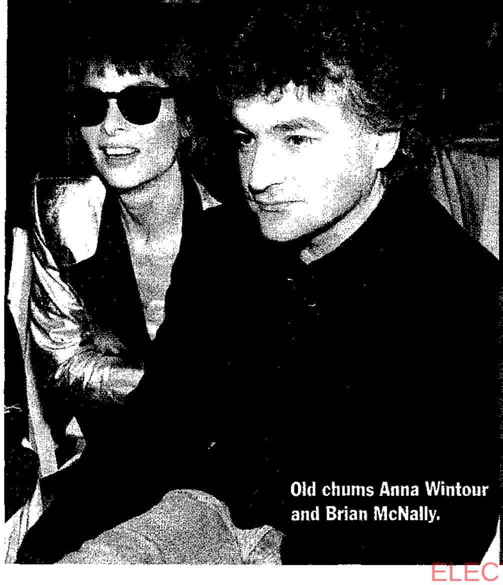
THE BICKERIN[illegible] O[illegible] [illegible] NG FOR KEITH.
“THEY'VE GOT[illegible] A PRIEST TO S[illegible] [illegible] IS BELIEF.”
WANT TO OPEN A RESTAURANT. IT'S [illegible] NNING GU[illegible]

Councilwoman (and Pravda foe) Kathryn Freed making nice with Keith and Brian McNally at Campagna.

The Royalton's Ian Schrager chats with Brian McNally.

Cliff Williams, Nell Campbell, and Keith McNally at Nell's.

Lynn Wagenknecht, Keith McNally's ex.



Old chums Anna Wintour and Brian McNally.

From left: Ross Bleckner, Ingrid Sischy, Kelly and Calvin Klein, and Barry Diller at the Odeon's anniversary party.

CONSPICUOUSLY ABSENT AT THE ODEON'S FIFTEENTH BIRTHDAY ARE BRIAN AN

sues," says Keith. "When he would get home, I would call him up relentlessly about the restaurant. Anne was pregnant, and he didn't want to be bothered. But I bombarded him." Keith was seeing a side of Brian that made him uncomfortable. "He was so social. He'd sit down with the customers. In retrospect, I realize that I was envious of his ability to adapt and enjoy himself more in the situation."

"I always thought that if there was a problem, Keith would deal with it," says Brian. "He was assuming the burden of worries for the restaurant. When I had that attitude and I would be sitting, drinking champagne, I can see how it could piss him off a bit. You have a small argument. It solidifies. And then ego enters into it."

Finally, Keith called Brian and they met for a drink at Indochine. It was the first time Keith had set foot in the restaurant.

"I think when Lynn and Keith broke up, he was looking for some kind of support and it was easier for him to reconcile with Brian," says Cliff Williams.

"I have a terrific need to speak with Brian," says Keith. "I feel more foreign as the years go on, and our references go back so far. Every day, I think up things that would make him laugh."

"SO MANY DESIGNERS CREATE a room to look good for the magazines," says Brian, surrounded by Philippe Starck's loopy modern lamps of frosted glass. "If I had enough money, I would change it." It is around 2 P.M. on a Tuesday—second seating at "44," the restaurant Brian runs in the Royalton at 44 West 44th Street. (Is it coincidence that Brian has been claiming to be 44 years old for the past few years? Keith: "It's a good thing he doesn't work at '21.' ") In the Brian regime, the restaurant has assimilated the elitism of the street's university clubs along with the bitchy, insular media hauteur born in the twenties across the way at the Algonquin Hotel. Brian is sitting at Table 2, shuffling his quarters. Twenty minutes earlier, James Truman shared a quiet bite with celebrity lawyer Ed Hayes at Table 5. At Table 16, Chris Whittle is murmuring in trademark bow tie. Council of Fashion Designers of America head Fern Mallis has taken over Table 13. Wintour, known to drop in five times a week, isn't here today, nor is Tina Brown. But it's business as usual, and business is good.

"44" wasn't Brian's idea. Ian Schrager, who co-founded Studio 54, launched the restaurant and hotel with designer Starck, chef Geoffrey Zakarian, and China Grill owner Jeffrey Chodorow. With its avocado-velvet booths set against icy gray walls, the restaurant became an expense-account hit in 1990, a lovable grotesque. But within a year, the novelty wore thin. Brian was brought in to perform a miracle. He did.

"When Brian comes over to your table, it's not like, 'Here comes the owner to interrupt.' You wait for him to come sit with you," says publicist Peggy Siegal. "He's not a gossip, but he knows everything."

"Sometimes I'll walk in [to "44"], and the first three things Brian will say to me are extremely insulting—which is much more refreshing than someone trying to suck up to you," says James Truman. At this level of the business, everyone, theoretically, can hire the right chef or the right interior designer; it's the drawing power of the regulars that often becomes the margin of victory.

Busboys from Mexico and Bangladesh slip past silently, buttoned up to the neck in black. Brian fidgets, coughs, mutters comically. It all works, in a conflicted, cunning way. He talks in punch lines and epithets, even if the topics tend to come from the *New York Review of Books.* Bring up the supermodels, and he rolls his eyes. Bring up the old country and his roots show; Brian fairly advertises his impatience with the smug narcissism of the upper class, turning acidic at the very mention of the Merchant-Ivory film *Remains of the Day:* "Those horrible fascists, conjuring up a world that doesn't exist and probably never did exist." He can be bawdy, as on the topic of overfamiliar waitresses. ("It's like, 'Hi, I'm Debbie,' " he chirps. "Oh, go fuuuuck yourself.") His late friend the humorist Michael O'Donoghue once told him, "When you got mad just now, your accent dropped four social classes." Then, of course, he can tug the forelock. ("And you," he'll say to a young journalist. "If you ran a magazine, which would it be?")

Separated from his well-to-do wife, Brian says they still talk. "We've been together sixteen years," he says. "That's a fucking miracle compared with most people. Maybe we just need a break right now." Still, for an ambitious boy from the East End, he's done splendidly. His two children attend the Lycée Français on East 72nd Street, as do Keith's. He and Anne have a weekend house in Washington, Connecticut, for which Anne paid $1.6 million two years ago. He's been spotted in St. Barts and cultivates a taste for high-end British automobiles. Preferring the company of writers and editors, he's been known to rattle on passionately—and persuasively—about capitalism's effect on modern Vietnamese culture. "Once I was reading this obscure book and was shocked to discover Brian had read it, too," says Fran Lebowitz. "He's such a secret bookworm." *Nation* and *Vanity Fair* columnist Christopher Hitchens is a frequent houseguest. Brian is also one of Martin Amis's tennis buddies. "Brian is like a journalist himself," says James Truman. "Which I think is why he gets along with editors. He's curious, he wants to know what things look like, what's behind what they look like, what's next, what's to the left of next, what's to the right of next."

And yet there's a certain ambivalence about the media. He insists he was aghast at a glowing *Vanity Fair* profile that appeared in 1989. "In a way, it's more embarrassing to have a puff piece than a character assassination," he says. He thought he came off as "happy" and "superficial." He says he didn't speak to Tina Brown for a year.

The article came out as 150 Wooster was ascendant. By 1989, Brian had surfed the successes at Indochine, the Vietnamese colonial fantasy he created across the street from the Public Theater, and the Canal Bar, which two years before had made the gritty dockside area at the western tip of Spring Street safe for the ICM set. In the middle of SoHo, he helped establish Jerry's with Jerry Joseph, reinventing the humble diner with zebra-striped booths, making it the perfect stop after browsing at Castelli.

In 150 Wooster, he created, for a bit more than a year, his Elaine's, an Elaine's as sketched by Warhol. The feel was raw, unfinished, down to the name itself. In the middle of SoHo, the place, waggishly, displayed no art. "People tried to duplicate his formula," says consultant Clark Wolf. "They went for minimal and ended up with nothing."

At 150, a single dinner crowd could include Robin Williams, Bruce Willis, Steve Martin, Paul Simon, and Madonna all together alongside Charles Gwathmey, Laurence Tisch, and Ron Perelman. Seating went on into the morning. All this made 150's sudden fizzle that much more shocking. As reservations began to evaporate, Brian hired a restaurant-consulting firm to help with the business end. "He resented our being there," says Ken Frydman, who worked for a short time with McNally. "He's a schmoozer, a glad-hander." "What I wanted," says Brian, "was for them to work in the office, creating systems. What I got was a couple of guys strolling around, buying people drinks. But I already had that end well covered."

He lost Indochine around the same time; a busboy and a waiter ended up buying it. After 150, Brian was sued by several investors, including Prince Philip of Greece. Backer Nessia Pope says she's owed thousands of dollars from 150 but

; IT’S A BIT LIKE THE JOHN-LESS BEATLES REUNION, EERIE AND UNSATISFYING.

has given up pursuing it. Brian even had to sell his interest in Jerry’s. “He was as responsible for its success as I was. I really wanted him to stay, but he needed the money,” says Jerry Joseph.

At the height of the recession in 1991, 150 perished, empty. “It was a stunning failure,” Brian says now. The press had built him up at the start of 150 and skewered him at the end—it was all very British.

“I think it was horrible,” says Wintour. “Horrible for him and his friends who care about him. One of the brilliant things about New York is that you can have something like that happen and you can come right back and, in a way, have people respect you more.” To this day, Brian defines a friend simply as one who is loyal. “You’ll be surprised who sticks by you.”

“Lunchtime places seem to survive much longer,” Wintour notes. “You have to know that for a long time, nobody went to “44.” I was about the only person going. And suddenly it took off, and I think Brian worried about it getting too hot. [150 Wooster] was all about a sort of crazy nighttime scene, and the scene moves so quickly in New York.”

Brian admits he has grown accustomed to daylight. “It’s an incredible feeling when your place is packed till 2 A.M.,” he says. “Odeon was phenomenal. It was tough on my wife and children when I was up until 4 A.M. every night. But I still have a taste for it.”

ON OCTOBER 24, THE Odeon is celebrating its fifteenth birthday with a charity dinner; tickets cost $225 apiece. Barry Diller arrives, pioneering Mogul Mod in a smart black crewneck, and greets Ross Bleckner. Cameras flash.

Keith’s ex-wife, Lynn, and Nell Campbell hover by the doorway. Lynn has continued to keep the Odeon and Luxembourg surprisingly crowded, and Nell’s has been kept alive with private parties. Kiosk, on Lexington Avenue and 72nd Street, feels like an uptown Lucky Strike. Their downtown Vietnamese place will inevitably be seen as a son-of-Indochine.

Keith now considers Lynn and Brian his best friends. Of his breakup with Lynn, Keith says, “When I went to Germany to work on my film *Far From Berlin* for several months, I knew I was putting my marriage in jeopardy. Lynn is a twin and is very used to doing everything with someone else. Anyway, when I got back, she’d met this Frenchman and within about four weeks had moved in with him. I said, ‘You can’t do this after fifteen years, just move in with some guy so quickly when we have three children.’ She said, ‘I can, and I just did.’ I consulted a child psychiatrist, and he thought I was right.” (Wagenknecht declined to be interviewed for this story.)

Eventually, Keith agreed to meet the boyfriend. “We arranged a meeting in this Parisian café. It was out of some awful French movie. I said, ‘We can’t do this to the family.’ He said, ‘The dynamics of the family are changing.’ I said, ‘It’s the dynamics of your face that’ll be changing.’ Then I lunged at him and I grabbed him by the neck. I was knocking over bottles, and the restaurateur side of me was very angry at this behavior. I kept thinking, *Not that ’74 Lafite-Rothschild! Watch the glasses!* But it was uncontrollable. Lynn jumped on my back. The woman I’d been living with for fourteen years was on my back trying to beat me up.

“Lynn and I were very committed to each other. But fidelity was not No. 1 on our list,” Keith admits. The kids, says one intimate, are with Keith these days more than 80 percent of the time, and he claims the days of unfettered carousing are over.

Back at the Odeon, an hour passes. Calvin and Kelly Klein have arrived, but few others. Conspicuously absent are Brian and Keith. It’s a bit like the recent Johnless Beatles reunion, eerie and unsatisfying. The Kleins slip out quietly with Barry Diller.

“This would have never happened if Brian were involved,” an observer said later.

“I WOULDN’T SAY I WAS A FILMMAKER,” Keith says. “I wouldn’t say I’m a restaurateur. I’d call myself a fucking mess at the moment.” He paces the polished plank floor at his Thompson Street apartment, one he’s hung on to for eighteen years. He’s getting ready to show a fifteen-minute trailer he shot to attract financing for his new film, *Fidelity!*

It will be a comic picaresque, the story of a habitual cheat. “I like to tell myself that my first films didn’t get picked up because they were bleak and dark, but I’ve decided that they weren’t good enough,” he says, even if the *Hollywood Reporter* did call *End of the Night, a film noir* about a man who becomes obsessed with another woman during his wife’s pregnancy, “a marvelously crafted independent movie.” *End of the Night* was a nicotine-stained tale laced with lingering close-ups of teakettles and forearms. There were Chandlerish lines like “Married men always fuck like they have a taxi waiting.”

“My first two films are about people whose lives disintegrate,” says Keith. “That’s what I’m interested in. This one’s about a guy whose life unravels during the film. And I can speak with authority because my life has unraveled so much, there’s nothing left to unravel, practically.” Keith is being typically existential. “I don’t enjoy things as they occur. I enjoy them in retrospect,” he’ll say.

Keith recently met with one of the most powerful young producers in Hollywood. Instead of making a deal, he succeeded in calling a recent film he didn’t realize was hers “one of the worst things I’ve ever seen.” Not once, but four times. “It was like Vietnam,” he later explained. “Once I was in, I couldn’t get out gracefully, so I just kept getting in deeper.

“I’m embarrassed to say I make films. I loathe saying I’m creative. People don’t take it seriously when you try to do something different.”

The lights dim. The tape rolls. Onscreen, the camera pans slowly through a luxe New York apartment. Slowly, the groans of lovemaking become audible. Keith shifts in his chair as the camera settles on two very naked people engaged in sweaty intercourse. The man is trim, dark. In fact, it is Keith himself. “I wouldn’t actually play the lead,” Keith says later. “I just haven’t cast the movie yet.”

DECEMBER 29, PRAVDA received its conditional liquor license. Keith is now quite friendly with Kathryn Freed, who has been spotted having a drink with him once at Campagna, once at Andre Balazs and Katie Ford’s Christmas party, and at two in the morning at the neighborhood-antagonizing Lucky Strike. “I just wanted to make [Keith] suffer,” she joked to a photographer at the party. “I was surprised that after she suggested she wouldn’t oppose [Pravda] she was one of the first to speak against us,” says Keith, “but there’s something tenacious about her that I quite admire.”

When Pravda’s doors open, it will mark a complete midlife McNally renaissance. Despite the wash of favorable publicity from Miami’s Blue Door, Brian remains keenly aware of his shortcomings. “My greatest weakness is that I’m lazy. My greatest strength?” He smiles. “I’m glib.” (“He really works much harder than he lets on,” says Anna Wintour.) With all the recent hurly-burly, the estranged spouses still managed to get together for Christmas dinner. Says Brian: “It’s your typical dysfunctional family.”

So Keith and Brain are back. Sort of.

“Any success to me is postponed failure,” says Keith, considering Pravda’s imminent opening. “Once you know this, you can begin to enjoy things. I love these people who discuss the hard times they’ve had and how they’ve turned the corner.” He smiles. “There is no corner.” ■

Two years ago, a lesbian said she was raped in Prospect Park, and Brooklyn police leaked a story that she was lying. They were wrong. Six months ago, a lesbian said she was raped, and her lover was killed, just north of Prospect Park. Brooklyn police have been leaking a story that the woman is lying and may have killed her lover herself. Could they make the same mistake twice? Or are they right this time?

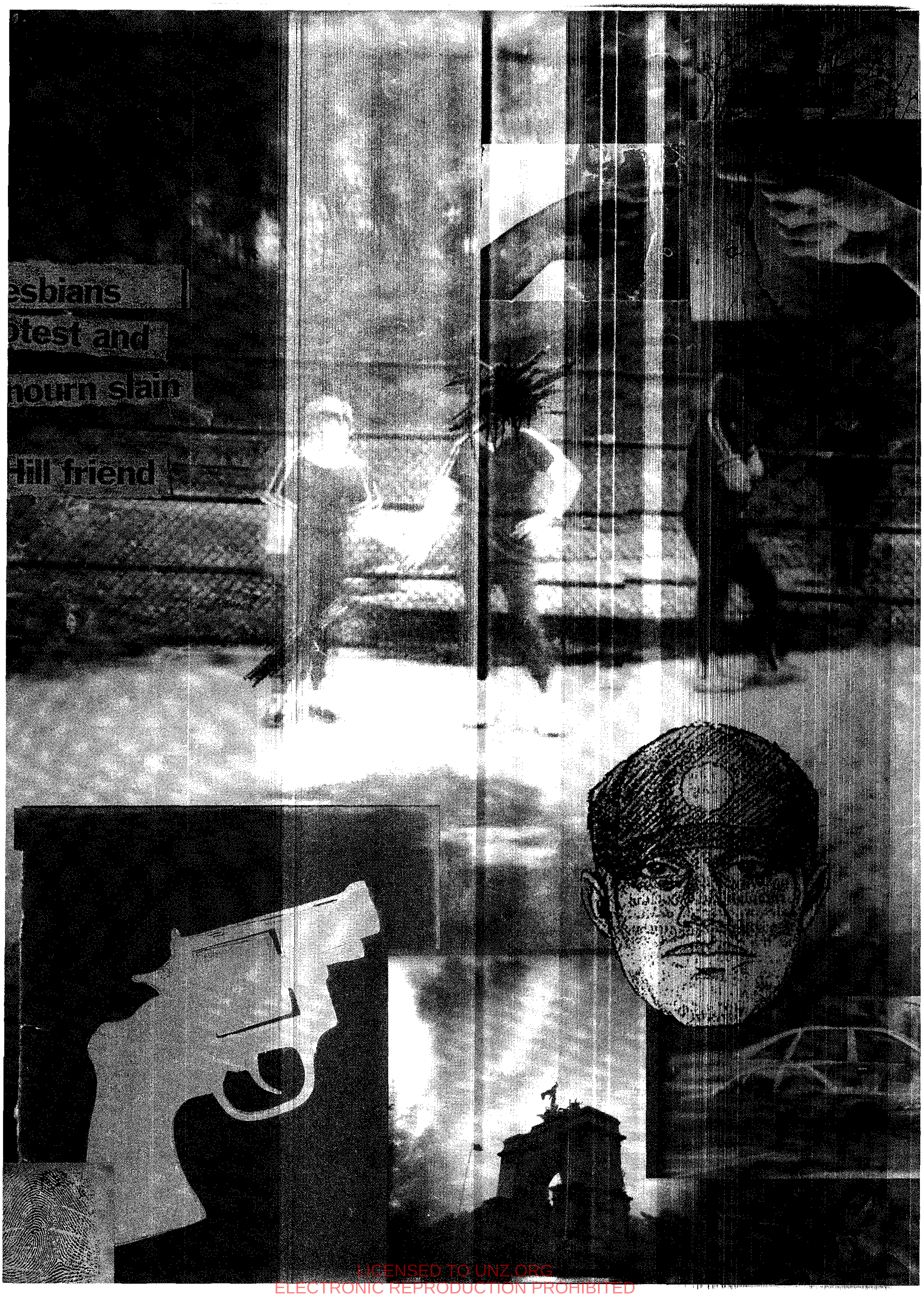
Amanda and Sylvia Were Love

By Amy Pagnozzi

IT'S ALWAYS SURPRISING HOW MUCH YOU TAKE in at a loved one's funeral. No matter how shell-shocked you think you are, there's always that off-kilter detail that brings you up short.

Lipstick, for instance. "Whoa," Martin Lugo said to himself when he looked in his sister's coffin. He'd expected Sylvia to look dreadful. Two bullets in the skull wreak havoc on the features, that much he'd seen at the hospital. But lipstick and nail polish? On Sylvia, the tomboy? For the first time since his sister's murder, Martin laughed. "Of the twelve of us kids, Sylvia was the toughest, the one who was always hitching rides on the backs of trucks," he recalls. "She was not the kind of girl who wore makeup. She was the kind of girl who got stitches."

ILLUSTRATION BY AMY GUIP
FOR *NEW YORK*



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Sylvia Lugo.

"Amanda couldn't look me or my mother or any of my brothers and sisters in the eye because she knew she did it," says Sylvia's brother Martin.

So many people turned out for Sylvia. The M. J. Smith Funeral Home in Windsor Terrace, just south of Prospect Park, was filled not only with family and friends but with seemingly every woman she had ever played with in the Prospect Park softball league, some coming in uniform, not to mention the plainclothes cops and the strangers who'd read about what happened in the Brooklyn neighborhood newspapers. Each night of the wake, Sylvia's siblings and her mother, Leona, scanned the crowd looking for Sylvia's longtime companion, Amanda, worried it might prove too much for her after what she'd been through. It was hard to say which was worse—dying, or surviving after being raped and shot and then seeing your lover killed. When Amanda finally arrived on the last day of the wake in a wheelchair, Martin was relieved to see her mother and a friend whisk her in and out safely to the church across the street for the funeral mass; he was only a little surprised when they sat by themselves. Amanda had always been reserved. Some of the Lugo siblings considered her cold. But Martin felt for her. "She was in mourning, too, but nobody knew enough to go over and comfort her the way they were going to my mother," Martin recalls. "I walked up to her wheelchair and put my arm around her shoulder, talking to her until the service began." It seemed a bit strange that she did not look him in the eye—but at the time, he attributed it to the painkillers.

Now, five months later, he blames a guilty conscience. "Amanda couldn't look me or my mother or any of my brothers and sisters in the eye because she knew she did it," says Martin. "There is no doubt whatsoever in any of our minds that Amanda killed Sylvia."

AMANDA LEACH, 28, HAS not been charged with any crime, nor has she been arrested. Yet the Lugos as well as most of her former neighbors in Boerum Hill expect she will be charged any day now with the July 5 killing of Sylvia Lugo—not because they believe she is capable of murder, or because the evidence against her is overwhelming, but largely thanks to five months of unstanched police leaks that have found their way into neighborhood papers, portraying Amanda Leach as a woman who concocted a story of abduction and rape to cover up the murder of her lover.

On the record, the NYPD's public-information department says, "The investigation is ongoing." Off the record, local cops, some with peripheral involvement in the case, suggest Amanda is guilty, maintaining that within days of the murder they had enough evidence to drag her out of the hospital in handcuffs—had not politics been involved.

Amanda Leach, after all, is the second lesbian of color in as many years to be accused of crying rape by the Brooklyn police. And the first time around, the cops were utterly, humiliatingly wrong.

No one at One Police Plaza or City Hall wants a replay of what happened in Prospect Park in April 1994: A woman was raped in broad daylight, then went to the police for help—only to read two days later in Mike McAlary's *Daily News* column that according to police sources, the sexual assault was a bogus publicity stunt she'd pulled to draw attention to an anti-violence-against-women rally she was scheduled to speak at. As it happened, the lab report McAlary's source cited actually bolstered the rape claim; one report of the lab results used double negatives to convey a positive finding for semen, which McAlary's source apparently misunderstood. It further turned out that the woman had never been scheduled to speak at the rally. The columnist never apologized, and the woman sued; her civil suit is still pending. The first Prospect Park rape and subsequent police mishandling came at a time when the NYPD's relationship with the city's lesbian-and-gay community had been improving. Then just a year later, the Sylvia Lugo case broke, and the police were once again privately questioning a black lesbian's account of being raped in gentrified Brooklyn. As Bea Hanson of the Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project puts it, "It sure feels like Prospect Park all over again."

To Brooklyn assistant chief of detectives Ray Abruzzi, ordered to take over the investigation from the 84th Precinct after the initial leaks presaged another public-relations disaster in the making, it feels like a colossal headache. Abruzzi won't disagree that cops should have known better this time, but he complains that "the leaks weren't even good leaks"—the cops who did the leaking, he says, weren't working on the case. An almost stereotypically gruff cop with more than three decades on the force, Abruzzi finds himself in the not entirely natural position of making nice. "Last week I gave an interview to some gay newspaper in Washington called the *Blade*," he says, "and next week I'm meeting with Matt Foreman of the Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project, who's been quite helpful." Beyond that, he has little to say about the case.

"We're trying to do a professional investigation immune from any pressures and let the chips fall where they may—but there's no statute of limitations for murder, and no way in heck we're going to try to close this case early by making an arrest I'm not comfortable with.

"After 35 years on this job, I never want to be responsible for putting the wrong person in jail."

SHORTLY AFTER ABRUZZI spoke to *New York,* the homicide squad presented the results of its investigation of Amanda Leach in the murder of Sylvia Lugo to the Brooklyn district attorney's office; shortly after that, Abruzzi stopped returning phone calls. Not that anyone could blame him; he was as candid and open as he could have been, much more than the D.A.'s office, which refuses to comment. Abruzzi probably doesn't himself know when, if ever, Amanda will be indicted, and District Attorney Charles J. Hynes will likely take his time deciding. The politically ambitious Hynes enjoys decent support in the lesbian-and-gay community, support he would not want to jeopardize by trying a circumstantial case that could be perceived as weak. His chief assistant district attorney, Albert Teichman, has met with activists from the Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project as well as local politicians, including Assemblyman Jim Brennan, assuring them that any indictment handed down will be serious. And as Abruzzi notes, it can take months, years, even decades, to bring a murder charge.

But for Sylvia Lugo's survivors, as long as the case remains open, so do the wounds. "The detectives have followed every avenue of investigation into this case, and all roads lead back to Amanda," says Martin Lugo. "All this crap about this lesbian being killed and nobody taking it seriously and the cops not doing what's right and yin and yang and all this other bullshit is driving our mother crazy."

"There's no statute of limitations for murder," says Chief Ray Abruzzi, "and no way in heck we're going to try to close this case early by making an arrest I'm not comfortable with."

The Lugos are far from being homophobic. Martin is also a homosexual, as are two more of Sylvia's brothers. "Believe me," Martin says, "our whole family is proud of the person that Sylvia was—but what does her being a lesbian have to do with the fact that she was murdered, and why should Amanda's being a lesbian delay a decision on whether she gets arrested?"

This is not the Lugos' first experience with murder. Ten years ago, Sylvia's father, Angel Luis, a 50-year-old factory foreman, stopped in a bar on his way home from work on a Friday night and shot pool with some strangers, one of whom spotted his week's earnings in his wallet and followed him down into the subway, Angel Luis Lugo was stabbed to death. "We thought that was as bad as it got, but we were wrong," says Martin. "At least when the cops found out who killed my father, they arrested him, and he went to jail for it."

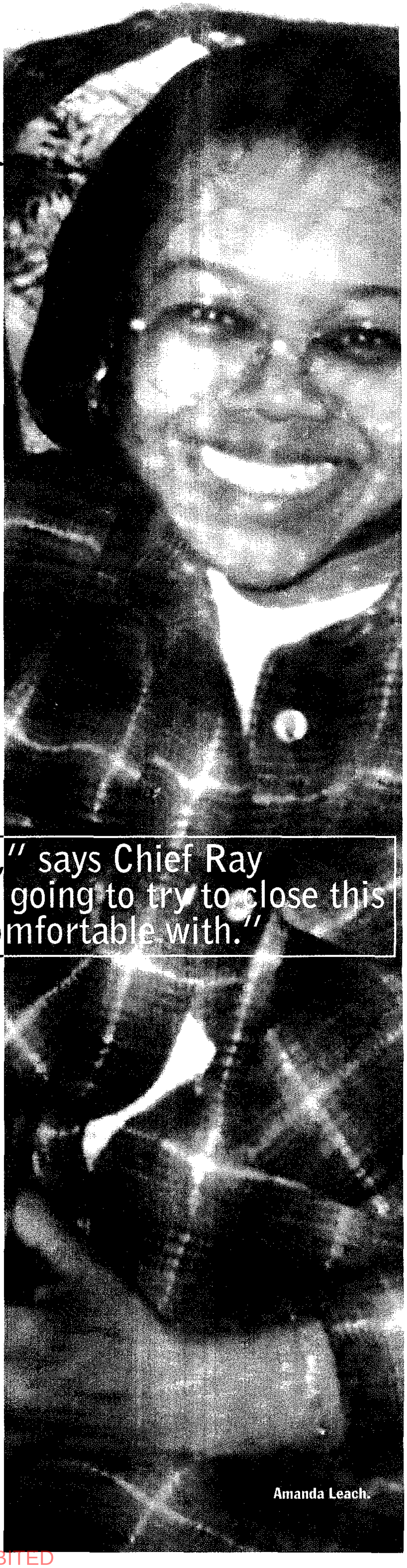
Martin believes the cops have a strong case against Amanda; detectives have said that her rape-test results were inconclusive, that the bullet wound to her leg was consistent with being self-inflicted, and that witnesses heard two or more females, but no males, arguing loudly from inside the apartment on Pacific Street for 45 minutes before Sylvia was killed, among many other inconsistencies.

"We never thought Amanda would actually kill our sister—but don't let her try to tell you that was a happy, healthy relationship, because it wasn't," claims Sylvia's brother Mark. Amanda was pathologically jealous of Sylvia, Mark says; she once began screaming at his sister in front of one of his brothers when Sylvia said hello to an old girlfriend on the street—even though Sylvia had always been faithful, he insists, and Amanda was the one who cheated. Both brothers maintain that Amanda occasionally struck Sylvia.

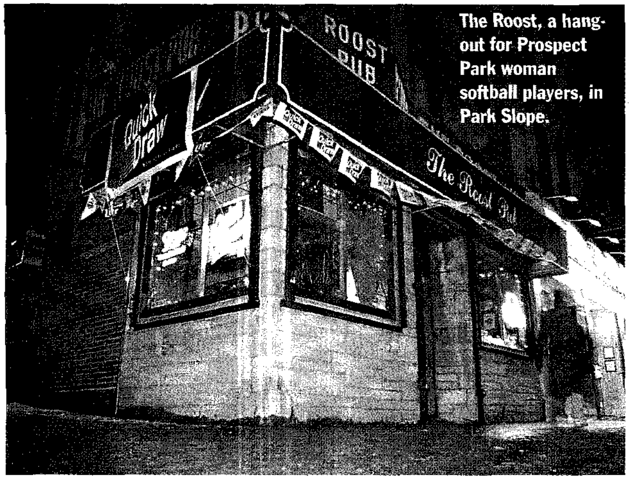
"If Amanda didn't kill Sylvia, why is she lying to the police about what happened on that night?" says Martin Lugo. "And why hasn't she called up our family to tell us that she didn't kill Sylvia, knowing how this is tearing apart our mother?"

"I BEGGED SYLVIA'S MOTHER TO come to visit me," Amanda Leach says. "It was in August sometime, when I came out of the hospital. I tried to reach out to her because I needed to hold her, I needed her to hold me, and she promised she would. But she never came. The family is going to say what the family's going to say about me. I don't think there's any way I can respond to people who don't believe me, or believe what the police are saying.

"I've never hit Sylvia. That's bullshit, absolutely," she continues, and indeed, she looks no more like a batterer than she does like a murderer. Hobbling into her lawyer Susan Tipograph's downtown office on crutches, she is small and slender and utterly unremarkable-looking. Short straightened hair tucked beneath a small-brimmed cloth hat. Spectacles. No makeup. There must be muscle on her; women



Amanda Leach.

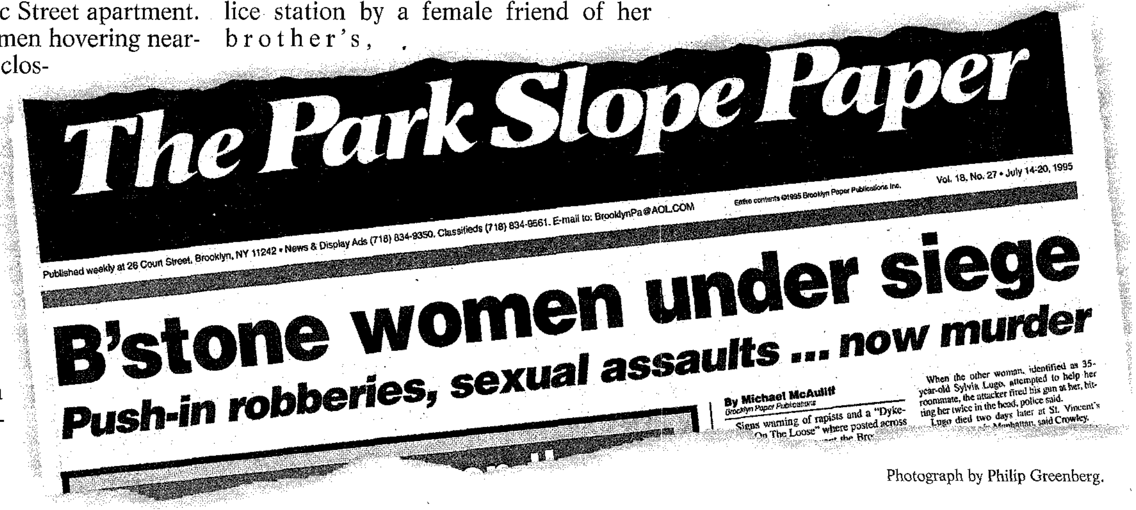


The Roost, a hang-out for Prospect Park woman softball players, in Park Slope.

from the softball league say she was a stirring sight, running around the diamond off Park Slope's Bartel-Pritchard Circle, but her casual, oversize clothes make her appear sticklike. A shiny metal rod riveted in five places through the shattered bones of her lower left leg in order to stabilize them is the sole notable thing about Amanda, who achieved straight A's in Catholic school in Guyana, where she grew up, one of seven children, before moving with her family to Brooklyn and doing similarly well at Erasmus Hall High School. She attended New York Institute of Technology in Long Island on a softball scholarship and after graduating got a job as a caseworker. At the time she was shot, she worked for a foster-care-placement agency in Brooklyn. The agency is holding her job for her until she is mobile again. "My work entails a lot of field visits in the worst neighborhoods in the Bronx and Queens, and I don't feel safe walking around with this thing sticking out of my leg," Amanda says. "But I love kids, and I want to go back." She is currently living with a family in northern New Jersey.

Tipograph, who is representing Amanda pro bono, forbade her to talk about what happened early on the morning of July 5, so the only record of her story is what she told the police:

Amanda and Sylvia were returning home from visiting Amanda's relatives in Virginia for the Fourth of July weekend. About 1 A.M., they parked a red rental car in front of their Pacific Street apartment. Amanda noticed two men hovering nearby, but they came no closer, so she and Sylvia went inside with one load of luggage, then came back for another. At this point, a gunman approached from behind and forced them back into the first-floor apartment, where he ordered Amanda to tie Sylvia up. (She did so loosely.) He pushed Amanda into the bedroom and was raping her when Sylvia, having escaped her bonds, burst in, only to be shot twice in the head. When Amanda struggled with him for the gun, he shot her, too, hitting her in the leg, then attempted to shoot her again, this time in the head, but his gun misfired. He then robbed Amanda of her jewelry and car keys and fled. The red rental car was ultimately found in the pound, where it had been towed from an illegal parking space.



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B'stone women under siege

Push-in robberies, sexual assaults ... now murder

By Michael McAuliff
Brooklyn Paper Publications

Signs warning of rapists and a "Dyke-On The Loose" where posted across

When the other woman, identified as 35-year-old Sylvia Lugo, attempted to help her roommate, the attacker fired his gun at her, hitting her twice in the head, police said. Lugo died two days later at St. Vincent's

Photograph by Philip Greenberg.

Sources close to the case say no useful prints were found in the car—and that there was an astonishing absence of forensic evidence for an apartment in which a rape-murder like the one Amanda described had taken place. Furthermore, at the time Amanda said they got home, the street was full of people milling around after watching fireworks in Prospect Park; no one saw them unpacking the car. "The cops also say my rape kit came back negative and that my wound is consistent with being self-inflicted," Amanda adds helpfully. "All I know is that I didn't do this. I want them to find the person who did and leave me alone."

A source at the 84th Precinct said that when homicide detectives walked into the station house to take over the investigation from the neighborhood cops, one of them remarked that the 84th "blew its interrogation of Amanda, big-time."

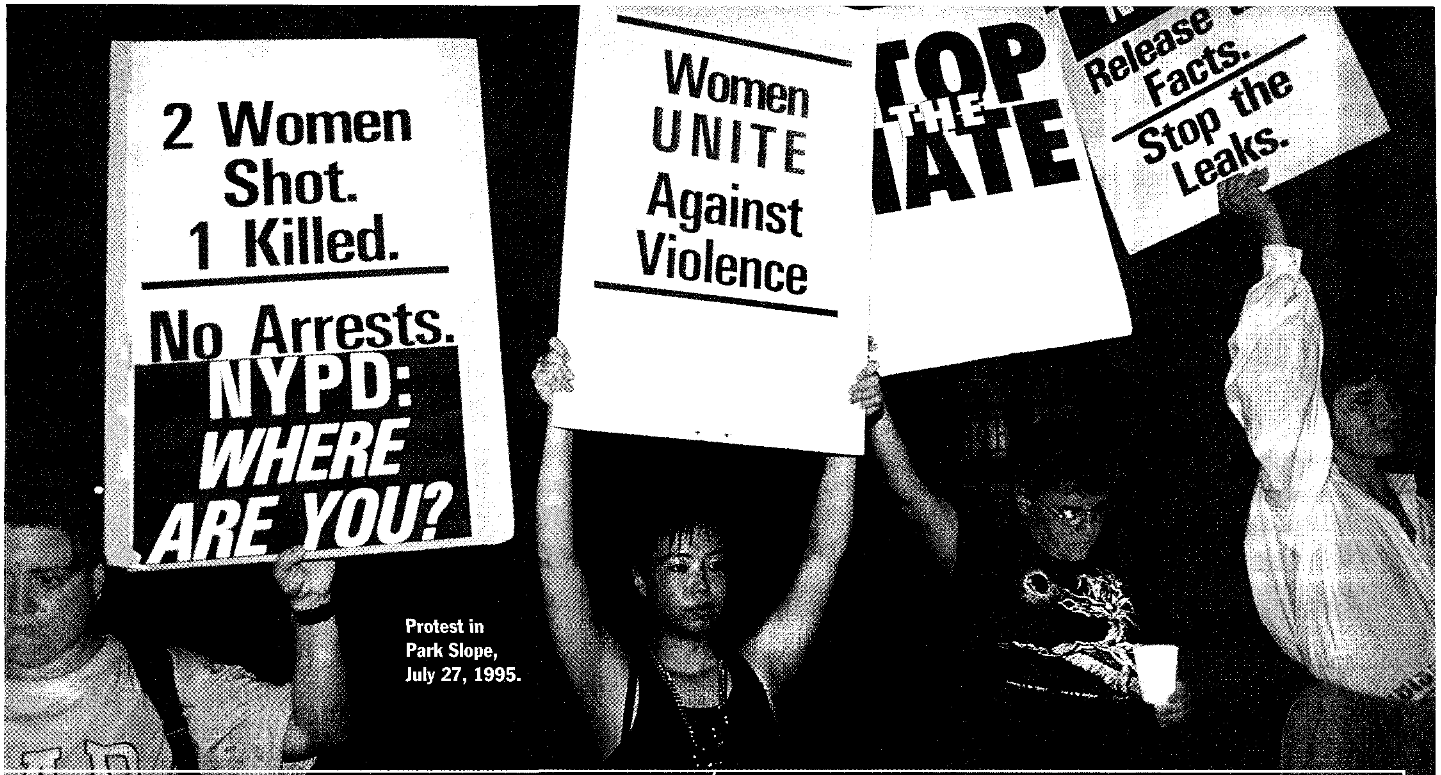
That interrogation took place three weeks after Amanda got out of the hospital and while she was still on painkillers and, as Amanda describes it, was something short of Andre Braugher on *Homicide:* "For like eight hours, they were screaming at me, pointing fingers in my face, spitting all over me, smoking cigars, just throwing darts at me, saying 'You did it, you did it, just tell us you did it. . . .' The way they were at me, they had me feeling numb and cold in that room. I could not cry. I had no expression."

Amanda was accompanied to the police station by a female friend of her brother's, whom the cops talked to after questioning Amanda. The friend walked out of the interrogation room and demanded, "Just tell them you did it, just tell them you did it." Amanda is sanguine about this apparent betrayal. "I guess I was mad at her for that moment, but then I figured the detectives must have really yelled at her and shook her up."

Nothing seems to get to Amanda. Perhaps her friends are right about her being reserved; perhaps she is as cold as the Lugos describe her. Or perhaps she is just depressed. Whether she's talking about her disdain for the cops or her long-term relationship with Sylvia, her delivery remains flat, devoid of apparent emotion. Never does she declare her love for her dead partner without prodding. Sylvia, she says, was "madly in love" with *her,* though, and would like to have been "married" in a commitment ceremony, but Amanda "wasn't quite ready." What did she find special about Sylvia, an unemployed factory worker seven years Amanda's senior? "She was cute." What did they like to do together? "Anything. Everything." Pressed for specifics, Amanda says that apart from softball, "we both loved kids."

BOERUM HILL, WHERE SYLvia died, is one of a cluster of pleasant, tree-lined sister communities including Brooklyn Heights, Cobble Hill, Carroll Gardens, and Park Slope collectively known as Brownstone Brooklyn—and collectively home to New York's highest concentration of lesbians. Park Slope's Seventh Avenue is the community's center, with its cozy collection of bookstores, coffeehouses, and health-food co-ops. For community-minded lesbians, the all-female softball leagues, lacking race and class distinctions, is also an attraction, as are the relatively liberal local politicians and the comfortable Irish bars where one can mix easily with copacetic straights.

The area attracted


2 Women Shot. 1 Killed.
No Arrests.
NYPD: WHERE ARE YOU?
Women UNITE Against Violence
STOP THE HATE
Release Facts. Stop the Leaks.

Protest in Park Slope, July 27, 1995.

"The family is going to say what the family is going to say about me," says Amanda. "I don't think there's any way I can respond to people who don't believe me, or believe what the police are saying."

Amanda, who moved there after graduating from college. Sylvia, born nearby, had long been a familiar sight, bopping around in shorts and sneakers, picking up odd jobs here and there ever since the factory she worked in had closed a couple of years before. She was a generous woman, more gregarious than Amanda, with many, many friends.

Had the murder taken place almost anywhere else, the stories quoting anonymous cops about two random women would have faded with time. But the stories took place in Brownstone Brooklyn and were about Amanda and Sylvia, whom everyone knew. What's more, Amanda's version meshed tidily with accounts given by other victims of an eight-month string of push-in robberies and sex crimes then taking place in the 78th and 84th Precincts. A serial rapist, responsible for some of those incidents, had not yet been caught; playing off the community's fears, a giveaway publication called the Park Slope *Paper* trumpeted a front-page story headlined B-STONE WOMEN UNDER SIEGE. Backing its theory that a rapist had turned deadly, the paper cited a widely distributed street flyer that announced DYKE-KILLER ON THE LOOSE.

A considerable amount of panic ensued. Community leaders and activists and politicians began swarming all over the 84th Precinct, demanding better police protection. Uniform cops, responsible for calming fears and providing this protection, weren't pleased.

"We're the ones who had to deal with all these citizens from the community who thought there was a rapist on the loose, targeting lesbians—and yet the detectives in the squad, who knew this guy didn't exist, were cutting us out of the loop, withholding the information we needed in order to protect people," says one cop.

"It's hard to make people feel secure in their residences when these kinds of stories go around. It's very difficult for us to go out and fight ghosts. The way we figured it, if Amanda Leach was the main suspect in the murder of Sylvia Lugo, we should have been informed so that we could inform the public. The public had the right to know."

Several cops conveyed their opinion of what the true lowdown was on the Lugo case to Brad Hamilton, a young, gung ho police reporter for the Brooklyn *Daily Bulletin,* a paid-circulation broadsheet circulated around the courthouse. Days after Amanda was released from the hospital, Hamilton wrote an article hinting that police did not believe her rape-abduction story and that she would soon be arrested for murder.

Almost instantly, Hamilton began receiving calls from the Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project, from the Lugo family, demanding to know how he got his story. "All I was able to tell anybody," he says, "was that I got it from police sources." (It could have been worse; a *Daily Bulletin* headline writer's half-joking suggestion for the headline—CLITTY CLITTY BANG BANG—had been spiked.)

Typically, when a cop unilaterally feeds the media too soon to suit the top brass about a particular case, the Police Department's deputy commissioner for public information responds with a "No comment." On this occasion, DCPI flat-out denied Hamilton's scoop, in essence calling him a liar. Hamilton's attempts to write follow-up stories—getting sources to state on the record what they had said off the day before—didn't help his case. The day after, they or their superiors simply called the competition, denying they'd ever said anything. Meanwhile, City Hall was feeling some heat, as politicians including Manhattan assemblywoman Deborah Glick demanded and got a meeting with Deputy Mayor Fran Reiter.

"All of a sudden, I was on my own, getting the cold shoulder from cops who always used to take my calls," says Hamilton. "But at least nobody was storming the newspaper."

Not so for the police. On July 27, two weeks after Sylvia's murder, 300 angry placard-carrying women, men, and children marched through Amanda and Sylvia's neighborhood "to demand consistent, accurate, timely information from

Photograph by Carolina Kroon/Impact Visuals.

the cops," says Hanson, whose Anti-Violence Project organized the march. Hanson says they wanted the police to "know how many people were watching."

Lieutenant James Guida, who had taken over the 84th Precinct detective squad only three months before the killing, was transferred. Abruzzi claims that "there were other issues involved in Lieutenant Guida's move to the 88th Precinct, which had nothing whatsoever to do with the Sylvia Lugo case," but sources at the 84th beg to differ. "Technically, it may be a lateral move," says one, "but it's not exactly a vote of confidence to be shipped out of a station house as soon as you arrive."

Before being transferred, Guida—whose most dramatic revelation was his statement that Amanda had not been ruled out as a suspect—was ordered not to speak with reporters anymore. Brooklyn North deputy inspector Martin Johnson was hit with a similar edict. Johnson had told reporter Hamilton that the Lugo killing had "absolutely no connection" to the Park Slope serial rapes, conceding it could have been the result of a domestic dispute. Johnson also told another reporter, "When we get the person, it's going to be the right person, and [the lesbian community is] going to be very surprised and angry."

The lesbian community was already angry. Angry at Johnson's intimation "that lesbians have a different standard than the community at large," in the words of the Anti-Violence Project's Bea Hanson, "angry the police would let us think there was a rapist out there targeting lesbians if they knew that there wasn't." The Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation also protested to the Police Department and the mayor's office against the conflicting information that was being released.

If Park Slope's lesbian community was confused, by August its confusion turned to bewilderment when the *Daily Bulletin* printed a new exclusive by Brad Hamilton, blaming Sylvia Lugo's death not on Amanda Leach but on a third, heretofore unmentioned lesbian who was Amanda's lover before Sylvia. This woman, identified by Hamilton only as Trelane, had committed the killing in a fit of jealousy, then fled to Texas, according to Hamilton's police sources. Amanda was merely covering for her.

A police spokesman stated on the record that this woman named Trelane was in no way a suspect and was wanted merely for questioning; the NYPD later seemingly endorsed Amanda's abduction story by releasing a sketch based on her description of the rapist as a short, light-skinned Hispanic with a neatly trimmed beard, wearing a baseball cap.

Hanson, not knowing whom to believe, became concerned about the direction the investigation had taken. "I was afraid that because of who the victims were, the police just assumed, 'Oh, God, it must be some kind of weird lover's-triangle lesbian-soap-opera kind of thing, instead of making sure the rapist-murderer wasn't still lurking out there."

AS IT HAPPENED, BOTH Hamilton's story and Hanson's theory were wrong. Trelane, a Brooklyn letter carrier whose last name is McKinney, absolutely, positively was not a suspect—and yet there absolutely positively *was* a lover's-triangle lesbian-soap-opera sort of thing going on, or to be more accurate, a lover's quadrangle or pentangle, with Amanda at the center of it.

What, if anything, this soap opera has to do with the killing of Sylvia Lugo is not entirely clear, but suffice it to say that among this large group of women who played softball together—they refer to themselves as "the circle"—a fair amount of cheating and betrayal and abuse went on, not dissimilar to the incestuousness found in the suburban immorality tales of Updike and Cheever, except that instead of married people drinking and philandering at a country club, this was same-sex debauchery taking place outdoors on the softball diamond and indoors at a swell Irish joint called the Roost.

Amanda sighs. "Sylvia had a crush on me three years prior to when we met, but I didn't know it at the time. She walked up to Trelane the first time she saw me on the softball field and asked, 'Who's the woman with the cute ass?' " Trelane replied, "She's mine," which was true at the time.

Trelane, whom everybody calls Tree, was not the greatest girlfriend in the world, according to Amanda, who spent three years with her before moving in with Sylvia. Amanda claims Trelane two-timed her with a woman named Sonja, whom Amanda would later sleep with herself, two-timing Sylvia. Amanda also claims Trelane introduced her to cocaine and became obsessed with her, charges Trelane freely admits: "Yeah, I used to have a problem with coke, but I never forced it onto Amanda—she took it freely, and I have since gotten off of drugs and gotten into therapy.

"Amanda says I was obsessed with her? If that's what she wants to call it, fine. She had this sincerity about her when I met her fresh out of college, so I got to watch her grow, in a manner of speaking, and when she became involved with Sylvia and brought her into the home we shared together, claiming Sylvia was just a friend, I was upset. Both of them were out of work at the time. I was paying for everything, which bothered me, besides which I did not want to see that love that I had for Amanda walk out the door."

Amanda claims Tree hit her. Tree characterizes their altercations as "three-way shoving matches" that also involved Sylvia. She maintains, however, that she is "learning to control" her temper and insists she had made amends with Sylvia well before she was murdered. "I loved Amanda, but she left me for Sylvia three years ago, and three years is a long time. Life does go on."

Immediately after Sylvia's funeral, Trelane took a vacation she'd scheduled with her superiors at the Post Office months before, flying down to Texas to visit a grandfather who'd just had open-heart surgery and a grandmother who had just had a stroke. While there, she talked to friends in New York and learned that police wanted to talk to her; she later read Hamilton's newspaper article that portrayed her as a murder suspect on the lam. The daughter of two cops (her father was killed in the line of duty), Trelane voluntarily submitted to police questioning upon her return "in order to clear my name," but she lost her temper with detectives when they continued to insist she'd masterminded the murder. Police subpoenaed her telephone records. They also canvassed her mail route, circulating her picture in an effort to extract information about her. No one on her route told police she had anything to do with any murder. However, having learned her sexual orientation, a number of her customers called the Post Office to say they did not want a lesbian letter carrier.

"Trelane used to tell me when she got angry that if she couldn't have me, nobody else could," Amanda says, "but even so, I never really thought she could have killed Sylvia."

Asked whether she has any theories about why the man she claims raped her would have killed Sylvia, Amanda says no. But when asked about some wild rumors about Sylvia—rumors that appear to trace back to Amanda herself—that Sylvia either was a major drug dealer or knew major drug dealers or was related to them, Amanda replies differently: "Whenever Sylvia did whatever she did, she never involved me. I wasn't there, but you know she did have dealings with people, big people." According to Chief Abruzzi, Amanda has never said a word to cops regarding Sylvia and drugs. Moreover, "if Sylvia Lugo was even remotely involved with drugs, never mind 'big people,' we would have gotten something from the DEA, Narcotics, somebody, because every single person who walks into that station house is asked about Sylvia Lugo, and nobody has said one word about drugs."

THERE IS A WORD COPS USE when a prospective suspect tells them something that doesn't quite ring true: *hinky*. No cop has been foolish enough to use that word about Amanda, and yet, somehow, it seems apt. Her dropping hints about drug dealers. Her offhand disclosures that so many different women were or are madly in love with her (Trelane, Sylvia, and now Sonja). Then there's this anecdote Amanda related about Sylvia's funeral: "I asked Sonja how Sylvia looked. Sonja thought she looked fine, but I didn't *think* so. I told Sonja she looked sad and hurt and angry and that she just didn't look rested or peaceful, because one of her greatest fears was losing me to Sonja or to Tree."

"I said that to Sonja just to let her know that I didn't want anything to do with her," insists Amanda, who has nevertheless been seen with Sonja at several events since Sylvia's funeral.

That Sylvia loved Amanda more than Amanda loved Sylvia is undisputed; it may also be that Amanda didn't deserve Sylvia's love, or that Amanda is not a very likable person. But that's not a solid murder case. And if Amanda is guilty of nothing more than being reserved and a bit self-centered, then she has been victimized horribly, and twice. "The police and the tabloids have been saying an awful lot of ugly stuff about me," she says. "And that's not going to be erased; that's not going to be forgotten."

It appears that if the police have a case against Amanda at all, it is not a strong one. If it were, Chief Ray Abruzzi would not be giving interviews to the *Blade* because "we could use some help getting the word out," nor would he be predicting, wishfully, "that somebody out there, eventually, is going to talk." Even as Abruzzi's detectives presented their case against Amanda Leach to the D.A., the mayor's office posted a $10,000 reward for information leading to the conviction of Sylvia Lugo's attacker. It referred to what happened on Pacific Street as a "shooting and sexual assault."

"It's totally absurd," says the Anti-Violence Project's Hanson, exasperated beyond anger. "After all that has passed, the police and the mayor's office still don't agree with each other; an investigation that was botched from day one has become a joke.

"I think there's a real chance that no arrest will ever be made," she says. "And that the NYPD is banking on the possibility that the community will forget about it."

In the meantime, the black-and-white DYKE-KILLER ON THE LOOSE posters that once blanketed Park Slope's Seventh Avenue are gone. And yet, one way or another, they have proved prophetic. ■

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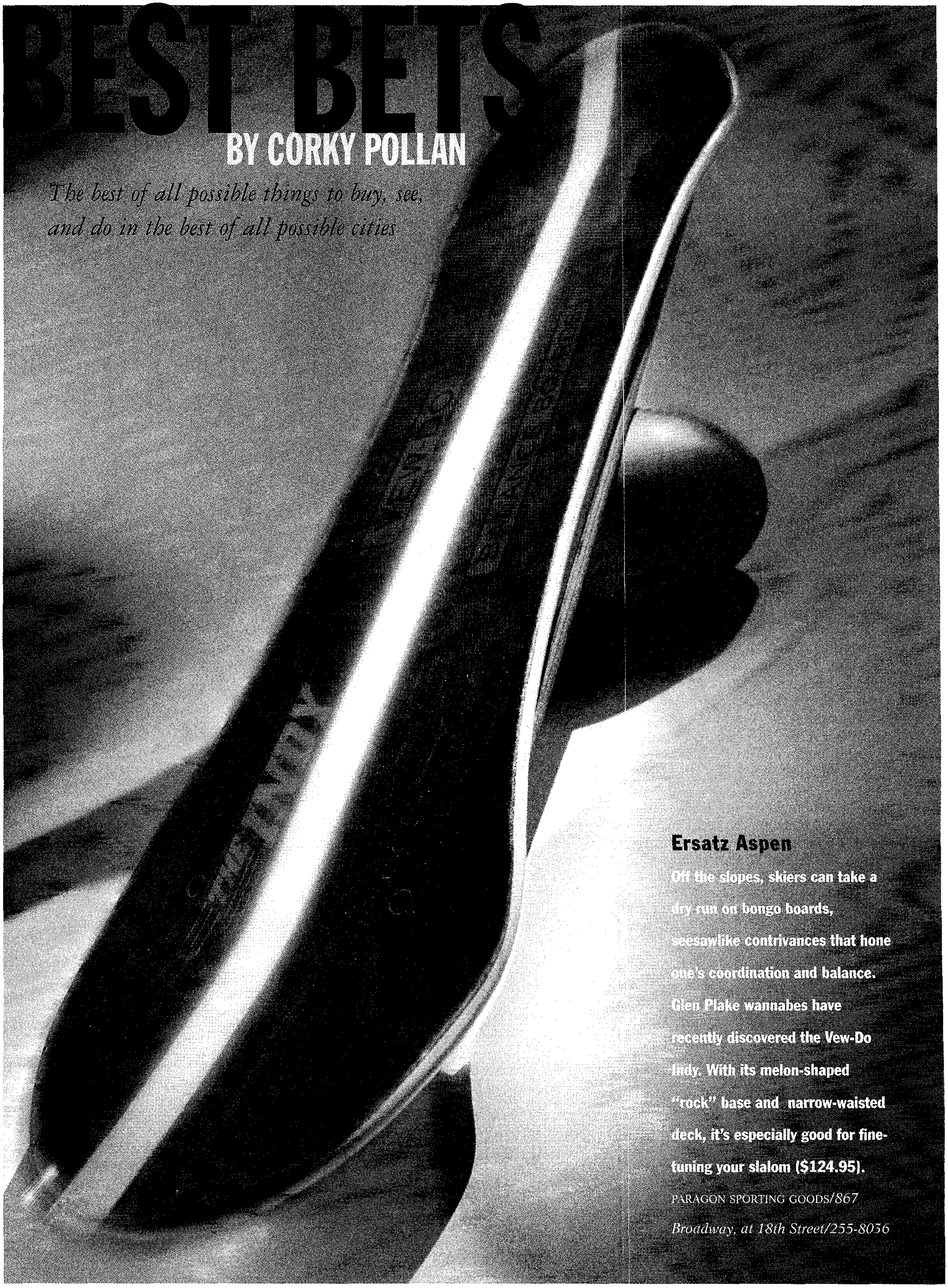

Ersatz Aspen

Off the slopes, skiers can take a dry run on bongo boards, seesawlike contrivances that hone one's coordination and balance. Glen Plake wannabes have recently discovered the Vew-Do Indy. With its melon-shaped "rock" base and narrow-waisted deck, it's especially good for fine-tuning your slalom ($124.95).

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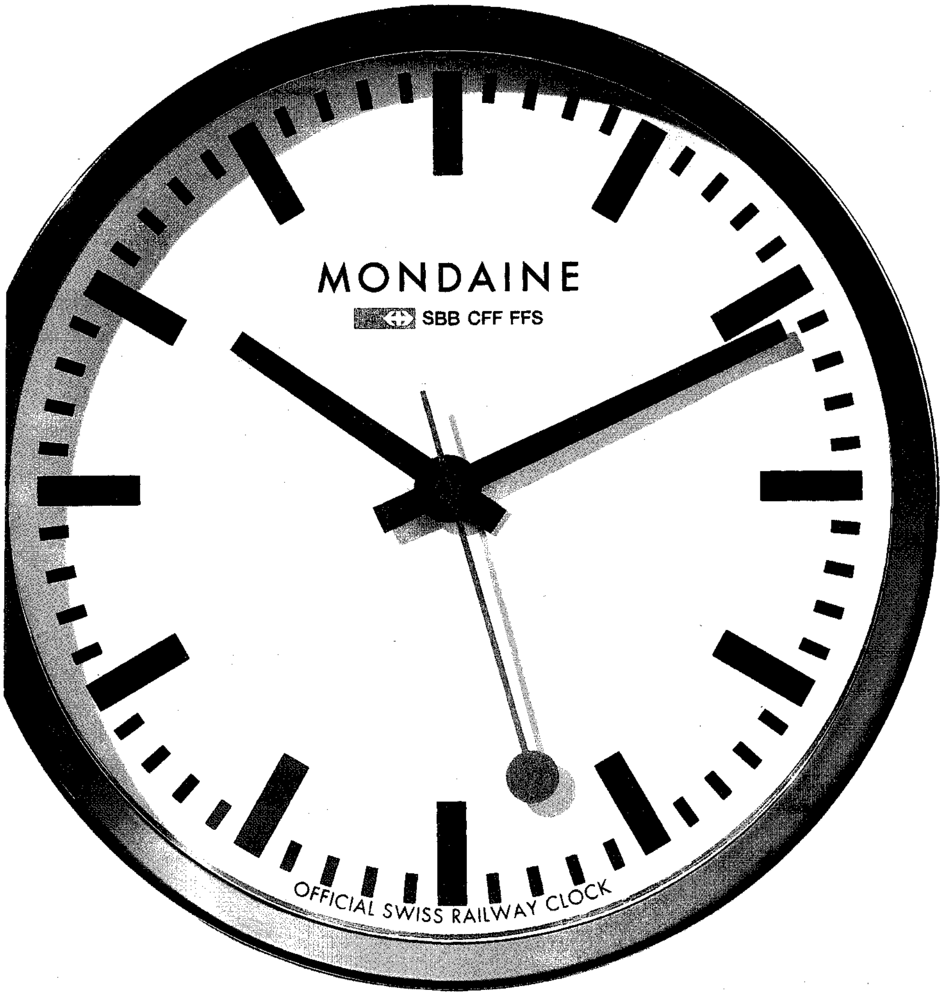

The Trains Run on Time

Switzerland is a country that famously lives by the clock, and none are more visible than the Federal Swiss Railways clocks that hang in every Swiss railroad station. Now Mondaine—a family-owned Swiss watch company—has reproduced a ten-inch version of the clock. Just like the one created by industrial designer Hans Hilfiker more than 40 years ago, it has a stainless-steel case, a white dial, and a sweeping red dot. But unlike the original, the Mondaine update is not radio-synchronized to an atomic clock at the Neuchâtel Observatory; it runs on a quartz battery ($150).

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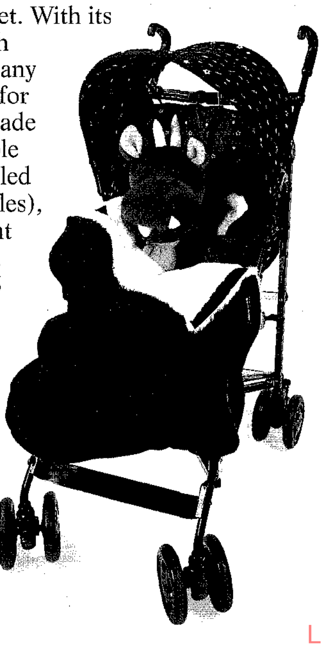

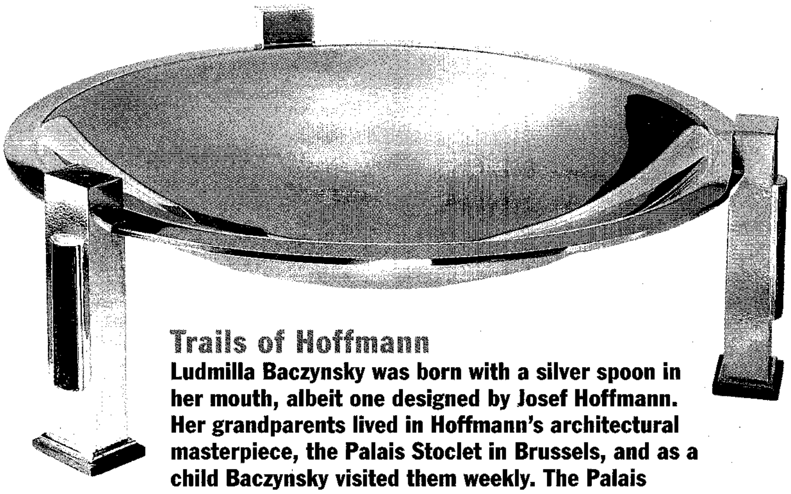

Trails of Hoffmann

Ludmilla Baczynsky was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, albeit one designed by Josef Hoffmann. Her grandparents lived in Hoffmann's architectural masterpiece, the Palais Stoclet in Brussels, and as a child Baczynsky visited them weekly. The Palais interior was a tour de force of understated Wiener Werkstätte opulence: inlaid marble walls, Gustav Klimt friezes, and Werkstätte silver. No surprise, then, that the Werkstätte is a dominant influence on Baczynsky's own designs. Her bowls, vases, and bonbonnières are sober and stark yet surprisingly sensuous. Her jewelry is spare and geometric, with a sprinkling of positively organic-looking bracelets and necklaces (from $160 for a 14K-gold-and-pearl ring to $6,145 for a solid-sterling-silver candelabra).

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MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Bard Again

McKellen's 'Richard III' is done as campy Fascist allegory; Fishburne and Branagh's 'Othello' is strictly by the book.

Annette Bening (foreground) with (from left) Kate Steavenson-Payne, Maggie Smith, and Kristin Scott Thomas in *Richard III*. Facing page, Laurence Fishburne and Irène Jacob in *Othello*.

I HAD A GOOD TIME AT **Richard III,** THE MAD, MODERN-dress production of Shakespeare's melodramatic potboiler. Is this a serious production of Shakespeare? Yes and no. Or rather, no and yes. The movie, based on Richard Eyre's London stage production, has been adapted for the screen by director Richard Loncraine and Ian McKellen, who plays King Richard; Loncraine and McKellen have cut and rearranged the text and moved the power struggle between the houses of Lancaster and York (you know, the Wars of the Roses) from the fifteenth century to the England of the mid-1930s. At times, we seem to be watching a decadent thirties fashion show in which the contentious royals, dressed to the teeth in oyster-white linens and long slinky gowns—the men meticulously shaved, the women laden with jewelry—ride about in Bentleys, smoking furiously and doing nasty things to one another. As always, Richard seduces the woman whose husband he has killed; he plants suspicion everywhere and murders every conceivable rival. The rudiments of Shakespeare's story remain intact. But we're very much aware of the production as a stunt, in which every line of poetry that doesn't fit the thirties setting has been excised. Richard is now a modern military man whose uniforms grow darker and darker—finally, they are black—and whose usurpation of the throne is a kind of Fascist putsch. Fraud and violence win out over enervated goodness.

At its most frivolous, the production appears to suggest that evil somehow emanates from high style. The cigarette dangling from McKellen's mouth, for instance, serves the same iconic function here as it did in those forties Hollywood movies in which the Nazi villains seemed to have wandered in from some campy party high above Hollywood Boulevard. (Is smoking really so wicked?) Three things, however, save this *Richard III* from triviality: Shakespeare, whose unparalleled vigor, even in this rudely barber'd form, keeps things moving to a climax; Ian McKellen's performance; and the intense, blunt Englishness of the settings. The peculiar heavy luxury of the state rooms and the brutality of the modern industrial buildings give off a special modern dismay. No country as beautiful as this one has ever before produced such uncomfortable official spaces. In the end, I was half won over to the conceits of modern-dress Shakespeare. There is something in the play that illuminates the despair of between-the-wars Europe—the sense that affairs of state are slipping out of control, the nauseating realization that the most energetic and decisive person in the country is also the most evil. Richard takes over because the good people are too tired to stop him.

Any production of *Richard III* almost has to be a celebration of brazenness. After all, this is a very naughty play. Shakespeare made Richard ever so much brighter and more interesting than the virtuous characters, who come to life only when cursing Richard ("Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity," etc.). In his 1955 film version, Laurence Olivier used the intimacy of the camera to seduce us into complicity, starting right at the beginning with his reed-dry, cackling, slightly epicene reading of the great soliloquy "Now is the winter of our discontent." McKellen, a major actor and personality in Great Britain but far too little known here (he's had a negligible screen career), creates his own kind of excitement. In this version, the opening monologue begins as a very public speech delivered by Richard at a cele-

Photograph by Alex Bailey/United Artists.

bration of his brother's ascension to the throne; it continues, sotto voce, in a royal bathroom, where Richard, sighing as he sinks into a heavy piss, speaks of himself in quiet tones of disgust. He glances into a mirror and spots us looking at him; a gleam comes into McKellen's eye, and he turns, delighted (just like Olivier) to have a companion, taking us into his confidence as he explains his plans. From that point on, we know he is telling us, and only us, the truth. We are flattered, and, in turn, we repay his trust by withholding absolute judgment of his crimes.

Now in his mid-fifties, Ian McKellen is slender and starched, seemingly as bland as a mid-level Whitehall diplomat—a not quite handsome man, very tightly wrapped, very decisive but impersonal. Yet when he walks, you notice Richard's hump under the uniform, and the walk itself, tilted and unsteady, like a yacht with its sails askew, turns into an adventure of pure will. This is a mischievous, startlingly candid performance, almost a confession. McKellen is the most supremely conscious of Richards, an adventurer playing the cards that have been dealt him—physical deformity, intellectual superiority—without illusions. There are wonderful spurts of gaiety, including a great moment when McKellen dances up a narrow staircase in sheer jubilation. But there is little egotism and certainly no vanity. This Richard is onto everybody, especially himself. He does what he does because he can get away with it, playing the game to its final moments with a melancholy acceptance of his fate.

The battle scenes at the end are a shambles, but generally director Richard Loncraine works in a rapid-tableau style; that is, he uses realistic settings in a theatrical manner, pushing beyond realism, but not too far. The Americans (Annette Bening and Robert Downey Jr.) aren't very good, but Jim Broadbent, in a morning coat, is a plumply unctuous Buckingham, and Maggie Smith gets her blood up in a brief appearance as Richard's censorious mom. The movie has spirit, if not always sanity. One can feel the exhilaration of people doing something slightly experimental for a good-sized audience. This *Richard III* is not serious or essential, but it's thoroughly alive.

Photograph by Rolf Konow/Castle Rock Entertainment.

THE NEW **Othello** IS A MORE CONVENTIONAL affair—realistic, unimaginative, even depressingly literal-minded. When Othello (Laurence Fishburne) and Desdemona (Irène Jacob) retire to the bedroom, the director, Oliver Parker, serves up softcore sex in a lyrical-schlock style I associate with the Playboy channel. Limbs, limbs, limbs. Much of the body of the play, on the other hand, has been cut away (a far greater loss than in *Richard III*), and what is left is generally spoken with great clarity but (with one exception) no special illumination. Parker, trained as an actor, has simplified the play in ways that reduce it. In this *Othello*, everyone is very young and inexperienced. Othello and Desdemona are freshly in love—each in love, perhaps, for the first time—and so little known to each other that their sexual passion seems unconnected to anything else in their natures. Iago's subtlety and cruelty, we feel, are not even needed to destroy their love; almost anything, even ordinary life, would have brought it down from this daring, vulnerable, and thoughtless height. In a word, neither of them seems very bright.

Iago has been made almost superfluous, yet Kenneth Branagh's performance is still the best thing in the movie. This Iago is also very young, an ordinary man, plainspoken, not super-subtle, just more daring and clearheaded than anyone else. Indeed, he's so young and energetic that we're a bit puzzled. Surely this chipped fellow has more to live for than destruction? Coleridge spoke of "motiveless malignity," but a great Iago, with a few more years under his belt, can suggest the rage of disappointed ambition. Branagh's Iago has little reason for rage—his whole life seems before him. But Branagh, as always, speaks the verse with a vigorous directness of manner, as if he and Shakespeare had just spent some time together at a local tavern, and he creates a rough-and-ready Iago, very physical, jocular, companionable, and dangerous. Of all the actors I've seen, he most obviously justifies Othello's spectacular misperception of his character as "honest Iago."

Laurence Fishburne pronounces his part rather than acting it. He glowers and holds his dignity through everything, even in moments of utmost horror, and sometimes one gets the impression that dignity is more important to him than expression. Fishburne is awfully tight. We can believe that this man is a commander, because self-control is paramount to him. The point, however, is that Othello loses his command of himself, and Fishburne won't let himself out. The next time around, he needs to take a flying leap. The whole movie is intimate and very quiet, almost subdued. Oliver Parker has eliminated every trace of theatricalism—and, alas, almost every trace of excitement. ■

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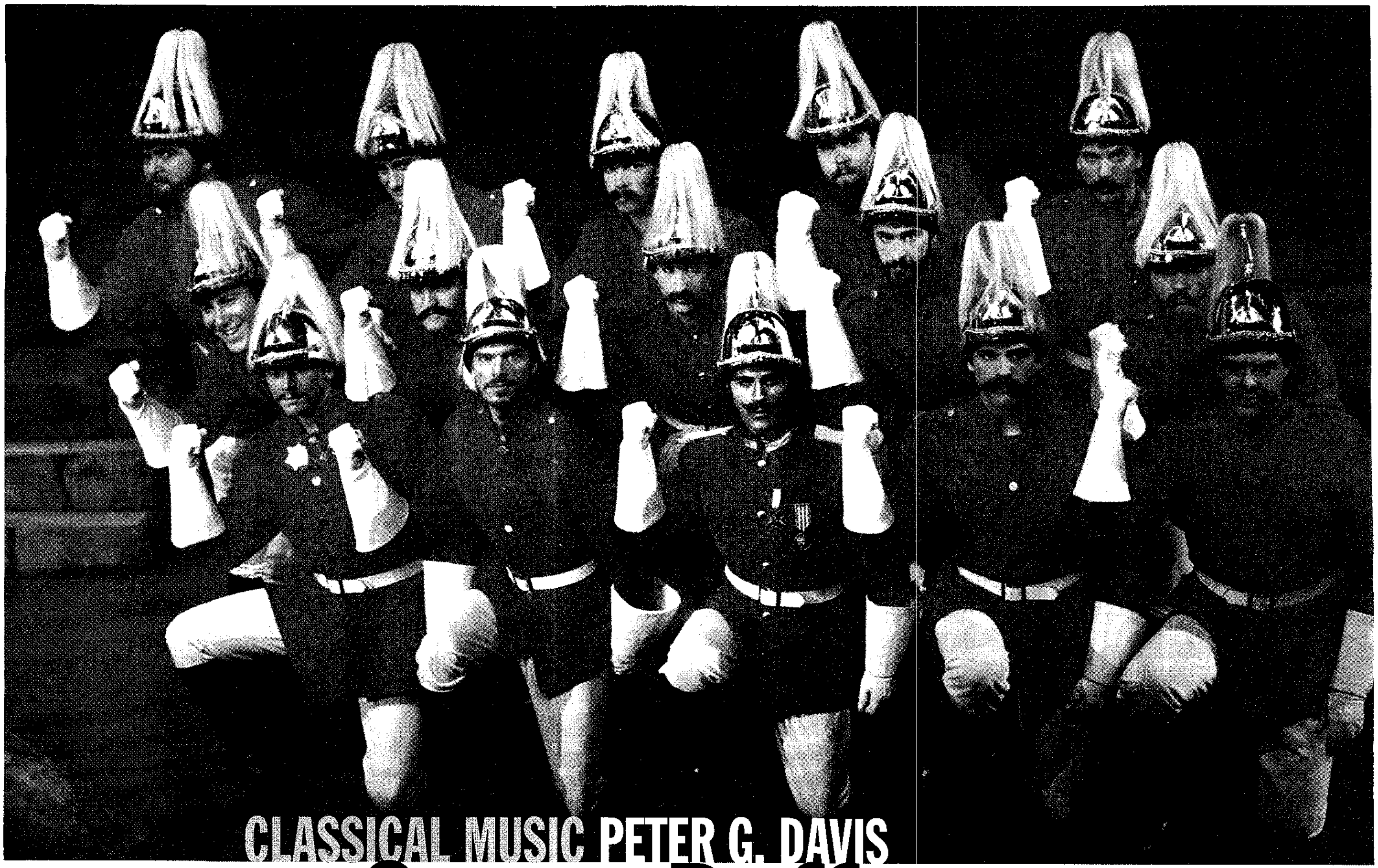

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Opera Boffo

The Gilbert & Sullivan Players' 'Patience' makes this 1881 send-up of poseurism seem as timely as 'Unzipped'; Weisgall's long-overdue revival.

Those *Patience* boys: Who knew Gilbert and Sullivan could be so fabulous?

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S **Patience** IS SURELY THE ultimate send-up of fashion victims, and therefore as timeless as music theater can ever hope to be. Gilbert feared in 1881 that his immediate targets—Oscar Wilde, the aesthetic movement, and all artsy poseurs "fond of uttering platitudes in stained-glass attitudes"—would quickly date the piece, but he needn't have worried. More than a century later, *Patience* still cuts to the bone, and the New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players' production, at Symphony Space from January 18 to 21, wields a sharp knife—"perceptively intense and consummately utter," to borrow Lady Angela's rapturous cry in Act Two, when three butch dragoon guards don crushed-velvet suits and join the Inner Brotherhood.

The temptation to update the plot and lampoon the affectation of the moment must be irresistible. The Gilbert & Sullivan Players, who take a traditionalist view of the G&S canon, avoid that trap and play the operetta without gimmicks while still making the material, words and music, seem as fresh, vital, and hilarious as if written yesterday. The rival "geniuses," the fleshly poet Bunthorne (Wilde) and the idyllic poet Grosvenor (Swinburne), recite their ridiculous verses, compete for the hand of the delightfully empty-headed milkmaid Patience, and manipulate the fickle fancies of the twenty lovesick maidens who perpetually dog their tracks—all strictly in period—and we can make any contemporary references for ourselves. Stephen O'Brien's balletically languid Bunthorne and Keith Jurosko's purse-lipped Grosvenor are both brilliantly executed, and Lisa Pierce's picture-pretty Patience is none the worse for vaguely suggesting Madonna. As usual, the Players' artistic director, Albert Bergeret, is in charge of both stage and orchestra pit, and his affection for these wonderful works continues to be as undiminished as his skill at putting them on the stage.

THERE MAY WELL BE REASONS WHY HUGO WEISGALL'S **Six Characters in Search of an Author** vanished from sight soon after its premiere at the New York City Opera in 1959, but so far I haven't heard any good ones. Even back then, a lot of people immediately placed the work in that very tiny pantheon containing the Great American Operas—there can't be more than a half-dozen or so—and confidently predicted many future performances. So naturally, those of us who were bowled over by *Six Characters* 36 years ago and have waited patiently for a revival rushed up to the Manhattan School of Music last month to get reacquainted and test the legend. New fans who recently discovered the score on CD, a live recording of a 1990 performance by the Chicago Lyric Opera Center, were eager to see how the piece worked onstage.

Photograph by Lee Snider.

Well, the opera still plays like a dream and sounds even more eloquent than I had remembered. Luigi Pirandello's famous 1921 play would be a tempting prospect for any opera composer, a tense conflict between the mundane reality of putting a drama onstage and the higher creative reality of the work itself. In Pirandello, this metaphysical proposition turns into exciting theater when six emotionally scarred characters of a dysfunctional family, at first portrayed by the blasé members of a professional theatrical troupe, actually appear on the scene during a rehearsal and demand to work out their own tragic destiny in place of the actors. It's just the sort of ambiguous, theatrically charged situation that responds to musical treatment, but Weisgall and his librettist, Denis Johnston, have gone Pirandello one better with an ingenious variation: The play-within-a-play conceit is replaced here with that of an opera-within-an-opera, a device that opens up a wealth of possibilities for putting time-tested operatic conventions to new uses.

And Weisgall has seized on all of them—simply as a compositional tour de force, *Six Characters* is a virtuoso manipulation of closed forms, vocal types, dramatic timing, and other techniques that traditionally propel an effective opera. It's also a shining example of how to write a carefully structured, linear music-theater piece in an expressive contemporary idiom, intensifying the action's theatrical gestures while still taking full advantage of a composer's right—nay, duty—to interpret and reimagine the drama through purely musical means. In that respect, Weisgall makes the high-profile but minimally talented composers in this much-propagandized "golden age" of new American opera look like rank amateurs. At one moment, the score is deliciously satirical, sending up the antics of the ego-mad creatures who flourish backstage at any opera house. But just as we are savoring the wicked humor of it all, the tone turns deadly serious, as the family members take center stage to work out their tortured relationships in music of searing lyricism. Eventually, the two worlds blend until the tragedy of the six made-up characters dominates—a sophisticated fusion of the comic and the tragic that even Strauss and Hofmannsthal never quite pulled off in *Ariadne auf Naxos.*

With this fine production, staged by James Robinson and conducted by David Gilbert, the Manhattan School once again offered some of the best off–Lincoln Center opera in town. Allen Moyer's backstage set cleverly suggested the fantasy-reality tug of this provocative theatrical étude, although the disturbing "otherness" of the characters themselves might have been more sharply italicized. Three key roles dominate the large cast: Theodora Fried, a commanding vocal presence as the anguished Stepdaughter; Philip Torre, bitingly articulate as the guilt-stricken Father; and David Blackburn, a model character tenor as the brittle, wise-cracking Director. But then, all the singers responded eagerly to the disturbing expressive power that lurks in *Six Characters in Search of an Author,* an opera that should never again have to be in search of a performance.

LIKE MANY OF THE OTHER HUGE WAGNERIAN canvases on display at the Metropolitan Opera, **Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg** is best viewed from a distance and not analyzed too closely. The recent revival, once you surrendered to it, was most enjoyable, all five hours 40 minutes of it, and never mind Günther Schneider-Siemssen's cozy but undistinguished picture-postcard sets of old Nuremberg, Otto Schenk's by-the-book blocking, and a fair amount of rough vocal work. After a while, all that faded into the background as Wagner's most musically rich, most exquisitely human, and perhaps most politically unsettling opera took over, and the excellent overall effect of the performance made passing disappointments seem irrelevant.

Much of the credit for this was due to James Levine, who has lightened his approach considerably since he last conducted this production three seasons ago. He still missed the music's deeper poetic strains, but the instrumental textures were often gorgeously blended and balanced. The one unblemished miracle of the performance was Ben Heppner's Walther von Stolzing. Even Lauritz Melchior never sang this arduous Heldentenor marathon onstage, and those who do usually threaten to expire in the middle of Act Three, exactly where Heppner's clear, ringing tenor and winning musicality shone brighter and stronger than ever—he seemed prepared to sing an additional ten verses of the Prize Song to win the girl of his heart. This extraordinary tenor should be bound to the Met with chains of gold.

The other killer role is the cobbler-poet Hans Sachs. Bernd Weikl's burly baritone held up rather less well, but he presented Sachs as a genuinely warmhearted figure, who, even if the quality of his poetry may be in doubt, clearly makes the best shoes in town. Hermann Prey's waning resources were cleverly marshaled as Beckmesser, a masterly piece of comic singing and acting that transformed a potentially nasty character into a touchingly vulnerable human failure. Karita Mattila's hormonally driven Eva, Jan-Hendrik Rootering's sonorous Pogner, Lars Magnusson's fresh-scrubbed David, and Birgitta Svendén's pleasingly plump Magdalene were all positive contributions. In the end, though, what made the performance so irresistible was a winning ensemble spirit that conveyed the sense of a community made harmonious and whole through its commitment to art—surely what this great opera is really all about. ■

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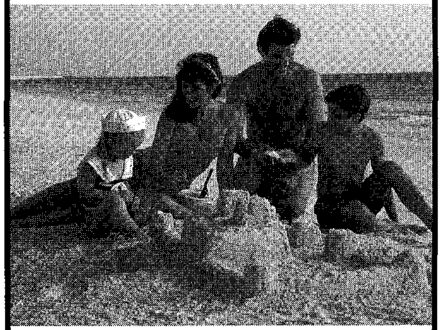

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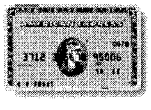

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BOOKS LINDA HALL

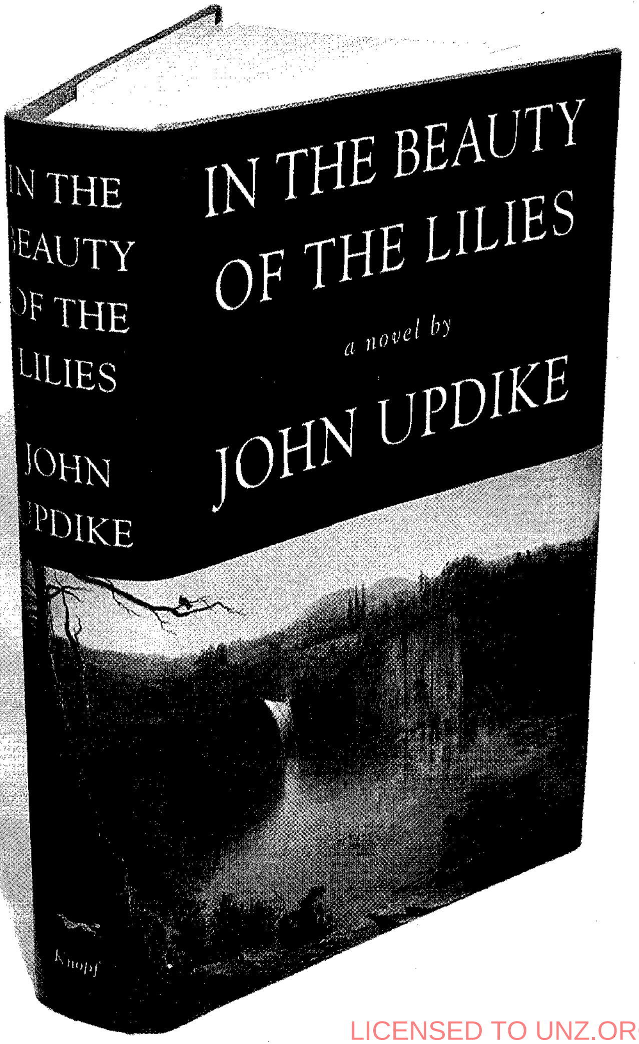
Rabbit, Researched

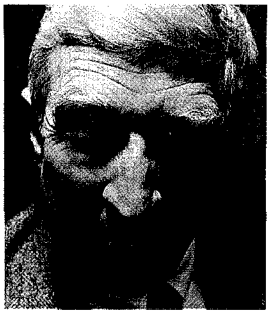
Awash in detail culled from movie reference works, biographies, even Bret Easton Ellis, John Updike's new novel is thoroughly modern. Just not very good.

In the Beauty of the Lilies
BY JOHN UPDIKE
Knopf; 491 pages; $25.95

TO WRITE A NOVEL IN WHICH THERE ARE IMPERfect marriages, split-levels, stagflation, and lust is to court the adjective *Updikean.* Of course, Updike himself has no say as to why or on whom reviewers bestow the seal. John Updike has never been self-aggrandizing, which is one thing that distinguishes him from all the subsequent Sad Young Suburbanites. Another is that he appears to think his parents as good as he is. There are also the work habits, the learning, the ambition; the popularity of the Rabbit quartet made it easy to forget that Updike was attempting the scope and heft of Dos Passos's *U.S.A.* And at the end of Pennsylvania's Bieber bus line was never minimalism or dirty realism or Malibu existentialism.

Updike's impulse for docudrama, embryonic in the Rabbit sequels, is fully mature in his current book.





With *In the Beauty of the Lilies,* his new novel, Updike has left Pennsylvania and gone stylistically farther afield than either Africa or Brazil. He has gone to Spago and then to Waco. The book, a work of historical fiction portraying the four-part evolution of a family, is the product of a stylist, but the style is someone else's (Updike's acknowledgments mention *Less Than Zero*) and the history is that of a Time/Life series.

The novel opens in 1910 with Clarence Wilmot, a Paterson, New Jersey, Presbyterian minister who loses his faith and ends up selling *The Popular Encyclopedia* door-to-door. With Clarence's death, Updike turns to the next generation and Teddy Wilmot, 10 years old but an acute observer of his father's breakdown. Teddy begets Esther, who, in 1959, begets a son who joins a religious cult; by then, Esther has taken meetings with Harry Cohn, and her nostrils have taken two little tucks. Her name is Alma DeMott now, and her next project, opposite Paul Newman, is *Cream Cheese and Caviar.*

"There isn't an awful lot to say about me," her son, Clark DeMott, correctly tells new acquaintances. He has "these irritating memory blanks, more and more of them lately," and an "inner movie" that is always breaking. There isn't an awful lot to say about his great-grandfather Clarence either, a nice man in a funk. In his section of the novel, Updike quotes, at term-paper length, from Robert Ingersoll, Darwin, the Paterson *Evening Times,* and the Bible. Clarence and his great-grandson are devices, both carrying more than their share of the weight of a grandiose theme—"an America whose dream of perfection is translated into an obsession with God and with the Moving Picture," as the catalogue copy has it. Clarence rather too conveniently, in "a visceral surrender," loses his faith. Clark, a child of Hollywood, joins a cult just as conveniently modeled after the Waco Branch Davidians.

Clark's is not the only section where Updike's frictionless style is felt. The novel is frequently content to offer up rather pointless sensations, preferences, bugaboos: "She liked Mickey cartoons better than ones with Donald Duck; there was less hitting and angry squawking." The effect is of a young person's guide to the movies, complete with the sneak preview that *Snow White* might be "too scary, if it had a witch in it as bad as the Big Bad Wolf."

It is Esther, of course, who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf. She is 7, and life thrills her, but the manner in which she is written puts you in mind of Bret Ellis undertaking a children's book. God, for Esther, is "invisible, not like a ghost, who would be scary, but like blood in your veins that you can sometimes hear when your ear is against the pillow and that the doctor can feel when he puts his cold

Photographs: top, Dan Borris/Outline; bottom, Wayne Simpson.

fat fingers smelling of antiseptic on your wrist." As Esther matures, Updike has the opportunity to show off his homework. Submerged in his acknowledgments is a bibliography, and among his sources are *The Film Encyclopedia, A Biographical Dictionary of Film,* and biographies of Doris Day, Marilyn Monroe, and Grace Kelly. The cribbing, much of it from Kelly's life (lodgings at the Barbizon, a fling with the Lombard-obsessed Gable, a duet with Bing Crosby), helps make the section a cut-and-paste misfire.

But research is not to blame for the botched metaphors and middle-school observations. Esther/Alma's bra gets damp on her first airplane trip; "she was lactating acrophobic sweat." Pastor Wilmot reflects on "how strange faces are. . . . If we were turned upside down, would our underpants do as well for identification?" Teddy regards sex as "an unthinkable collision of slimy, hairy parts that should be kept forever hidden," and later, parts unhidden, he "tuck[s] his milked self back into his fly."

Teddy is a virgin for a very long time, however, which means Updike has to sustain him on something besides dairy metaphors, and he does so beautifully. His style relaxes. He knows a thing or two about what it's like to be a sensitive boy and has a sure sense of the character. Teddy has no idea what to do with himself, and this makes him, pre–WWII, not your average twentysomething. He's bright, but "his brightness was something he kept hidden, as if it might get squelched in the open." He needs a job that's "something respectable, because he was a Wilmot, and yet not too demanding, because he was Teddy." He ends up an undisgruntled postal worker.

Teddy decides to marry his girlfriend after he hears about Lucky Lindy's flight to Paris, and this is the one bit of history that fits seamlessly into the novel. (In other bits, Jim Fixx dies while jogging, *Flair* magazine starts up, and the Totowa baseball team loses.) The stubborn inclusion of newsreel minutiae, pages and pages of them, might suggest that Updike wasn't interested in writing anything so modest as the Great American Novel. *In the Beauty of the Lilies* isn't quite historical fiction, either, which often consists of real gardens with imaginary toads. Updike's diligently researched 1913 Paterson silk strike, for instance, is largely peripheral to the Wilmot characters. And people interested in Hollywood won't profit much from Esther/Alma's amusement at her "ridiculous supposed liaisons—Rock Hudson, for God's sake!"

"We can't be scared out of territories of the human experience because people think we are not qualified," Updike has said. His qualifications have rarely been in question. But this particular territory, which relies more on information than on imagination, puts Updike on crutches he doesn't need. ■

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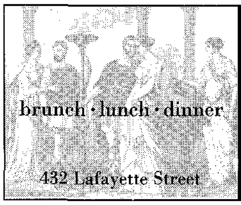

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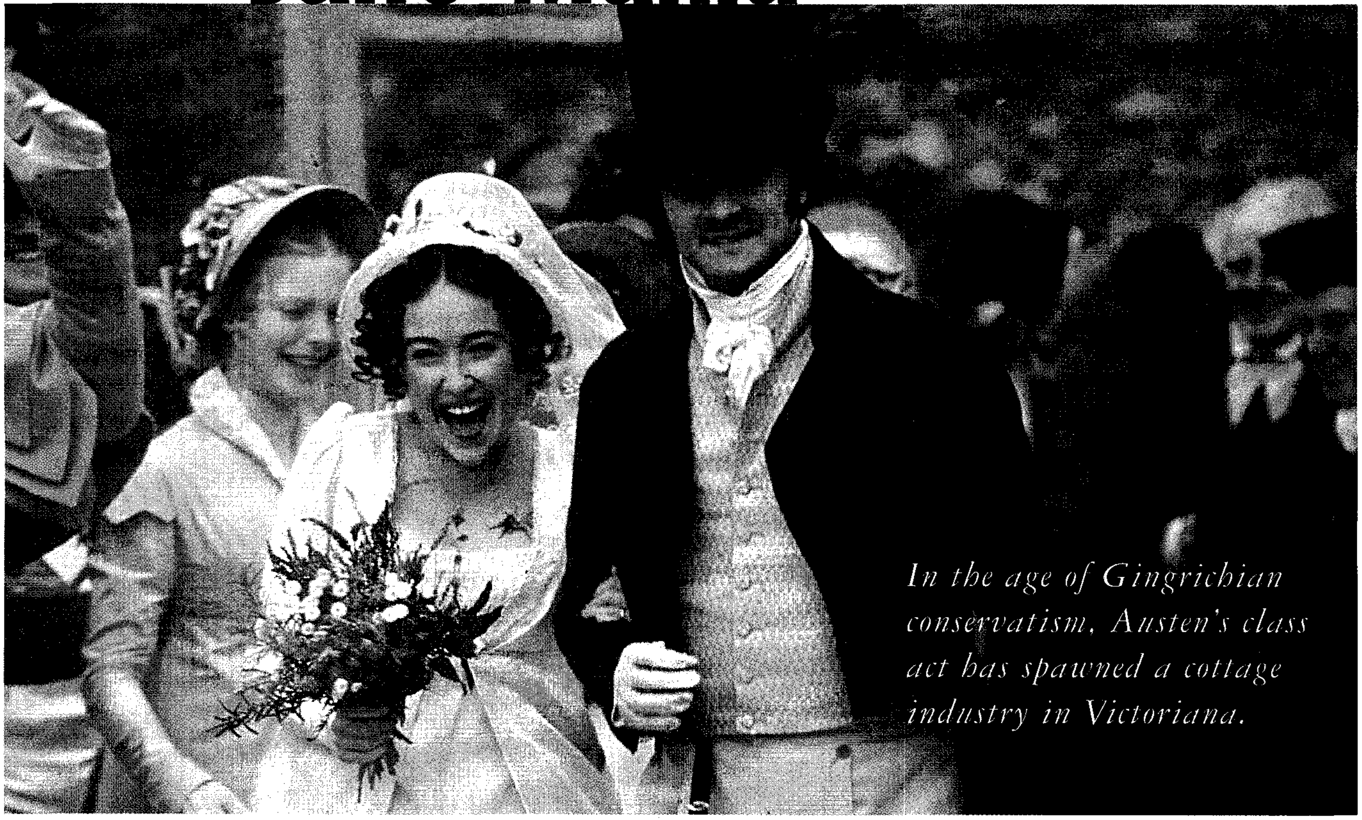
Jane-Mania



In the age of Gingrichian conservatism, Austen's class act has spawned a cottage industry in Victoriana.

Susannah Harker and Crispin Bonham-Carter in A&E's *Pride and Prejudice.*

INSIDE, THE WOMEN FLUTTER AND HICCUP. OUTSIDE the men shoot birds. Presently, they will all of them put on hats and pile into coaches and go to a ball, to gossip and aphorize. At the first such ball in **Pride and Prejudice** (Sunday, January 14; 8 to 10 P.M.; Monday and Tuesday, January 15 and 16; 9 to 11 P.M.; A&E), about twenty minutes into an opulent six-hour BBC mini-series, a dark and prideful Fitzwilliam Darcy will be overheard to remark of our heroine, Elizabeth Bennet, that she "is not handsome enough to tempt me." And Lizzie for the first time will roll her eyes. And the rest of us will have glimpsed everything that is to follow, and fit so neatly in the square space of the story, and close with a satisfying snap, like the hasp on a jewel box. In 1816, a year before she died, at age 42, probably from Addison's disease, Jane Austen wrote of her fiction to her brother Edward: "The little bit (two inches wide) of ivory on which I work with so fine a brush, as produces little effect after much labour."

Well, no, of course. She saw all there was to see of the Georgian gentry, from the parsonage. She knew how to count, down to the last vagrant shilling from trade, dowry, or inheritance, though she was somewhat shakier on the number of acres in any given estate. If she chose not to notice the bad harvests, rising prices, food shortages, rack-renting, landlessness, and mass unemployment of her last decade; if she didn't so much as nod at King Ludd and his ragtag army of redundant artisans—colliers with picks, fishmongers with knives, masons with hammers, weavers with sickles, smashing power looms and spinning jennies—Austen was perfectly well aware that the war against Napoleon had depopulated her Hampshire countryside of prospective husbands for her clever women. It was possible to mount a moral critique of a changing society, even the Oedipal drama, from inside the courtship ritual, and she did so brilliantly, at least till *Mansfield Park,* which she shamelessly dedicated to the prince regent. It's not her fault if we mistake the pastoral idyll she tricked up to house her critique for a photojournalistic portrait of Regency England. It's our fault for so much wanting to believe in such idylls, for longing so ardently to sit in the harmonious social space of Sir Thomas Bertram's country estate and not to bother our pretty heads about the slave labor on the sugar plantations of Antigua that sustained this poise and order. One might wish that she'd got out more and learned as much as, say, George Eliot. But one might also wish that George Eliot (or anyone else) wrote as well, to such a terse and tapered point, about the domestic comedy, with such ironic wit and what Nabokov (with only a whiff of condescension) called her "special dimple."

Still they are Cinderella stories, all her novels. In the sixth hour of *Pride and Prejudice,* Lizzy (Jennifer Ehle) will marry Darcy (Colin Firth), and her sister Jane (Susannah Harker) will marry Bingley (Crispin Bonham-Carter), and cads like Wickham (Adrian Lukis) and trolls like Collins (David Bamber) get what they deserve. Andrew Davies's screenplay is every bit as accomplished as Emma Thompson's Ultra-Slim rewrite of *Sense and Sensibility,* and Simon Langton has more fun directing (horses! pianos! clergymen!) than Roger Mitchell seems to have had at the helm of the surprisingly morose *Per-*

suasion. I enjoyed *Persuasion,* as a movie, more than *Sense and Sensibility,* although I liked neither as much as *Clueless,* that Valley Girl *Emma,* probably because of Alicia Silverstone, of whom Austen herself would have approved. Besides so many movies—and Martin Amis going on about Martin Amis in last week's *New Yorker,* while only pretending to love Plain Jane—there is also a merchandising hoopla, like the Burger King tie-in to Disney knockoffs of *Toy Story* characters. A&E's *P&P* cassettes arrived in a home-video boxed set, accompanied by a 1996 Jane Austen calendar with pretty color stills, plus a Modern Library reissue of the novel with a new introduction by Anna Quindlen. And the Chicago Review Press has simultaneously published *The Jane Austen Cookbook*—ragoo of celery with wine, a harrico of mutton, jaune mange, and solid syllabubs. What could possibly account for this Jane-Mania? I thought I understood the Victorian revival, from the wishful thinking of Gertrude Himmelfarb to the cyberpunk fantasies of Neal Stephenson. We've made a mess of it. Somehow, the longing for a bygone civic virtue shades over, or leaks into, the nostalgia for Empire. After eighties greed, nineties hypocrisy. . . . The concurrent vampire craze might even be a part of it, the soft erotic underbelly beneath the collar and vest, the secret nineteenth-century bond with grand opera, Romantic poetry, psychoanalysis, Night, and Death.

But Regency England? And not *really* the Regency England of a distinctly weird George III but these Cinderella idylls about it—in which, to paraphrase Nina Auerbach, before a novel or a life could properly begin, the women must wait at the door for the gentlemen to enter. Is it an aspect of antifeminist backlash? If the Austen who wrote *Emma* was at least a proto-feminist, the Lizzies and Annes all over our big screens and our small ones seem, instead, to be Sabrinas. Inclined as I am to the sinister, I suspect something else. *Sense and Sensibility* was published in 1811, *Pride and Prejudice* in 1813. The unmerry England of those years was on its way to what Eric Hobsbawm calls "collective bargaining by riot." Unions were illegal. The first owner of the first machine-driven mill was also the first to enslave children from age 5, on fourteen-hour shifts six days a week. Men could be hanged for poaching a rabbit, women for stealing a shilling's worth of shoes, Luddites for smashing a shearing frame. As the landed classes developed their taste for the leisurely rituals of hunting and shooting, squirearchs like Darcy intensified prosecution of the Game Laws. But they *were* gentry, those bloody-minded Regency conservatives. Maybe we miss their foppish sheen. Our own conservatives are peasants.

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LEONORE FLEISCHER JANUARY 15, 1996

SALES & BARGAINS

Help Wolfman-Gold lighten its load—a storeful of home stuff, from armoires to soup bowls—before it decamps for new digs.

Good and Plenty

WOLFMAN-GOLD IN SOHO IS MOVING around the corner to 117 Mercer Street, and before it does, the store is clearing out its old stock of furniture, giftware, and most of its famous home accessories, all at a discount. Only a few examples: a chair-and-a-half in green-striped velvet, was $1,225, now $735; matching ottoman, was $455, now $273; 92-in. sleeper sofa in khaki brocade, was $1,695, now $1,017; four-poster beds made of old house parts by designer Lou Krevolin, were $3,500–$6,000, now $2,500–$4,000; 3 genuine Art Deco ceiling fixtures, were $550 each, now $250; handmade pottery tableware, now 30 percent off, such as a charger, was $35, now $24.50; scalloped dinner plate, was $25, now $16.50; all-white restaurant dinnerware is half-price; large white ceramic platters are 25 percent off; Le Jacquard Français tablecloths are 30 percent off; Christmas ornaments are half-price. *Wolfman-Gold & Good Company, 116 Greene St., near Prince St. (431-1888). A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; delivery arranged at additional cost. Mon.–Sat. 11 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. noon–5; sale from Sat., 1/13, while stock lasts.*

Foot Note

MORE THAN 2,000 PAIRS OF MEN'S SHOES, slippers, and boots, plus belts and socks, are 50–75 percent off retail at To Boot's warehouse sale. Dress and casual captoes, monkstraps, loafers, plain or split-toe oxfords, were $225–$275, now $99–$129; Italian and bench-made English dress and business lace-ups, slip-ons, boots, were $435–$495, now $174–$198; casuals and oil-tanned oxfords, were $145–$255, now $59–$99; boots, were $195–$350, now $95–$149. *To Boot Warehouse, 603 Washington St., between Morton and Leroy (463-0438); no credit cards; checks as deposits only, merchandise held until they clear; all sales final; Wed.–Fri. 8:30 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. noon–5; 1/10–1/14.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.*

Secondhand News

THIS WOMEN'S RESALE SHOP IS PUTTING ON A sale of used one-of-a-kind fall and winter designer merchandise in sizes 2–14; all blouses, sweaters, skirts, and pants are now $10, such as Calvin Klein size 8 wool-gabardine pants, were $45 here, now $10; Ralph Lauren cotton pants, size 8, were $35 here, now $10; Emporio Armani size 4 houndstooth-check skirt, was $39 here, now $10; all jackets and blazers are now $20; all dresses are $30, including Yves St. Laurent size 10 lamé plaid, was $125 here, now $30; all suits are $35, including DKNY rayon tweed, size 2, was $149 here, now $35. *A Second Chance, 1133 Lexington Ave., near 78th St., second floor (744-6041). A.E., M.C., NYCE, V. accepted; no checks; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. 11 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. noon–5; while stock lasts.*

Filing Suit

THIS DISCOUNT MEN'S CLOTHIER CARRIES Ungaro, Caumont, Ralph Lauren, Baumler, Lubiam, Louis Feraud, Perry Ellis, and others, plus clothing made just for them in England and Italy, and all at lower-than-uptown prices. All-wool designer suits were $399–$599, now $269–$399; English wool suits, were $319–$369, now $239–$269; Italian suits, were $369–$449, now $269–$339; sport jackets, were $239–$399, now $169–$269; slacks, were $99–$139, now $69–$99; raincoats, were $259–$299, now $199; a large selection of tuxedos, were $369–$599, now $279–$449; overcoats, were $299–$439, now $199–$299. Free alterations. *Gilcrest Clothes Co., 900 Broadway, near 20th St., third floor (254-8933); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; exchanges possible on unaltered merchandise; Mon.–Fri. 7:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m., Sat. 8:30 a.m.–5 p.m., Sun. 9:30 a.m.–4:30 p.m.; through 1/31.*

Cold Comfort

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHES AND OUTERWEAR for children (3 months–10 years), much of it from France and Italy, is half-price at this small Manhattan boutique and the Roslyn, Long Island, sister store. Items include snowsuits and winter jackets by Jean Bourget, Baby Mini, Petit Boy, Le Chat, and Magil, were $126–$276, now $63–$138; warm pants, by Jean Bourget, Mulberri Bush, So Fun, I.K.K.S., were $38–$68, now $19–$34; skirts and dresses by Floriane, Kinderwear, Galipette, were $48–$136, now $24–$68; sweaters by Baby Graziella, I.K.K.S., Cacherel, were $58–$146, now $29–$73. *Robin's Nest, 1168 Lexington Ave., near 80th St. (737-2004); 1356 Old Northern Blvd., Roslyn, N.Y. (516-484-2366); A.E., M.C., V. accepted; no checks; all sales final; in Manhattan, Mon.–Sat. 11 a.m.–6 p.m.; in Long Island, Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Signature Pieces

THIS PRIVATE ART DEALER HAS A LARGE graphic-arts inventory by famous artists, everything numbered and signed and now reduced. Prices are for unframed pieces, including Willem de Kooning's *Two Friends,* was $4,500, now $2,500; Claes Oldenburg's *City As Alphabet,* was $2,000, now $1,200; Henry Moore's *Untitled,* was $3,500, now $1,500; Karel Appel's *Happy Meeting* series, were $11,200 each, now $750; plus works by Robert Motherwell, Richard Estes, David Hockney, Philip Pearlstein, James Rosenquist, and others. *V&R Fine Art, 300 E. 34th St., Apt. 15D (532-4978); no credit cards; checks as deposits only, merchandise held until they clear; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 9:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m. or by appointment; through 1/17.*

Feminine Mystique

THE SAMPLES AND OVERPRODUCTION AT this small showroom are glamorous and very feminine; sample sizes are 6 and 8; some overproduction is sized for 4–14; all are made of beautiful natural fabrics, like silks and French Chantilly lace; there are some daytime styles such as a silk shirtwaist dress, retail $700, here $250; the majority are for evening, like a backless dress of four-ply silk and lace, retail $1,100, here $250; silk-georgette dinner dress, retail $900, here $350. *Darby Scott, 260 W. 39th St. (302-0737); cash only; all sales final; sale by appointment only while stock lasts; phone for appt. Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m.*

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A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New Yo
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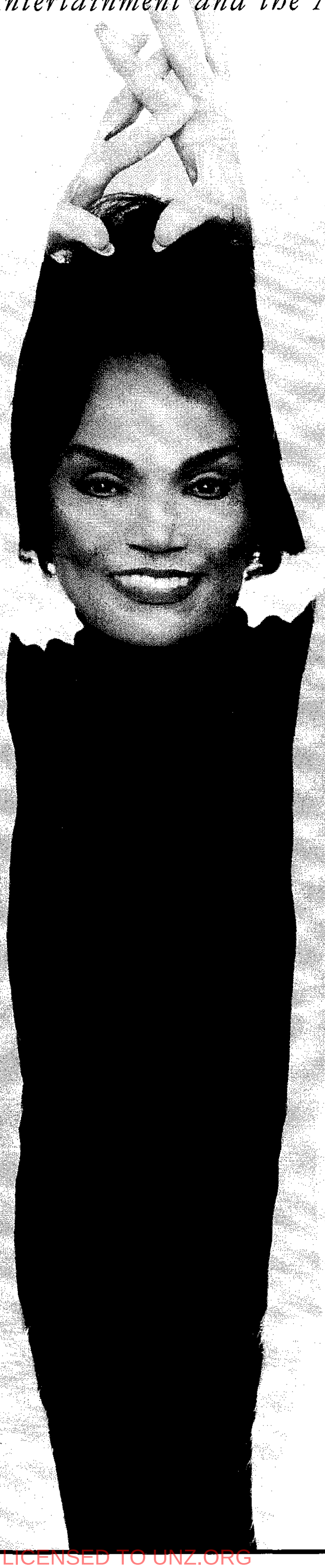

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Glamour-puss

Thirty years after Catwoman, **Eartha Kitt** *displays her quintessential feline slink and over-the-top feminine wiles at the Cafe Carlyle* (page 72)

movies

Paul Morrissey...*French Twist*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.

New Films

Across the Sea of Time—A 3-D IMAX film about a young Russian boy who wanders New York in search of his relatives, who immigrated years before. The plot is just a device to show the typical New York sights in 3-D; best for kids and tourists. (51 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

The American President—President Andrew Shepherd (Michael Douglas) is a Democrat and a centrist liberal, highly intelligent but with a tendency to waffle; he also has a general "character" issue hanging over his head. In other words, he's very much like Bill Clinton—except he's a widower. President Shepherd falls for a liberal environmental lobbyist, Sydney Ellen Wade (Annette Bening), and his principal opponent (Richard Dreyfuss) denounces him as immoral. The suspense builds. Will the president stick with his girl? As the big tuna, Douglas gives an entertaining and self-assured star performance; Bening, however, flutters about like a leaf in a storm. Not only does Shepherd rush her off her feet; director Rob Reiner does, too. In fact, Reiner never quite finds the rhythm of his story; he's too paralyzed by the awe of the presidency to liberate the material from self-consciousness. (Denby; 11/20/95) (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street East; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Balto—The animated tale of a dog who battles both an arch-rival and inclement weather to deliver life-saving medicine to the residents of a small Alaskan town. With the voices of Kevin Bacon and Bridget Fonda. Directed by Simon Wells. (1 hr. 14 mins.; G) *Waverly; 23rd Street West Triplex; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Bio-Dome—Pauly Shore and Stephen Baldwin play two losers who accidentally wander into a Biosphere-like experiment and wreak havoc. Directed by Jason Bloom. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13). *Area theaters.*

★**Carrington**—As Lytton Strachey, the author of *Eminent Victorians*, Jonathan Pryce creates what might be called the charisma of diffidence—he hardly asserts himself, yet every word is memorable. However unresponsive physically, Strachey inspired an extraordinary loyalty in the young painter Dora Carrington (Emma Thompson), who set up house with him in 1918 and lived with him until his death. As the subservient Carrington, Thompson seems unable to decide whether she was a noble free spirit or a self-sacrificing booby. The movie also makes a largely unsuccessful attempt to straighten out the complicated erotic arrangements (both Strachey and Carrington have numerous lovers, and sometimes share the same man). Christopher Hampton, who wrote and directed, wants mainly to celebrate the placid beauty of their long relationship. And while we may be unclear about what either wanted from the other except peace and quiet, it looks like an awfully nice life. (Denby; 12/4/93) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Angelika 57.*

Casino—Sam "Ace" Rothstein (Robert De Niro), the hero of Martin Scorsese's new gangster film, applies his genius to a very simple problem: how to squeeze more money out of the greatest moneymaking machine ever invented. The mob has bought the Tangiers Hotel in Las Vegas and set up Sam, who depends on the muscle of his old friend Nicky (Joe Pesci), as boss. *Casino* means to be a sorrowful epic: These two guys had control of everything, and they blew it. But with Sam and Nicky at the center, the movie never develops much in the way of emotion, and both they and the beautiful Vegas hustler (Sharon Stone) they get involved with are limited, obsessed people. What Scorsese has done earlier—discovering the lyrical, even operatic possibilities of gangster life—he can't or won't do this time. (Denby; 11/27/95) (3 hrs.; R) *23rd Street West Triplex; National Twin; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Olympia Cinemas.*

Opening

Race Relations

Little Clifton (Charles Earl Taylor Jr.) listens to his great-grandfather (Al Freeman Jr.) explain just what segregation means in 'Once Upon a Time . . . When We Were Colored' (opening January 12), which was directed by first-timer Tim Reid (who spun the funk as D.J. Venus Flytrap on 'WKRP in Cincinnati').

The City of Lost Children—A fantasy about a mad scientist named Krank who, aging prematurely because he cannot dream, kidnaps children and taps into their dreams. With Ron Perlman as a circus strongman who fights the diabolical Krank. Photographed by Darius Khondji (*Seven*). Directed by Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Cry, the Beloved Country—In forties Johannesburg, two men (one white, one black) forge a delicate, unlikely bond—the son of one is about to hang for the murder of the other's child. James Earl Jones, as the father of the condemned murderer, does a wonderful job of portraying a proud man who is not permitted to be self-sufficient, and whose subjugation is compounded by his son's guilt. As the father of the slain white activist, Richard Harris is, by contrast, all hollowed-out sorrow. The film's major flaw is that Harris's story seems like a sidebar to the proceedings; also, director Darrell James Roodt goes a bit heavy-handed on the symbolism. Faithfully adapted from the book by Alan Paton. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Cutthroat Island—Morgan Adams (Geena Davis), the daughter of a recently deceased pirate, sets out to discover a buried treasure and does battle with some bad guys. With Matthew Modine as Davis's leading man. Directed by Renny Harlin. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42.*

"Cue" cover photograph by Jesse Frohman/Outline.

Dead Man Walking—A few minutes of Sean Penn's performance and you know he's got the role of Louisiana death-row inmate Matthew Poncelet down right. He defines "shifty"; he's mean, cut off, mocking. His Poncelet tries to bully and seduce a nun, Sister Helen Préjean (Susan Sarandon) who takes an interest in his case; when she proves to be tougher than he thought, he slowly opens up to her. Based on a book by the actual Helen Préjean, this is the story of Matthew Poncelet's redemption and death. For long stretches, I admired director Tim Robbins's steady, sober decency and his willingness to look painful facts in the face. Poncelet has been convicted of murdering two teenagers, and as Sister Helen defends him, she takes abuse from the parents of the dead kids. Robbins observes the parents' rage neutrally, without turning them into vengeful hysterics. Unadorned, Sarandon gives a solid performance as a woman determined to break through to one of God's more unsavory creatures. But at the end, as nun and murderer reach out to each other in the death chamber, I began to get queasy. The filmmakers blow the case they are plainly making against capital punishment; the implication is that Poncelet shouldn't be executed because he has accepted God and may beome a good man. But if you are truly against capital punishment, you're against executing the redeemed and unredeemed alike. (Denby; 1/8/96) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *19th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Delta of Venus—An aspiring American writer hooks up with a bunch of artist expatriates in thirties Paris and explores her sexuality. Based on the writings of Anaïs Nin. With Costas Mandylor and Audie England. Directed by Zalman King (*Wild Orchid, 9½ Weeks*). (1 hr. 41 mins.; NC-17) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Don't Be a Menace . . .—A parody of the recent spate of inner-city coming-of-age movies like *Boyz N The Hood* and *Menace II Society.* Written by Marlon Wayans, Shawn Wayans, and Phil Beauman. Directed by Paris Barclay. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4.*

Dracula: Dead and Loving It—In what seems to be the last of the unusual spate of vampire movies recently, Leslie Nielsen attempts to put his own wacky, campy spin on Dracula, via Mel Brooks. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *19th Street East; Embassy 2–4; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Dunston Checks In—Jason Alexander stars as a hotel manager who must corral his most unruly guest yet: an orangutan. Also starring Faye Dunaway. Directed by Ken Kwapis. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; National Twin.*

Eye for an Eye—Sally Field turns in yet another distraught-mom performance. This time, she's seeking revenge against her daughter's killer (Kiefer Sutherland, who is undeniably becoming the poor man's Sean Penn). With Ed Harris and Beverly D'Angelo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street Six.*

Father of the Bride Part II—The sequel to the lame 1991 remake of Vincente Minnelli's charming original. Steve Martin, having weathered the marriage of his only daughter, must now come to grips with a double whammy: his impending father *and* grandfatherhood. Wacky! Rent both the original *Father of the Bride* and its sequel, *Father's Little Dividend,* instead. With Diane Keaton. Directed by Charles Shyer. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Embassy 1; Guild 50th Street; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six.*

Four Rooms—The much-delayed anthology piece by directors Alison Anders, Quentin Tarantino, Robert Rodriguez, and Alexandre Rockwell, about the bizarre goings-on in four separate hotel suites on New Year's Eve. With Tim Roth as the bellboy who weaves all the stories together. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Embassy 2–4; Gemini Twin; 84th Street Six.*

French Twist—A suburban housewife (Victoria Abril), turned off by her husband's relentless philandering, begins an affair with a woman. The plot takes a series of twists and turns, exhausting nearly all options for a possible ending. Written and directed by the star, Josiane Balasko. (2 hrs.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Festival

Rough Translations

***American Culture Through a Japanese Lens* (January 12–March 22) screens those films that were unapologetic attempts to replicate popular Western cinema of the day—like 1963's *Youth of the Beast,* in which Jo Shishido (center) plays a young gangster who suavely moves through the ranks of the mob while hiding out in the Takeshita School of Knitting. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)**

Georgia—Sadie Flood (Jennifer Jason Leigh) is a country-rock singer without talent. Sadie is also a heroin addict and an alcoholic, a liar, a user, and a hanger-on, traits not uncommon in rock stars but intolerable in one so inept musically. She's madly jealous of her sister Georgia (Mare Winningham), who has become a big star singing exactly the same repertory. This is a remarkable and perversely brave movie, but it's also an outrage; the heroine of *Georgia* is not the successful sister but the talentless, bullying monster Sadie. Leigh's technique is astonishing, but she is doing to us almost the same thing Sadie is doing to people in the movie—daring us to reject her. She seems to be slipping into a confusion of painfulness with truth, a confusion unworthy of her talent. Director Ulu Grosbard and screenwriter Barbara Turner (Leigh's mom) have probably made exactly the movie they wanted to, but Sadie's fascinations are severely limited by her flagrant narcissism—and in her own way, talented as she is, Leigh has become a bullying, even megalomaniacal, performer. (Denby; 12/11/95) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Get Shorty**—Chili Palmer (John Travolta), a Miami loanshark, goes to Los Angeles to collect a debt; falls in with producers and actors, and becomes obsessed with the movie business. Chili winds up producing a true story, a series of events still unfolding as he makes his way about town, and at a certain point, the movie we're watching merges into the movie Chili wants to make. Director Barry Sonnenfeld works in a fluent, light-fingered style; he's less interested in momentum and tension than in personality and language. As Chili, Travolta is so charming that we simply accept that this sleek-looking shylock carries off everything he tries. In all, this is his wittiest and most glamorous performance. Adapted from the Elmore Leonard novel. (Denby; 10/23/95) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Metro Cinema.*

GoldenEye—Pierce Brosnan is a lightweight Bond in every sense, but his dimpling smile can pass for irony, and director Martin Campbell has the right feeling for the comedy of exaggeration. The Bond franchise shows every sign of continuing indefinitely. (Denby; 11/27/95) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Plaza Twin; Plaza.*

Grumpier Old Men—The sequel to 1993's *Grumpy Old Men.* This time, Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon attempt to keep newcomer Sophia Loren from turning their bait store into a restaurant. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

★**Heat**—Director Michael Mann has mounted the production on a grand scale. There are not one but two obsessional figures—Neil McCauley (Robert De Niro), the head of a frighteningly determined group of thieves, and Vincent Hanna (Al Pacino), a haggard but still potent LAPD detective. The mental duel between the hunter and quarry, redoubled by the implicit rivalry between Pacino and De Niro, holds the film together—at one point, they pause in their furious activities and meet over coffee, exchanging views with ironic politeness, like two rival novelists. Mann has created a mythic moment; Pacino and De Niro have never appeared in the same scene together. But he underdramatizes the meeting, and the double meanings catch up to us slowly. *Heat* is yet another explanation of that perennial movie subject, the male mystique of professionalism and violence, yet it's one of the best—an action film with an intellectual grip that never lets go. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 41 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Nova.*

Jumanji—Robin Williams stars as a man who has been trapped inside a mystical board game called Jumaji for 25 years—but once he's freed, the animals who have pursued him throughout the game are also unleashed into the outside world. Based on the award-winning children's book by Chris Van Allsburg. Directed by Joe Johnston. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza .*

L'America—Gianni Amelio's tale of two Italian entrepreneurs (Enrico Lo Verso and Michele Placido) who attempt to take advantage of the political and economic upheaval in post-Communist Albania. Winner of Italy's Nastri D'Argento for Best Picture and Best Director. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Lawnmower Man II—A cyber-sci-fi action thriller starring Patrick Bergin and Matt Frewer. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG-13) *Area theaters.*

Photograph courtesy of the Japan Society.

★**Leaving Las Vegas**—Ben Sanderson (Nicolas Cage) is drinking himself to death—purposefully, and without regret. After making a bonfire of his belongings, Ben heads for Las Vegas, where he meets the one girl for him, a good-looking hooker named Sera (Elisabeth Shue). We don't need explanations as to why she falls in love with Ben; we can see that she's touched by him. Ben and Sera have gone deep into self-hurting pleasures, and they're not coming back. Director Mike Figgis accepts them with something like awe: the doomed nature of their love transfigures it. *Leaving Las Vegas* is the most accomplished American movie of the year—the most active visually, the strongest and purest in emotion, and as close as we get to art in the American cinema of the nineties. (Denby; 11/13/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village East; Plaza; 62nd and Broadway; 84th Street Six.*

Nico-Icon—A top model of the sixties, Nico (as the young Christa Paffgen was renamed by a photographer) went on to flirt with a film career (she appeared briefly in Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*), have affairs with quite a few artists (Jim Morrison and Lou Reed, to name two), seriously pursue music (she sang with the Velvet Underground), and get her son hooked on heroin, among other things. Suzanne Ofteringer's documentary is neither sneering nor too reverential; all she wants to do, it seems, is learn more about this compelling creature. But for all Ofteringer's digging, only one thng about Nico is certain: She was most brilliant at being enigmatic. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Opening

That's *Amour!*

In the somewhat trying sex farce *French Twist* (opening January 12), Victoria Abril (center) plays a suburban housewife who cheats on her philandering husband (Alain Chabat, right) with an ardent handywoman (writer and director Josiane Balasko, left) who, despite repeated promises, never quite manages to extricate herself from the couple's life.

★**Nixon**—Anguish is not an emotion that Oliver Stone has ever shied away from, but tenderness is a new one for him. The most surprising thing about his fascinating new movie is how much warmth the director extends to Richard Milhous Nixon (Anthony Hopkins), who we are asked to see as tough but infinitely troubled. Stone has attempted Shakespearean tragedy within the form of a whirling, cyclical montage structure; as always, he overloads the medium, surrounding us with *film*. The movie is exhaustingly expressive; yet there's a generous soulfulness here, an intimacy with defeat and rage, particularly in the scenes between Dick and Pat (Joan Allen, who is a revelation). It seems necessary to say that this is an interpretation—necessary because some very distinguished journalists cannot understand this commonplace idea. Drawing on archival and biographical materials, Stone and his screenwriters combine, condense, and recast, and rewrite. Is this falsification? Can there be drama without something like it? In all, *Nixon* sticks much closer to ascertainable fact than did *JFK*. As Nixon, Anthony Hopkins gets some things dead right, but the trouble is, he acts like crazy. Hopkins responds emotionally to everything—a man this vulnerable could not have made it to the White House. The fault is Stone's, perhaps, more than Hopkins's. If we had seen more of Nixon the executive, the masterful strategist, his fall into bathos would have been more striking. But this lugubrious yet oddly tender movie is at least a step in a new direction. (Denby; 1/8/96) (3 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Othello—See David Denby, p. 49. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Paris Theater.*

★**Persuasion**—A generally intelligent and moving BBC adaptation of Jane Austen's novel, though as heroine Anne Elliot, Amanda Root has a prim, tight-lipped demeanor (the movie is about delayed passion, not repression). But many of the other British stalwarts are wonderful. (Denby; 10/23/95) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema.*

Richard III—See David Denby, p. 48. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village East; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Sabrina —This new version, directed by Sydney Pollack, is a slow, heavy valentine to old-fashioned Hollywood filmmaking. The chauffeur's daughter (Julia Ormond) has to choose between the playboy son (Greg Kinnear) of her father's employer and the playboy's stern older brother (Harrison Ford), who runs the family business. *Sabrina* drips the patriarchal attitudes of yesteryear, yet there's some wit in the screenplay—and the chance to see Harrison Ford doing his peculiarly somber but effective version of a leading man. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; Tower East; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

★**Sense and Sensibility**—Emma Thompson adapted Jane Austen's novel herself, and has brought the material as close to conventional romantic comedy as possible without betraying the anxieties lying behind the story: In the England of the 1800s, property gets passed along through the male line, and women without a dowry enjoy very few options. Two wealthy young men make advances to the Dashwood sisters (Thompson plays the elder, Elinor, and Kate Winslet is Marianne), and then turn away, causing the women extreme anguish. Taiwanese director Ang Lee (*Eat Drink Man Woman*) stages the walks, dinners, teas, and balls very directly, without pomp; the emotional and erotic goings-on become intimately connected to the flowing lawns and great rooms. And Thompson and Lee get the relationship between the two sisters right, the play of strength and weakness, candor and excitement—sense and sensibility merging in each sister, until both Marianne and Elinor become complete human beings. With Hugh Grant and Greg Wise. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Square.*

Shanghai Triad—Director Zhang Yimou (*Ju Dou, Raise the Red Lantern, To Live*) sets this gangster tale in thirties Shanghai, and we experience everything through the eyes of a 14-year-old country boy named Shuisheng (Wang Xiaoxiao), who must faithfully and attentively serve a gang-lord's spoiled, petulant moll. Their relationship becomes the crux of the film, and Yimou craftily avoids clichés in rendering a double coming-of-age tale. With Gong Li. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

A Short Film About Love—A sexually inexperienced, infatuated boy spies on his older neighbor, with humiliating consequences. One of Krzyzstof Kieslowski's made-for-Polish-television series based on the Ten Commandments. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Sudden Death—The latest in action from Jean-Claude van Damme. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; National Twin; 86th Street; 62nd and Broadway; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum.*

Tom and Huck—A retelling of Mark Twain's classic, via Disney. With Jonathan Taylor Thomas and Brad Renfro. Directed by Peter Hewitt. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG) *Village East; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

★**Toy Story**—In Disney's new animated feature, a group of plastic toys fear that they will no longer be useful. Their 6-year-old master, Andy, is having a birthday, and disaster strikes: Woody, an old-fashioned pull-string cowboy, gets replaced as Andy's favorite by a space action figure, Buzz Lightyear, who has a blinking laser beam and a computer-generated voice. Anguish and tumult tear apart the toy world. As in many of Disney's other cartoons, there's an underlay of anxiety, but this time, the "parent" figure is himself a child, Andy, who takes his toys for granted, and the villain is another child, Sid, who mutilates toys. The movie has gravity, in both senses of the word. Disney and the specialists as a computer-animation company called Pixar have developed new techniques that give the figures a three-dimensional look, and the postmodernist jokes give the movie a spark. With the voices of Tom Hanks, Tim Allen, and Don Rickles. Directed by John Lasseter. (Denby; 12/4/95) (1 hr. 21 mins.; G) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum.*

Twelve Monkeys—James (Bruce Willis) is a prisoner who is barely living in the future, and his only option for survival is this: Travel back in time to 1996, just before the endtimes, and determine the exact cause of the near-annihilation of humans from the face of the earth. With Madeleine Stowe, as the psychiatrist/love interest, and Brad Pitt. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; Beekman; 84th Street Six.*

Two If by Sea—The talented, perpetually irate comic Denis Leary (*No Cure for Cancer, The Ref*) plays a thief who is simultaneously attempting to pull off one last heist and prevent his girlfriend (Sandra Bullock) from leaving him. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Area theaters.*

Waiting to Exhale—Whitney Houston, Angela Bassett, Loretta Devine, and Lela Rochon are four single women who bond over the sorry state of their love affairs. A disjointed narrative is weakened by the incessant blaring of the soundtrack throughout the entire film; the overall effect is quite jarring. Based on Terry McMillan's novel. Directed by Forest Whitaker. (2 hrs. ; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; Movieplex 42; New Coliseum; Nova.*

When Night Is Falling—Camille (Pascale Bussieres) is a Christian scholar, engaged to a theologian (Henry Czerny), whose life rapidly unravels after she falls for a performer in a traveling circus. Directed by Patricia Rozema. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NC-17) *Angelika Film Center.*

. . . When We Were Colored—Based on the book by Clifton Taulbert, which chronicled his coming-of-age in forties Mississippi. Starring Al Freeman Jr., Leon, Phylicia Rashad, Salli Richardson, and Richard Roundtree. Directed by Tim Reid. (1 hr. 51 mins.; PG). *Area theaters.*

Festival

Puppet Dictator

In the 1993 black comedy 'Genghis Cohn,' Antony Sher (pictured) is the ghost of a comic who—quite inventively—haunts the Nazi who killed him at Dachau by relentlessly inundating him with all things Jewish. The film, along with nineteen others, will be screened during the Fifth Annual New York Jewish Film Festival at Lincoln Center (January 14–25). See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Four Rooms; Georgia; L'America; Shanghai Triad; The City of Lost Children; When Night is Falling.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Twelve Monkeys.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *A Short Film About Killing; A Short Film About Love; Delta of Venus.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Nico-Icon.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Carrington; Persuasion; The Postman; Smoke; The Usual Suspects; Wild Reeds.* Opening 1/12: *French Twist.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *A Month by the Lake; Father of the Bride Part II; Grumpier Old Men; Leaving Las Vegas; Nixon; Richard III; Tom and Huck.* Opening 1/12: *Dunston Checks In.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *GoldenEye; Heat; Jumanji; Sabrina ; Sense and Sensibility; The American President; Toy Story.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Balto; Waiting to Exhale.* Opening 1/12: *Eye For An Eye.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Dead Man Walking; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Father of the Bride Part II; Heat; Sense and Sensibility; The American President.* Opening 1/12: *Eye For An Eye.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Balto; Casino; GoldenEye; Grumpier Old Men.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *The American President.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *GoldenEye; Sabrina ; Sudden Death.* Opening 1/12: *Eye For An Eye.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Jumanji; Nixon; Sabrina ; Sudden Death; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.* Opening 1/12: *Dunston Checks In.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Jumanji; Toy Story.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Home for the Holidays.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Carrington.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Sabrina* . Opening 1/12: *Eye For An Eye.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Sense and Sensibility; The American President.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *The Postman; The City of Lost Children.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *A Month by the Lake.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Nixon; Toy Story.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Cutthroat Island; GoldenEye; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Jumanji; Seven; The American President; Waiting to Exhale.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Waiting to Exhale.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Postman.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Father of the Bride Part II.* Opening 1/12: *Don't Be A Menace . . . .*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Four Rooms; Tom and Huck.* Opening 1/12: *Don't Be A Menace . . . .*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Father of the Bride Part II.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Cutthroat Island; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Sudden Death.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Cutthroat Island; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Heat; Jumanji; Sudden Death; Waiting to Exhale.* Opening 1/12: *Eye For An Eye.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Casino; Sudden Death.* Opening 1/12: *Dunston Checks In.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Othello.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (505-CINE#587) *Leaving Las Vegas.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Tom and Huck; Father of the Bride Part II.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Copycat; Crumb; The Brothers McMullen; The Crossing Guard; To Die For; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Twelve Monkeys.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Restoration.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Casino; Sudden Death; Twelve Monkeys.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Toy Story; Father of the Bride Part II.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Twelve Monkeys.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Balto; Casino; Dead Man Walking; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Goldeneye; Grumpier Old Men; Richard III.* Opening 1/12: *Eye For An Eye.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Jumanji; Four Rooms.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Heat.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Balto; GoldenEye; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Jumanji; Nixon; The American President.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Sabrina* .

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Sabrina* .

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Leaving Las Vegas.* Opening 12/22: *Sudden Death.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Father of the Bride Part II; Four Rooms; GoldenEye; Leaving Las Vegas; Twelve Monkeys.* Opening 1/12: *Eye For An Eye.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Cry, the Beloved Country; Georgia; L'America; Mighty Aphrodite; Shanghai Triad.* Opening 1/12: *French Twist.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Across the Sea of Time; Balto; Dead Man Walking; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Into the Deep; Jumanji; Nixon;*

Photograph courtesy of the Jewish Museum.

Sabrina ; Sense and Sensibility; The American President; Tom and Huck; Toy Story; Wings of Courage.

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Get Shorty; Home for the Holidays.* Opening 12/22: *Sudden Death; Tom and Huck.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Jumanji; Sudden Death; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Heat; Jumanji; Waiting to Exhale.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Casino; Jumanji.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Wild Bill.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Balto; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Father of the Bride Part II; GoldenEye; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Jumanji; Sabrina ; Sudden Death; Tom and Huck; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Balto; Heat; Jumanji; Money Train; Sudden Death; Tom and Huck; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Casino; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Grumpier Old Men; Jumanji; Tom and Huck.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Nixon; Father of the Bride Part II.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Balto; Casino; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Father of the Bride Part II; GoldenEye; Heat; Jumanji; Money Train; Sudden Death; Tom and Huck; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Balto; Casino; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Father of the Bride Part II; Grumpier Old Men; The Postman; Sabrina ; Tom and Huck; Toy Story.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Sabrina ; Twelve Monkeys.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Jumanji; Tom and Huck; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Heat; Jumanji; Nixon; Sense and Sensibility; Toy Story.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Heat; Jumanji; Sudden Death; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls; Casino; Jumanji; Waiting to Exhale.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Father of the Bride Part II; Jumanji; Sabrina .*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Balto; Jumanji; Sudden Death; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Nixon; Sabrina ; The American President.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Heat; Jumanji; Sudden Death; Waiting to Exhale.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls; Casino; Jumanji; Waiting to Exhale.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Money Train; GoldenEye.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls; Casino; Jumanji; Money Train; Toy Story.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls; Casino; Copycat; Get Shorty; GoldenEye; Home for the Holidays; Money Train; Nick of Time; The American President; Toy Story.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Heat; Jumanji; Sabrina ; Sudden Death; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Father of the Bride Part II; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Tom and Huck; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Balto; Casino; Heat; Sudden Death; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Cutthroat Island; Tom and Huck; Toy Story.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Nixon; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Father of the Bride Part II; Heat; Sudden Death.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Balto; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; GoldenEye; Jumanji; Sabrina ; Tom and Huck; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Father of the Bride Part II; GoldenEye; Tom and Huck; Toy Story.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Sense and Sensibility; Grumpier Old Men.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Father of the Bride Part II; Jumanji; Nixon; Sabrina ; The American President; Twelve Monkeys.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Sabrina ; Twelve Monkeys.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Balto; Heat; Sudden Death; The American President.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Sabrina ; The American President; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Grumpier Old Men.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *GoldenEye; Jumanji.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Balto; Casino; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Father of the Bride Part II; Sudden Death; Waiting to Exhale.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Jumanji; Father of the Bride Part II.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Jumanji; Sabrina ; The American President; Twelve Monkeys.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Sabrina .*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Balto; Casino; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Jumanji; Tom and Huck; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys.*

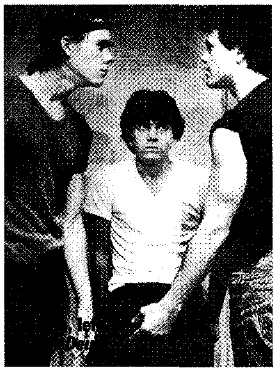
Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Heat; Jumanji; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Balto; Father of the Bride Part II; Four Rooms; GoldenEye; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Jumanji; Nixon; Sense and Sensibility; Sudden Death; The American President; Tom and Huck; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; Waiting to Exhale.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

A Different Light—1/14: *Gloria* (1980). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Fairy Tales for



Photograph courtesy of Film Forum.

Deconstruction

The Age of Discontent

Paul Morrissey—Warhol's Factory lieutenant, who prolifically disgorged a series of films about aimless, sex-obsessed, drug-addled youth in the sixties and seventies—recently compared himself to megacommercial hack auteur John Hughes, who churned out a spate of wholesome coming-of-age reveries in the eighties. Is Morrissey, whose films are currently in revival at Film Forum (and who claims Kazan as an influence), truly out of his mind? Or could he be onto something? MAUREEN CALLAHAN

The Morrissey Canon	The Hughes Canon
Says he built story lines around "an abnormally good-looking person and their problems."	*Built story lines around petulant, well-to-do, good-looking white kids and their problems.*
Used affable pet actor—Joe Dallesandro—in many films.	*Used affable, cuddly pet actor—the late John Candy—in many films.*
Teen characters in 'Forty Deuce' speak profanely of sex in their own vernacular.	*Judd Nelson verbally assaults a sexually inexperienced Molly Ringwald in 'The Breakfast Club.'*
Vulnerable adolescents clamber around in search of a surrogate parent (hustlers to pimp in 'Forty Deuce,' Dallesandro to a world-weary Sylvia Miles in 'Heat').	*Molly Ringwald adopts flighty yet sensitive record-shop owner Annie Potts as mother figure in 'Pretty in Pink'; Macaulay Culkin bonds with zany uncle John Candy in 'Uncle Buck.'*
Claimed to be fascinated by "people who led idiotic lives, doing their own thing."	*Clearly shared the same obsession.*
Cast Kevin Bacon as a young, irresponsible hustler forced to look death in the face ('Forty Deuce').	*Cast Kevin Bacon as a young, irresponsible newlywed forced to look death in the face ('She's Having a Baby').*
Developed a cinematic scene of marginally talented actors—Dallesandro, Jane Forth, and Holly Woodlawn—who would quickly fade into obscurity.	*In addition to Ringwald, recruited Ally Sheedy, Anthony Michael Hall, Judd Nelson, and Jon Cryer.*

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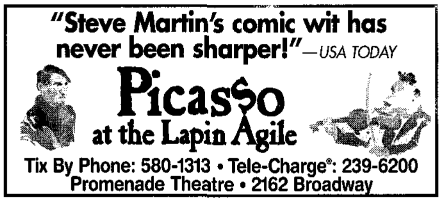
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Adults: A Terry Gilliam Retrospective." 1/13: Gilliam's early animation, *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* (1975), and *Life of Brian* (1979). 1/14: *Jabberwocky* (1977) and *Monty Python's The Meaning of Life* (1983). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Cine Club—1/11: *Eaux d'Artifice* (1953), *Life and Death of 9413—A Hollywood Extra* (1928), *Marilyn Times Five* (1968–73), *Intervals* (1973), *Werner Herzog Eats His Shoe* (1982). 32 Second Ave. (718-858-3032); $6.

Donnell Media Center—1/9: *Animated Women* (1977) and *Brief Encounter* (1945). 1/11: *Cage/Cunningham* (1991). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—Through 1/16: *Nico-Icon* (1995). Through 1/25: "Paul Morrissey." 1/8 and 1/9: *Flesh* (1968). 1/10–1/12: *Heat* (1971). 1/13–1/16: *Women in Revolt* (1971), cooler even now, what with its all-transvestite cast. Through 1/16: "The Masterworks of Satyajit Ray." 1/8: *The Middleman* (1975) and *Big City* (1963). 1/8 and 1/9: *The Music Room (aka Jalsaghar)* (1959). 1/9, 1/10, and 1/12–1/14: *Panther Panchali* (1955). 1/9 and 1/11: *Devi* (1960). 1/10 and 1/12–1/14: *Aparajito* (1958) and *World of Apu* (1959). 1/11: *Charulata* (1964) and *Two Daughters* (1961). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 1/12: "Bernardo Bertolucci Retrospective." 1/8, 1/11 and 1/12: *The Sheltering Sky* (1990). 1/8–1/10: *The Last Emperor* (1987). 1/10 and 1/11: *Little Buddha* (1994). 1/14–1/25: "The Fifth Annual New York Jewish Film Festival." 1/14: *Yaacov Ben Dov: Father of the Hebrew Film* (1993) and *The Yellow Ticket* (1918). 1/14 and 1/15: *All That Really Matters* (1992), *Long Is the Road* (1940), *Hidden Children* (1994), and *Loving the Dead* (1991). 1/15: *Under the Domim Tree* (1995). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—1/9: *La Bonne Année (Happy New Year)* (1973). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Japan Society—"American Culture Through a Japanese Lens." 1/12: *Days of Youth* (1929), Yasujiro Ozu's film about a bunch of Tokyo slackers chasing after a gal at a ski resort. 1/13: *Dragnet Girl* (1933). Both films narrated in English. 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.

Museum of Modern Art—"Strictly Oz: A History of Australian Film." 1/8: *Dead to the World* (1991), *Only the Brave* (1994), and *Eternity* (1994). 1/9: *The Night the Prowler* (1979). 1/9 and 1/11: *Bingo Bridesmaids and Braces* (1988). 1/1: *For the Term of His Natural Life* (1927) and *Bad Boy Bubba* (1993). 1/12: *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert* (1994). 1/12 and 1/13: *Sweetie* (1989). 1/12 and 1/14: *Shame* (1988). 1/13 and 1/15: *The Last Wave* (1977). 1/14 and 1/15: *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith* (1978). 1/15: *The Fringe Dwellers* (1986). Through 1/14: "Cut and Print: William Wyler, The Early Years." 1/12 and 1/14: *Hell's Heroes* (1930). 1/13 and 1/14: *The Stolen Ranch* (1926) and *The Love Trap* (1929). 1/15: "From the Archives." *The Projectionist* (1971) and *Dr. Strangelove (or: How I Learned To Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb)* (1964). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Beat Culture and the New America: 1950–1965." 1/10 and 1/11: A series of shorts by Harry Smith, James Whitney, Jordan Belson, and Bruce Baillie. 1/12–1/14: *Burroughs: The Movie* (1983) and *Towers Open Fire/The Cut-Ups/Bill and Tony/William Buys a Parrot* (1962–72). 1/5–1/7: A series of shorts by Bruce Conner, Stan Van DerBeek and Robert Breer. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (717-0723); $8.

Movie Listings Online

***New York* Magazine Online (on CompuServe) now offers expanded movie listings, covering more than 250 theaters throughout New York City, Long Island, Westchester, northern New Jersey, and southern Connecticut. These listings, which are updated daily, also contain show times for all movies. To subscribe, call 1-800-305-3280. If you're already on CompuServe, you can find us at *go* NYMAG.**

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Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Father—Written almost a century before *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf,* August Strindberg's 1887 tale of marital viciousness is modern theater's founding treatment of mind (and power) games between the sexes. Richard Nelson's new adaptation stars Frank Langella as the Captain. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2. Opening 1/11; through 2/18. *Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $44.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Jeff Trachta ("The Bold and the Beautiful") as bad boy Danny Zuko and Joe Piscopo ("Saturday Night Live") as the deejay. $30–$67.50. Mon.–Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Hello, Dolly!—Over four decades, everybody's played her, from Pearl Bailey and Ethel Merman to Ginger Rogers and Barbra Streisand. But so what? Even now, the role of matchmaker and busybody Dolly Gallagher Levi in Jerry Herman's 1964 *Hello, Dolly!* remains somehow inseparable from the nasal purr and mile-wide grin of Carol Channing, currently having a high old time in the—good heavens—thirty-first-anniversary revival of her signature show. $25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (575-9200). 2 hrs 30 mins.*

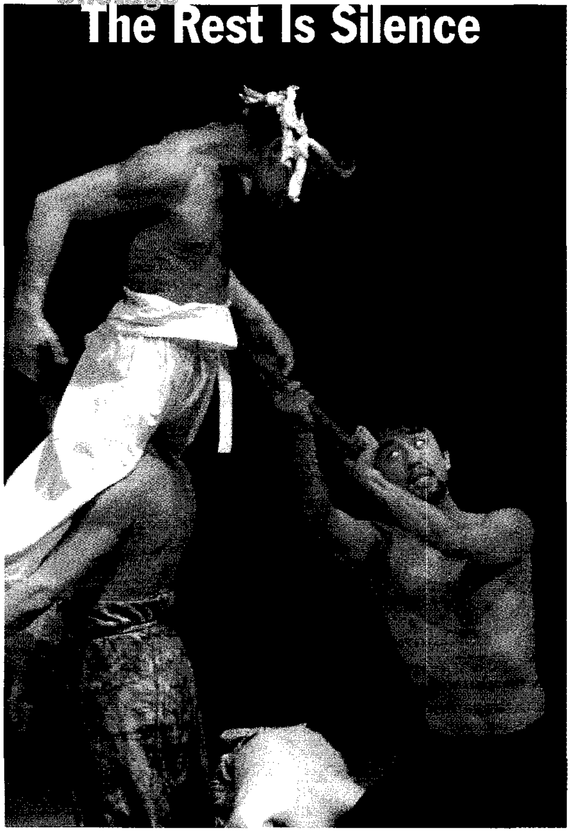
Holiday—Nobody ever *really* lived a life filled with the exquisite trivialities that furrow the brows of the characters in Philip Barry's plays, but isn't it pleasant to pretend otherwise? This frothy 1929 comedy deals (oh, so lightly) with the conflict between life's pleasures and its duties—a sort of *Peer Gynt* for the tuxedo-and-martini crowd. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/14. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (239-6200).*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, aggressive young striver J. Pierrepont Finch (the role created by Robert Morse) rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. John Stamos (*Full House*) recently replaced Matthew Broderick in the starring role. $25–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Onstage

The Rest Is Silence



The important moments of life, it's often been observed, take place on the other side of language. Korean director and choreographer Manhong Kang has drawn upon movement disciplines from a variety of Eastern cultures for *Seduction,* a wordless evocation of mythic struggles involving power, sex, and gnomic ritual. At La MaMa E.T.C. through January 14.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Zoe Caldwell as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. matinees end on 1/14. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Molly Sweeney—Brian Friel's story of a woman blind from birth who, owing to the efforts of an ambitious ophthalmologist (Jason Robards) and a Micawberish husband (Alfred Molina), regains partial vision after 40 years but—feeling that an essential dimension of her personality has been lost in the process—ultimately chooses to revert to sightlessness. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theater at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

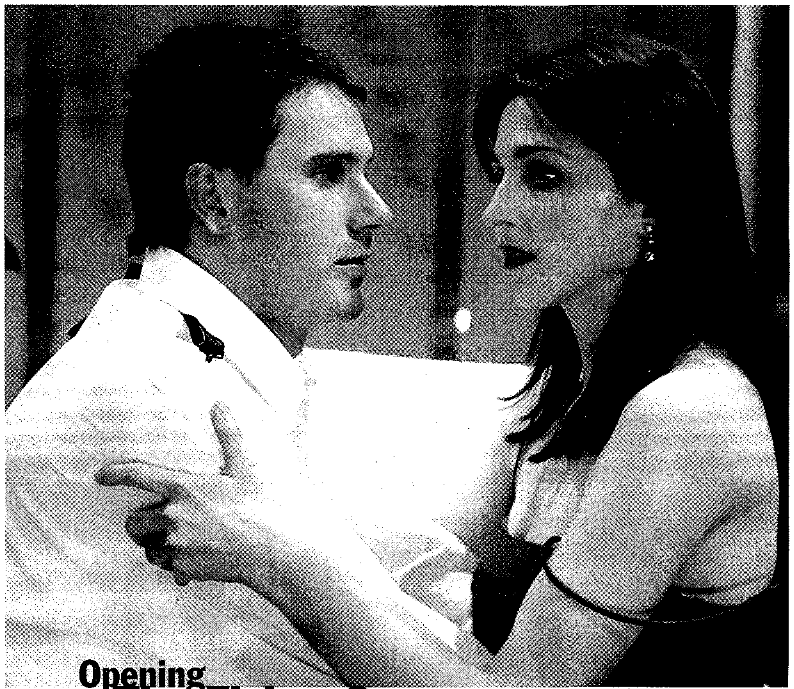
Moon Over Buffalo—In Ken (*Lend Me a Tenor*) Ludwig's new farce, Carol Burnett and Phillip Bosco play a husband-and-wife team of theatrical hams in no danger of being mistaken for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Pomp, Duck & Circumstance—An "entertainment-and-dining ex-

Photograph by Won Bae Park.

travaganza" imported from Berlin and performed in Salon Zazou, a thirties-vintage circus tent; actors sing, dance, juggle, clown, and otherwise disport themselves as you're eating a gourmet meal. $150, tax and gratuity included; beverages charged separately. Tues.–Thurs.: Opens at 6, dinner and performance at 7:30. Fri.–Sat.: Opens at 6:30, dinner and performance at 8. Sun: Opens at 5:30, dinner and performance at 7. Through 3/31. *DeWitt Clinton Park, Eleventh Ave. at 53rd St. (307-4100).*



Opening

The Flying Game

Josh Hamilton and Anney Giobbe, hopping a cross-country plane strictly for kicks, watch their relationship deepen in 'Wonderful Time,' a new romantic comedy from the talented young playwright Jonathan Marc Sherman ('Sophistry'). Opening Thursday at the WPA Theatre, 519 West 23rd Street (206-0523).

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy, Carole Shelley, Rebecca Luker, Hugh Panaro, Michel Bell, Gretha Boston, and Marilyn McCoo. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $49.50–$67.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest. (Simon; 8/7/95.) $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Swinging on a Star—A revue featuring the songs ("Misty," "Pennies From Heaven") of Johnny Burke, perhaps best known as Paramount's in-house lyricist for Bing Crosby. $55–$67.50. Mon–Wed., Fri.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins..*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Bed and Sofa—The creative team responsible for 1986's *Goblin Market*—Polly Pen, Laurence Klavan, and Andre Ernortte— is back on the scene, this time with a musical adaptation of Abram Room's 1926 cult film about the birth of the modern age in 1920s Moscow. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 1/11 for a 2/1 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

An Epidog—Rose, the dog star (forgive us for that) of Lee Breuer's "Animations" series, has shaken off mortal coils in this latest installment to take up residence in the *Book of the Dead*–described Bardo State. $25–$30. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Beginning previews 1/10 for a 1/13 opening. Through 2/4. *HERE Arts Center, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-9684).*

Mata Hari—A revival of the 1967 musical about World War II's most notorious intelligence officer, vamp division. $30–$35. Tues. at 7, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Beginning performances 1/12 for a 12/25 opening. Through 2/18. *Theatre at St. Peter's, Citicorp Center, 54th St. at Lexington Ave. (935-5820).*

Measure for Measure—$32.50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30 through 1/20, at 8 thereafter. In previews for a 1/20 opening. *Playhouse at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

The Preservation Society—Southern, fine. Southern debutante, fine. *Lesbian* southern debutante—well, *that* gets a little complicated. William S. Leavengood's new comedy imagines how it might play out. $33–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 1/10 for a 1/21 opening; through 2/11. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Sheba—In the Bible, the briefly described meeting of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba probably records a more-or-less straightforward diplomatic meeting between the monarchs of neighboring Ancient Near Eastern principalities. But, hey—if historical precision were the point in musicals, how many big second-act love ballads would make the cut? Taking their cue from one brief phrase ("She communed with him of all that was in her heart"), Sharleen Cooper Cohen and Gary William Friedman have fashioned a lyrical love story about doomed passion and clashing cultures. $30. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Beginning previews 1/11 for a 1/21 opening. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Wonderful Time—A new romantic comedy by Jonathan Marc Sherman (*Sophistry*). $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun.at 3 and 7. Opening 1/11. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

The Yiddish Trojan Women—What, you thought that Euripides crowd had it rough? Check out Carol Braverman's story of four Jewish women braving personal dilemmas, political crises, and the whole Life thing, *tateleh*. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Extra shows 1/27, 2/3 at 2; no show 1/19, 25, 30. Opening 1/22. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Now Playing

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club early last year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories is currently a few blocks west, with Meara stepping into the role previously performed by Rue McClanahan and Rita Moreno and Jerry Stiller replacing Barbara Barrie and Larry Keith. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $30–$40. Tues.,

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Wed., Thurs. at 8, Wed. at 5, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—A dance-theater piece by Savion Glover, Reg. E. Gaines, and George C. Wolfe that looks for, and finds, common ground in the rhythms of hip-hop and tap dancing. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat, and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 1/14. *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Chez GARBO—In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the famous recluse's life. The Latino Theatre Collective's production is returning to the stage after a hiatus of several months following a successful run earlier this year. $20. Thurs.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

The Coyote Bleeds—A drama by Tony DiMurro about police misconduct. $22.50–$27.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 5. *Worth Street Theater, 173 W. Broadway at Worth St. (279-4200).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Valerie Harper, Kelly Bishop, and Brian Reddy; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Dick Gregory Live—Before satirist and political crusader Dick Gregory appeared on America's TV screens in the early sixties, black comedians aspiring to mainstream status had restricted themselves to bland, unchallenging performing styles. After him, the way was cleared for Richard Pryor and (the early) Eddie Murphy. With 'Dick Gregory Live,' this year's Negro Ensemble Company season opener, the comedian returns to the live stage for the first time in twenty years. $35–$37.50. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (262-1678).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

The Food Chain—The playwright Nicky Silver (*Pterodactyls, Raised in Captivity*) is a young master of the theater's most challenging trick, often attempted and rarely successful: making audiences gasp in (moral) horror while simultaneously shrieking with laughter. (Aristotle thought this was impossible; shows you how much *he* knew.) His latest black farce, arriving here after a successful run in Washington last summer, concerns the import of obesity upon sex (straight, gay, and varied) and its attendant emotions. And a Jewish mother is thrown in—just, no doubt, to make sure the whole thing remains a comedy. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

The Grey Zone—A new drama by Tim Blake Nelson about the *Sonderkommando,* the contingent of Jews at Auschwitz who complied with Nazi mandates in order to save their families. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. No show 1/11; through 1/27. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

The Hope Zone—Olympia Dukakis stars as a recovering alcoholic who makes it through all twelve steps of her AA program only to founder on the thirteenth one—reconciling with a no-prize daughter—in Kevin Heelan's new dark comedy. Previews $25–$35; after opening, $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. bet. Thompson and Sullivan (239-6200).*

Jam on the Groove—Several months ago, GhettoOriginal, a troupe of first-generation hip-hop performers from pioneering groups like Magnificent Force and Rock Steady Crew, unveiled at P.S. 122 a stage show that used street music and dance in the service of dramatic storytelling, and that was also called GhettoOriginal. This proved confusing. *Jam on the Groove* is (as they say) the Same Thang with a New Name, and exhilarating as ever. And what evolution, really, could be more natural? American musicals have been driven by another dance (tap) with its roots in street-corner improv for 70 years or so, so these guys may be working in a more established tradition than they think. $29.50–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (420-8000).*

The Lady from the Sea—The play by Ibsen. $24/TDF, $19 seniors, $12 students. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/25. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

The Magic Formula—A father and son, reunited after World War II, discover that both are Holocaust survivors. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through 1/14. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (330-8904).*

Mrs. Klein—The latest project of that fine actress and New York stage veteran Uta Hagen is Nicholas Wright's new play about the mysterious 1934 death of the son of early Freud disciple and psychotherapist Melanie Klein. With Amy Wright and Laila Robins; directed by William Carden. $32.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 1/14. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Murder at Minsing Manor: A Nancy Boys Mystery—Having put Shakespeare, Wagner, and Dashiell Hammett (among others) through the wringer with its patented brand of cross-dressed camp deconstruction, the Ridiculous Theatrical Company finally feels it's ready to take on real cultural icons—Nancy Drew and the Hardy Boys. $27.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 1/14. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Avenue South (239-6200).*

Party—Truth-or-dare high jinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Picasso at the Lapin Agile—Steve Martin's playwriting debut is about modern art, the Theory of Relativity, sleeping with girls, the creative process, *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon,* sleeping with girls, the romance of transcendental mathematics, sleeping with gi—well, many interesting beverages, and Elvis. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A musical adaptation of the award-winning ABC–TV children's series. $20–$25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29–$39.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:45, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Swingtime Canteen—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sylvia—A. R. Gurney's latest foray into the emotional terrain of northeastern Waspism focuses on a New York City couple whose plans for their kid-free golden years are altered by the unanticipated factor of a small dog. With Mary Beth Peil, John Cunningham, Derek Smith, and comedienne Jan Hooks (*Saturday Night Live*) in the title, or canine, role. Directed by John Tillinger. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.,* then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Too Jewish?—A one-man musical written and performed by Avi Hoffman, in which the author, a self-taught anthropologist of sorts, re-creates songs and comedy routines

Preview
Classic Conundrum

Among Shakespearean repertory companies, you might argue, a reliable index of sophistication is the approach taken to the so-called problem plays, whose complex mixture of straightforward seriousness and dark comic irony requires expert balancing. Accepting that challenge, Theatre for a New Audience, the acclaimed Off Broadway company that's drawn raves for its breathtaking versions of (the relatively straightforward) *Titus Andronicus* and *Henry VI* over the past several years, has chosen *Measure for Measure*—perhaps the knottiest of all the Bard's scripts—as its season opener. The production begins previews Tuesday for a January 20 opening.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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from *der Goldener Zeit* of Jewish vaudeville. $18–36. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Mon. and Wed. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 4. *Westside Theatre Downstairs, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

The Universe—Unlike Pascal, the unnamed protagonist of Richard Foreman's new stage piece isn't frightened by the eternal silence of those infinite spaces: After blinding himself to free his eyes from the pain of a woman too beautiful to bear, he finds himself speaking directly to—whoa—the cosmos at large. $15 Fri.–Sat.; $10 other performances. Tues., Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/31. *Ontological-Hysteric Theater, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).*

Valley Song—Since two springtimes ago, when South Africa elected Nelson Mandela to its presidency, the dramatist Athol Fugard has something new to write about: freedom. His newest play about his homeland is a response to what he calls "the great changes that have swept into our lives"—a parable about a young girl (Lisa Gay Hamilton) longing to leave her native village for a taste of the new liberties and an old man (the playwright) who must move beyond a lifetime of painful experience to let her go. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 1/21. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage II, 151 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Waiting For Godot—$24/TDF, $19 seniors, $12 students. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/16. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Wasp and Other Plays—Four one-acts by Steve Martin (yes, *that* Steve Martin). $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. *Martinson Hall at the Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

When Ladies Battle—A new translation by Michael Feingold of Eugene Scribe and Ernest Legouvé's *Bataille de Dames,* featuring high jinks and intrigue among the French aristocracy from the founding father (Scribe) of the "well-made play" tradition. $16–$21 in previews, $21–$26 after opening. Tues., Thurs.–Fri. at 8., Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sat. at 5 and 9. Through 1/27. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Marks Place (598-9802).*

Off-Off Broadway

California Suite—$10/$5+TDF; senior citizens $8. 1/12, 13, 19, 20 at 8; 1/14, 21 at 2. *26 Willow Place, Brooklyn Heights (718-237-2752).*

Club Hellfire—$15; $12 students/seniors. Fri. at 9, Sat. and Sun. at 8, Sun. at 2:30. *HomeGrown Theatre Company, 2628 Broadway (961-0962).*

Dark Ride—$15. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/3. *Soho Rep, 46 Walker St. (334-0962).*

Duelling Bankheads—Tallulah in stereo, rendered during her Late Boozy Period by David Ilku and Clark Render. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 10. Through 1/13. *The Club at La MaMa, 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

The Fall of the House of Usher—A new adaptation of the Poe *conte.* $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (532-6719).*

The Impostor—$12. Wed.–Sun. at 8. *Workhouse Theatre, 41 White St. bet. Church St. and Broadway (967-0400).*

Night Watch—$12/TDF+$7; students/seniors $10/TDF+$5. Fri.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/21. *199 14th St., Brooklyn (718-595-0547).*

The Principality of Sorrows—$10. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 3. Through 1/13. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Ruby and Pearl—$10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 1/21. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. (254-1109).*

Seduction—$15/TDF. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Through 1/14. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

True Crimes —Romulus Linney's latest, about a murder in the Smoky Mountains. $10/TDF. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 1/21. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. (254-1109).*

Turandot—Adapted from the eighteenth-century comedy that also served as the source for Puccini's opera, this multicultural production of Carlo Gozzi's play combines commedia dell'arte and Beijing Opera performance styles. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 7, Sun. at 2:30, Through 1/14. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

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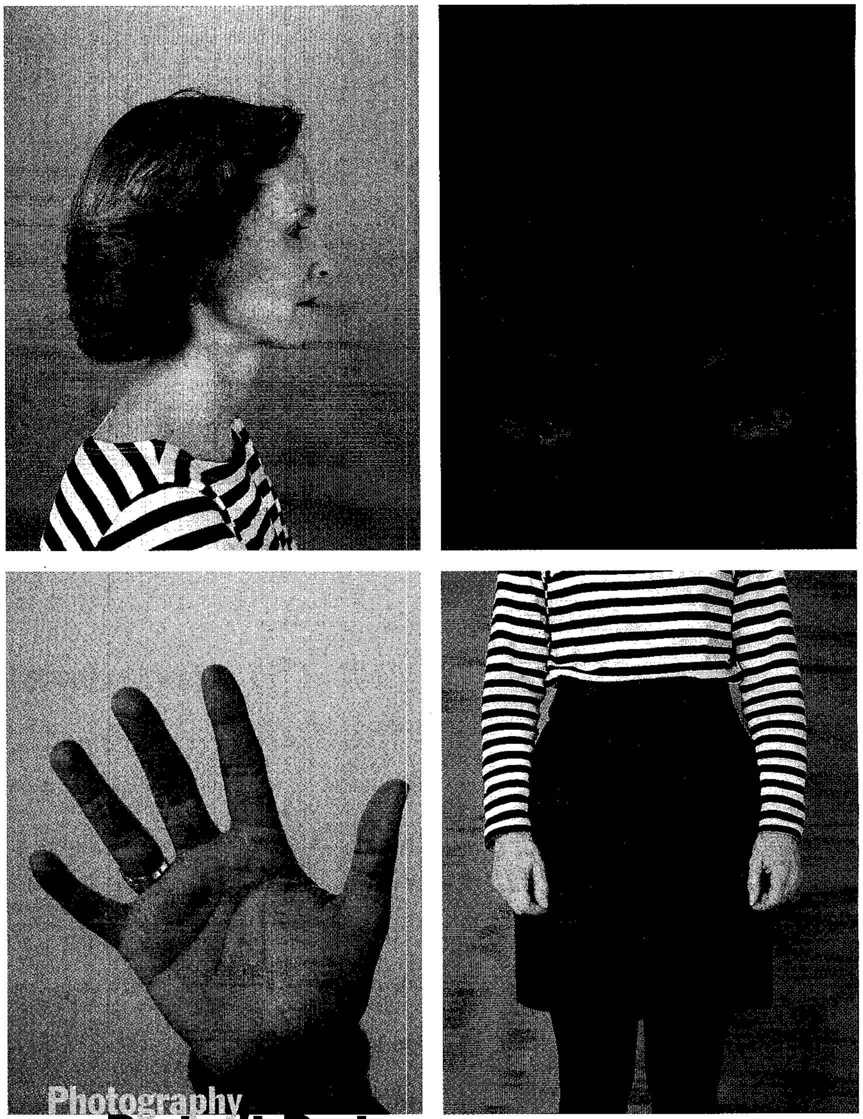


Portrait Parts

Neil Winokur's new large- and small-format Cibachrome prints isolate the torsos, hands, feet, and faces of artists, among them photographer Tina Barney, painter David Deutsch, and sculptor-installationist Fred Wilson. At Janet Borden, Inc., 560 Broadway; January 11 through February 17.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Richard Pousette-Dart—Abstract paintings from the forties and fifties by this artist (1916–1992) who was one of the pioneers of the New York School; 1/10–2/3. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Christopher Wilmarth—Seven sculptures dating from 1971 to 1982, including the artist's early, etched-glass and steel-cable pieces; his more robust steel and glass freestanding works; and a single blown glass "head" from the "Breath" series of 1979–1981; through 2/10. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

57th Street Area

Sybil Andrews—Linocuts by the British artist (1898–1992) who participated in the British Linocut Movement of the twenties and thirties; through 1/20. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Michael Byron—A survey of the artist's works on paper from the past thirteen years, including abstract and "automatic" drawings and surreal and symbolic works that bring to mind dreams and the theater; through 1/27. Baron/Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. (581-9191).

Linden Frederick—Paintings of Maine landscapes at twilight; through 1/27. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Bruce Helander—Recent collages; through 1/20. Del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (688-1843).

Hans Hofmann—Landscape, still-life, and abstract paintings. Through 1/20. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Lee Krasner—Collages executed between 1953 and 1955 in which the artist redeployed cut and torn sections of paintings that her husband, Jackson Pollock, had made and discarded; through 1/30. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Loren Madsen—A seven-year survey of the artist's sculpture, from his strict, faceted metal-plate constructions to his ongoing series of carved wood sculpture seen in this exhibition for the first time; through 2/10. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Andre Masson—Paintings and drawings made by the Surrealist between 1941 and 1945, when he was living in the United States; through 3/2. Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-7430).

Pedro De Movellan—Kinetic sculptures in wood and metal; through 2/3. Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).

Alice Neel/Robert Mapplethorpe—A survey of the artist's paintings of nude pregnant women/Mapplethorpe's little-known photographs of children, many of which have not been previously exhibited. Through 2/3. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

John Newsom—Paintings that juxtapose whimsical, fairy-tale images and take their inspiration from the old-fashioned vignettes of turn-of-the-century chromo-lithographs and early black-and-white cartoon features produced by MGM; 1/13–2/17. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Jules Olitski—Recent abstract paintings, through 1/20, at Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124) and new monotypes, through 1/27, at Long, 24 W. 57th St. (397-2001).

Arnaldo Pomodoro—The artist's first solo show in the United States since 1987 consists of 22 monumentally scaled bronze sculptures created over the past ten years that continue his use of basic geometric shapes interrupted by erratic, jagged cuts; 1/10–2/10. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Bill Rice—Recent grid paintings; through 1/20. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

Carole Robb—Recent paintings of scenes in Rome; 1/11–2/3. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Robert Ryman—Recent encaustic paintings on board or paper; through 1/13. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Alice Aycock/Louise Lawler and Allan McCollum—Drawings, sculptures, and photographs documenting the artist's projects from 1973 to

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photographs courtesy of Janet Borden Gallery.

1995/An installation of "fixed intervals" that suggests missing artworks. Through 2/3. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

Robert Beauchamp—A survey of the late artist's portrait drawings from 1977 to 1993; through 1/20. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

Robert Beck—Video, drawings, Polaroids, and fabricated crime novels from his ongoing series of crime-related projects, "Habeas Corpus"; 1/11–2/17. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Maurizio Cannavacciuolo—New paintings; 1/13–2/17. Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (431-3685).

Carmen Lomas Garza—Paintings that record the artist's childhood in Kingsville, Texas, in the 'fifties and 'sixties; through 2/3. Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. (431-4224).

Francesco Clemente—A retrospective of paintings, frescoes, watercolors, and pastels from 1980 to 1990 by this Italian artist who came to prominence in the early eighties; through 1/30. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Jane Dickson—A painting installation; through 1/27. Black + Herron, 79 Grand St. (431-1670).

Manny Farber/Adam Siegel—Recent paintings that depict arrays of objects as seen from an aerial perspective/The Chicago-based artist's first solo show in New York consists of paintings that depict figures and faces emerging from earth-toned backgrounds of rhythmic marks and related works on paper; 1/13–2/17. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Rochelle Feinstein—Paintings based on a drawing that was reproduced in the New York *Post* and was submitted to the newspaper by a copycat serial killer; through 2/3. Maynes, 225 Lafayette St. (431-3952).

Hans-Peter Feldman—Recent works that alter common department-store items; through 1/27. 303, 89 Greene St. (966-5605).

Tom Fellner—Paintings from the artist's "Dance of Death" series whose imagery is derived from European fifteenth- and sixteenth-century danse macabre and Totentanz tradition, the Mexican Dia de Muertos celebration, and old anatomical treatises; through 1/27. Condeso/Lawler, 524 Broadway (219-1283).

Lucio Fontana—A survey of the Italian artist's slashed and perforated "paintings" from the fifties and sixties; through 2/3. Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (431-3334).

Ellen Gallagher—The first solo show in New York for this artist who was included in the Whitney Biennial last spring and whose paintings, which at first appear to be minimal and monochromatic, deal with the learning and reinforcement of racial stereotypes; through 2/24. Boone, 417 W. Broadway (431-1818).

Johannes Girardoni—Encaustic paintings on constructions of weathered wood; through 1/30. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).

Woody Gwyn/Jennifer Cross—Recent small-scale paintings of views from the Cloisters/Paintings inspired by seventeenth-century Dutch flower paintings. Through 1/30. Perlow, 560 Broadway (941-1220).

George Herms—Found object sculptures made in collaboration with the artist's friends Wallace Berman, Bruce Conner, and Dennis Hopper; through 1/27. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Claire Khalil/Bill Richards—Highly-detailed watercolors that depict women engaged in the act of reading books that are important to the artist/Graphite drawings of fernswamps and marshlands. Through 1/17. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Ellen Kozak—Abstracted Hudson River landscapes; through 2/3. Harris, 524 Broadway (941-9895).

Cathleen Lewis—An installation of two separate works that examine social constructions: *Binary*, which consists of 150 stainless-steel panels silkscreened with various words and phrases that are synonymous for "black" or "white," and *Extensions*, braids made from synthetic hair and arranged to hang from ceiling to floor, the ends of which rest on the floor and which have been manipulated to form the words *good*, *kinky*, *straight*, et cetera; through 2/3. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Micah Lexier—"Portraits" and "self-portraits" that take the form of custom-minted coins, bronze castings, acid-etched stainless steel, and photographs; through 2/3. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Paul DeMarinis—Among the various multimedia works in this show is an installation based on Alfred Hitchcock's film, *Vertigo*, that consists of spinning sushi platters decorated with spiraling movie soundtracks that are played by wooden chopsticks scanning laser beams; through 2/10. Bravin Post Lee, 80 Mercer St. (966-2676).

Stefano Peroli/Charles Clough—Abstract paintings whose gestures and brushstrokes suggest figurative imagery/Recent abstract paintings and a book that includes life-size reproductions of the artist's small paintings and 25 aphorisms based on his studio notes of the past year; through 1/27. Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Larry Potter—Abstract paintings from the early sixties by this African-American artist who died in Paris in 1966; through 1/30. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Robert Rauschenberg—Works from the late sixties and early seventies, including "Cardboards" made of cardboard cartons; "Jammers," composed of silk and bamboo poles, and "Carnal Clocks" that use clockwork mechanisms, electric lights, and silkscreened images; through 2/17. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Louis Renzoni/Gene Kraig—Dark, brooding paintings of still life and interiors/Encaustic paintings on coffee makers and ironing boards. Through 2/3. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

Bill Schwarz—New sculpture; through 2/3. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Stephen Greene/Aaron Fink—Recent abstract paintings by this artist who studied with Philip Guston/New works on paper. Through 2/10. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Alan Turner—A series of small paintings executed over the past two years that depict the artist's familiar images of eyes, hands, and apertures in the shapes of eyes and hands; through 2/10. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Carrie Mae Weems—A series of photographs with text that explores the depiction of African Americans in photography and was commissioned by the J. Paul Getty Museum last spring when it asked the artist to respond to a collection of nineteenth-century daguerrotypes of African Americans; 1/11–2/10. P.P.O.W., 532 Broadway (941-8642).

Fred Wilson—An installation titled "Collectibles" that explores unexamined racist attitudes through the juxtapositions of vintage ceramic figurines of mammies, uncles, cooks, and pickaninnies as well as southern belles and other white characterizations, and two sets of color photographic portraits of small handmade dolls; through 1/20. Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (925-8335).

Other

Lutz Bacher—Works that explore the nature of American identity, including wall drawings, photomurals on aluminum, a video-projection tape with sound, and sculpture; through 1/28. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Fernando Canovas/Athos Ongaro—Recent paintings/Recent sculpture. Through 1/30. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Group Shows

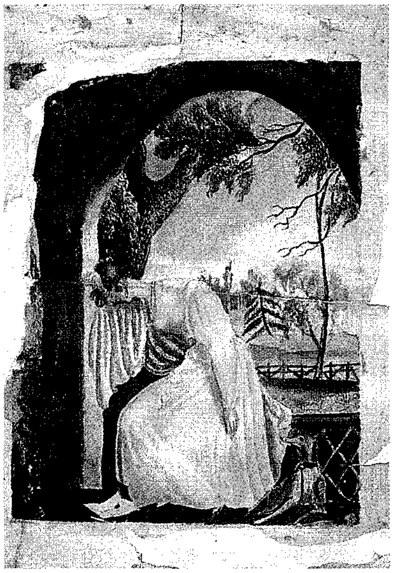
Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Berry-Hill—11 E. 70th St. (744-2300). Works by American Impressionists who summered in Giverny, among them Karl Anderson,

Retrospective

Their Brilliant Careers

Even by Victorian standards, the Brontë siblings had an exceptionally gloomy childhood: first, the tragic early death of their mother; then, less than four years later, the loss of their two eldest sisters (Maria, at age 11, and Elizabeth, at 10), who died within little more than a month of each other. The children's main solace and escape from the boredom of living in a moorland village was poring over magazines; the Annuals (illustrated books designed chiefly for women); and the works of Sir Walter Scott, Robert Burns, Lord Byron, and other popular Romantic poets. But as "The Art of the Brontës: Drawings and Manuscripts," which opens next week at the Pierpont Morgan Library, suggests, the esoteric sensibilities of Charlotte, Branwell, Emily, and Anne Brontë were equally shaped by the art of the day.



One of their favorite preoccupations (like that of many Victorian children) was to copy the illustrations in books—they even made doodles in the books' margins—and the subjects and styles of all four were heavily influenced by engravings illustrating the poetry and life of Byron. Sensing their artistic potential, their father, the Reverend Patrick Brontë, hired local artists to give his children lessons in drawing and painting. Branwell, the only boy, was the sole Brontë to pursue painting as a profession, but Charlotte held hopes of supporting herself as an artist (her talent was not unrecognized; she was asked to illustrate the second edition of *Jane Eyre*). Emily's early drawings of the latticed panes and stone mullions common to Yorkshire architecture are perhaps the most telling instance of the effect of the Brontës' art on their writing. Years later, the latticed panes reappear at Wuthering Heights, broken by a terrified Lockwood as Catherine Earnshaw's hand reaches in for refuge.

EDITH NEWHALL

George Biddle, Frederick Frieseke, Edmund Greacen, and Guy Rose; through 2/10.

Gat—1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441). Works by twentieth-century Hungarian artists, including Lajos Gulacsy, Bela Kadar, Laszlo Mednyanszky, Hugo Scheiber, and others; through 1/27.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). Paintings and photographs of New York City by Thomas Hart Benton, David Johnson, Ernest Lawson, John Marin, George L. K. Morris, Jerome Myers, Charles Sheeler, Alfred Stieglitz, and others; 1/11–3/2.

Salander-O'Reilly—20 E. 79th St. (879-6606). A survey of paintings, drawings, and sculpture by Stanley Boxer; two exhibits presented by Terry Dintenfass in association with Salander-O'Reilly Galleries, including "Belief," a group show featuring works by Will Barnet, Arthur Dove, Sidney Goodman, William King, Loren MacIver, and others, and a solo show of recent figurative paintings and drawings by Brett Bigbee; through 2/3.

Sculpture Center—167 E. 69th St. (879-3500). The Center's ninth annual "Emerging Sculptors" exhibition brings together small-scale sculptures by Andrew Dunnill, Robert Hickman, and Robert Kalka; through 2/6.

57th Street Area

ACA—41 E. 57th St. (644-8300). "Voices of Social Conscience: Then and Now," with paintings by Benny Andrews, Judy Chicago, Sue Coe, Stuart Davis, Leon Golub, William Gropper, Alice Neel, Faith Ringgold, and others; through 1/27.

Mathes—41 E. 57th St. (752-5135). Paintings, sculpture, and photographs that take the house as their subject, by Siah Armajani, Richard Artschwager, Bernd and Hilla Becher, Tony Berlant, James Casebere, Guillermo Kuitca, Gordon Matta-Clark, Joel Shapiro, and others; 1/12–3/2.

D C Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). Paintings that use flowers as subject matter, by Janet Fish, Robert Kushner, Whitfield Lovell, Lucio Pozzi, and Jimmy Wright; through 2/10.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). An exhibition exploring the influence of Surrealism on American art during the thirties and forties, with works by William Baziotes, Adolph Gottlieb, Morris Graves, Gerome Kamrowski, Jackson Pollock, Mark Rothko, Dorothea Tanning, others; through 1/27.

Schmidt Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). A survey of works that are predominantly blue, by Arman, William Baziotes, Morris Graves, Mark Tobey, Joyce Treiman, John Wilde, others; through 2/24.

Washburn—20 W. 57th St. (397-6780). Works by William Baziotes, Gerald Kamrowski, and Jackson Pollock, as well as a collaborative painting from 1940 that was executed by all three artists one evening in Kamrowski's studio; through 2/24.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Apex Art—291 Church St. (431-5270). "All Dressed Up," with works by Scott Carpenter, Alix Lambert, Moriko Mori, Camille Norment, Wolfgang Tillmans; through 1/27.

Art Projects International—470 Broome St. (343-2599). Small-scale works by David Broady, Paddy Hamilton, In-Hyung Kim, Li-Lan, Emmanuelle Waeckerle, others; through 1/27.

Bronwyn Keenan—494 Broadway (431-5083). Sculptures by Nicole Carstens; photographs by Ricoh Gerbl; fabric constructions by Lauren Szold; through 1/27.

Drawing Center—35 Wooster St. (219-2166). "Wall Drawings '96," features site-specific wall works by Barry McGee, Tania Mouraud, and Mark Dean Veca; through 2/10.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Imaginary Beings" features works that depict mythical creatures by 54 artists, among them Ida Applebroog, Louise Bourgeois, Nicole Eisenman, Tom Otterness, Cindy Sherman, Kiki Smith, and Fred Tomaselli; through 1/27.

Kent—67 Prince St. (966-4500). Works that express the various meanings of the word "difference," by John Brill, Genevieve Cadieux, Fariba Hajamadi, Jerry Kearns, Ellen Rothenberg, and others; through 2/10.

Marcus—578 Broadway (226-3200). Works on paper by Karin Davie, Moira Dryer, Mark Innerst, Thomas Kovachevich, Nancy Shaver, Michael Zwack, and others; an installation of photographs by Kevin Clarke; through 2/10.

Nolan/Eckman—560 Broadway (925-6190). "Freud's Children: Postwar Austrian Drawings" includes works by Christian Attersee, Günter Brus, Maria Lassnig, Hermann Nitsch, Arnulf Rainer, and others; through 1/27.

Silverstein—591 Broadway (226-0640). Works by six emerging artists; through 1/27.

Sperone Westwater—142 Greene St. (431-3685). One large-scale work each by Francesco Clemente, Julian Schnabel, and Cy Twombly; 1/13–2/17.

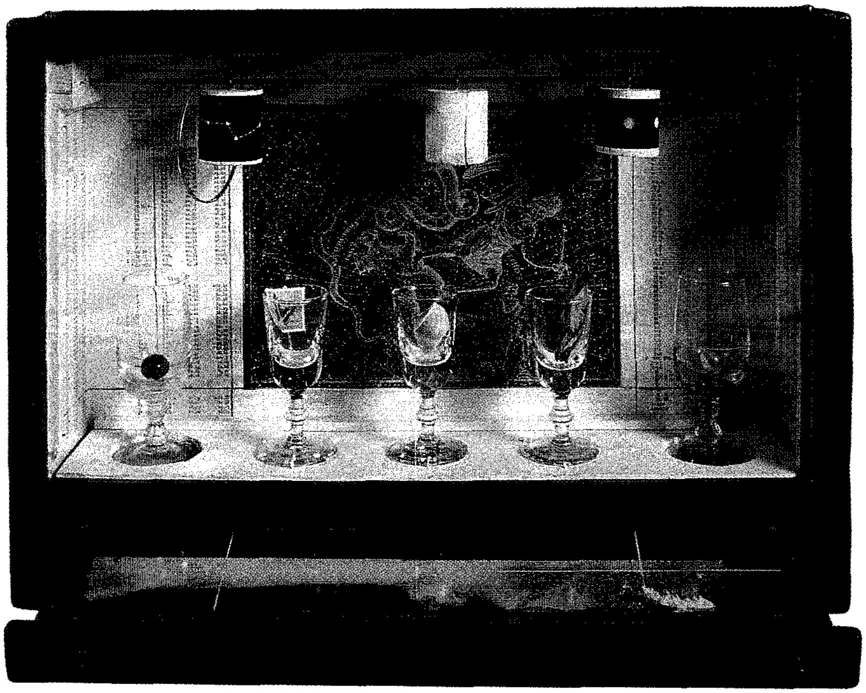
Swiss Institute New York—495 Broadway (925-2035). "A Path Through the Mountains: 500 Years of Swiss Map-Making"; through 2/10.

Wittels—580 Broadway (219-2211). "Show and Tell," with works by Doug Aitken, Robert Beck, Jennifer Bolande, Gregory Crewdson, Mariko Mori; 1/12–2/10.

Wooster Gardens—558 Broadway (941-6210). Recent works by Vik Muniz, Sage Sohier, and Brian Weil; 1/12–2/10.

Zarre—48 Greene St. (966-2222). "In Small Dimensions," with works by Carl Andre, Frances Barth, Nassos Daphnis, Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt, Sylvia Plimack-Mangold, Marjorie Strider, Thorton Willis, Kes Zapkus, others; through 2/3.

Installation The Whitney Museum's latest Collection in Context exhibit, "Joseph Cornell: Cosmic Travels," is the first to focus on the influences of nineteenth-century astronomy, celestial navigation, and constellation mythology on the reclusive artist's marvelous box constructions and collages. 945 Madison Avenue; through March 10.



Zwirner—43 Greene St. (966-9074). An exhibition of single-channel video work by 29 artists, among them Skip Arnold, Mike Kelly and Paul McCarthy, Tony Oursler, Raymond Pettibon, and Jennifer Steinkamp and Brian Brown; through 2/3.

Other

World Financial Center—225 Liberty St. (245-0505), Tues.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. and Sun. 12–5. "Art, Design, and Barbie: The Evolution of a Cultural Icon" celebrates the world's most popular doll in works by more than 50 modern and contemporary artists, architects, and designers, among them John Baldessari, Zaha Hadid, Robert A. M. Stern, Andy Warhol, and William Wegman; through 2/10.

Photography

Alfred Eisenstaedt—A retrospective of works by the preeminent *Life* magazine photographer; through 3/1. LIFE Gallery, 28th floor, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center (522-3200); Tues. and Fri. 11–3 and by appointment.

Eve Arnold—Black-and-white photographs from the fifties; through 2/10. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Tom Baril/Rocky Schenck—Photographs of flowers and seascapes/Romantic, heavily toned photographs of trees, highways, the sea, and houses that bring to mind the Pictorialist period; 1/11–2/24. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Peter Basch—Photographs of Brigitte Bardot, Anita Ekberg, Grace Kelly, and other celebrities, taken between 1955 and 1965; through 1/27. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Rudy Burckhardt—A retrospective of his photographs from the past 50 years, including New York City street scenes; portraits of strangers and artist friends; images of Maine, the American South, and Italy; and still lifes; through 1/27. De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (421-3780).

Keith Carter—Recent black-and-white photographs that explore the relationship between man and animal; through 1/20. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Jim Goldberg/Kiki Smith—An abbreviated version of the photographer's traveling exhibition, "Raised by Wolves: Photographs and Documents of Runaways," whose photographs, objects, and texts document the seven years he spent photographing and working with homeless young people living on the streets of Hollywood and San Francisco/Recent color photographs, some of which were taken during the production of her sculptures at the Art Foundry in Santa Fe, New Mexico; 1/11–2/24. PaceWildenstein-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.-Sun. 11–6. "Eve Arnold: In Retrospect." Black-and-white and color photographs from the photojournalist's 40-year-career; "Country Beside Itself: Lars Tunbjörk." Images of Swedes enjoying themselves in a thoroughly commercialized world of organized leisure and consumption; through 2/11.

Photographs courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Fazal Sheikh: A Sense of Common Ground." Portraits of refugees from Sudan, Ethiopia, Somalia, Rwanda, and Mozambique living in the African camps; "Highlights from the ICP Permanent Collection: One Hundred Years of Documentary Photography and Photojournalism"; 1/12–3/31.

Michiko Kon—Photographs of the artist's own constructions of raw fish, vegetables, insects, and flowers; through 3/2. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Gilles Peress—Five of the photographer's projects from the past 25 year, among them photographs of the civil rights struggle in Northern Ireland; of Turkish immigrant workers in Germany from 1973 to the present; and of the effects of the war in Bosnia on its population; through 2/10. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Rice—325 W. 11th St. (366-6660). Recent photographs by Micheal McLaughlin, Michael Prince, and Lee Friedman; 1/11–2/25.

Toshio Shibata/Henri Cartier-Bresson—Large-scale black-and-white photographs of Japanese landscapes/Early vintage prints. Through 2/24. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Neil Winokur—An installation of large color prints of faces, hands, feet, and bodies belonging to various artists; 1/11–2/17. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Made to Order. . . America's Most Wanted Paintings: An Artists' Project." Works by 52 artists that are their interpretations of a poll that surveyed American likes and dislikes in art; through 1/27. 594 Broadway (966-4444); Tues.–Sat. 11–6; contribution suggested.

American Craft Museum—"White House Collection of American Crafts." Works by 78 American artists working in the craft media of clay, fiber, glass, metal, and wood; through 3/3. . . . "Craft in the Machine Age 1920-1945." A retrospective of crafts made between the World Wars; through 3/3. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Planet Peru." Aerial photographs of Peruvian landscapes by Marilyn Bridges; through 2/1. . . . "Botanical Art From the Hunt Institute Collection"; through 2/18. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society—"Worlds Seen and Imagined: Japanese Screens From the Idemitsu Museum of Arts"; through 1/17. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400); Tues.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. 6-8 free), Sun. 12-5; $3; $1 seniors and students.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"A.W.N. Pugin: Master of Gothic Revival." The artist, who is best known as the designer of the interiors of the Houses of Parliament, also made books, ceramics, stained glass, jewelry, and metalwork before he died at the age of 40, all of which constitute this exhibition; through 2/25. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000); Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. until 8:30); $2; $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Zhang Hongtu: Material Mao"; through 1/14. . . . "Prisoners"; through 1/14. . . . "Under the Hunter's Moon by Alyson Pou"; through 1/14. . . . "Dear Robert, I'll See You at the Crossroads: A Project by Renée Stout"; through 1/14. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3; $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"Expressionism to Neo-Expressionism: 20th-Century German Prints at The Brooklyn Museum"; through 1/14. . . . "Alison Saar: The Woods Within." A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8. . . . "Elsa Schiaparelli: Surrealism in Fashion From the Brooklyn Museum"; through 3/24. . . . "Steel: Photographs by Patricia Layman Bazelon"; through 2/4. . . . "Nardo di Cione in Context: Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum"; through 1/30. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10-5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Jessica Stockholder: Your Skin in This Weather Bourne Eye-Threads & Swollen Perfume"; through 6/23. . . . "European Couples, and Others: Works by Dan Flavin"; through 6/23 . . . . "Komar and Melamid: The Most Wanted Painting on the Web"; through 6/23. . . . "Gerhard Richter: Atlas"; through 6/23. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912); Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—"The Butterfly and the Bat: Whistler and Montesquiou." An exhibit documenting the relationship between Whistler and Comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac; through 1/28. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Claes Oldenburg: An Anthology." Approximately 200 of the artist's most important drawings, collages, and sculptures from 1958 to the present; through 1/14. . . . "Joel-Peter Witkin"; through 1/14. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Dan Flavin." Works from the sixties through the late eighties in the museum's collection; through 1/14. . . . "The Material Imagination." Sculpture and conceptual art works that were acquired for the museum's permanent collection from the late seventies to the present; through 1/31. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5; $3 seniors and students.

Japan Society—"Symbol and Substance in Japanese Lacquer: Lacquer Boxes From the Collection of Elaine Ehrenkranz"; through 1/14. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155); Tues.-Sun. 11-5; $3.

Jewish Museum—"Russian Jewish Artists in a Century of Change, 1890-1990." Paintings, sculpture, photographs, and posters, by Marc Chagall, El Lissitzky, Ilya Kabakov, Komar & Melamid, others; through 1/28. . . . "A New England Wooden Synagogue: Building Temple Israel, Greenfield, Mass"; through 1/14. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Haute Couture"; through 3/30. . . . "Howard Hodgkin: Paintings 1975–1995." A survey of abstract paintings by the British artist known for his brilliant use of color; through 1/28. . . . "Hiroshi Sugimoto." Works from four series by this young Japanese photographer; through 1/14. . . . "Textiles of Late Antiquity"; through 4/30. . . . "River of Gold: Pre-columbian Treasures From Sitio Conte, Panama"; through 2/4. . . . "American Schoolgirl Needlework." Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century needlework pictures and samplers from the museum's collection; through 2/18. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum of American Folk Art—"Expressions of Trust: Recent Gifts to the Museum of American Folk Art"; 1/13–2/25. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art— "Piet Mondrian." An exhibit of 160 paintings and drawings from museums and private collections that emphasizes Mondrian's identity as a modern, abstract artist and surveys the time he spent in Paris (1919–38), London (1938–40), and New York (1940–44); through 1/23. . . . "Annette Messager." The first museum retrospective devoted to this French artist who uses the fragmentation of images and language to explore issues of identity; through 1/16. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri. 5:30-8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"In the City, Snow is Glistening." Prints, photographs, greeting cards, sporting equipment, toys, costumes, and other mementoes of New York winters; through 1/28. . . "Growing Up in New York: The Photography of Arthur Leipzig." Photographs of New York City and its street life taken during the forties and fifties; through 3/31. . . . "Cookie's Harlem." A celebration of the life and times of the legendary dance master Charles "Cookie" Cook; through 2/25. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Edvard Munch and Harald Sohlberg: Landscapes of the Mind." The first exhibition pairing the works of Norway's turn-of-the-century masters, including some 140 paintings, drawings, and prints from the 1890s through 1910; through 1/14. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Tues.–Sat. 11:30–5:30 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 senior citizens, students, and children under 16.

New York Public Library—"The Hand of the Poet: Original Manuscripts by 100 Masters." This exhibit of original manuscripts from the Berg Collection's holdings includes such treasures as the typescript of T .S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* with handwritten corrections by Ezra Pound; through 4/27. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"New York Celebrates the End of World War II"; through 2/11. . . . "Clement Clarke Moore of Chelsea"; through 2/4. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Art of the Brontës: Drawings and Manuscripts"; 1/18–4/14. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"City Speculations." Projects, proposals, architectural and conceptual models, videos, and other forms of documentation related to the ideas embodied by the Panorama of the City of New York; through 3/10. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Beat Culture and the New America: 1950–1965." An exhibit that looks at the exchanges and collaborations among poets, artists, musicians, and filmmakers of the Beat generation; through 2/4. . . . "Robert Frank: Moving Out." A retrospective of photographs by the Swiss-born American artist; through 2/11. . . . "Altered and Irrational." An exhibit of works from the museum's permanent collection that examines artists' use of nontraditional materials, altered forms, and unusual processes; through 3/3. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 1/10 at 10 and 2: "Old Master Drawings." On view from 1/5. 1/10 at 5: "The Collection of the Late Sir John Wyndham Pope-Hennessey C.B.E., F.B.A., F. R. S. L., F.S.A. On view from 1/5. 1/11 at 10: "European Works of Art, Tapestries, and Furniture." On view from 1/5. 1/12 at 10 and 2: "Important and Fine Old Master Paintings." On view from 1/5.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 1/16 at 10 and 2: "European Decorative Arts." On view from 1/12.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 1/10 at 10: "Belle Epoque—19th- and 20th-Century Decorative Arts." On view from 1/6.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 1/10 at 10:15 and 2: "European Works of Art." On view from 1/5. 1/11 at 10:15 and 2: "Old Master Paintings." On view from 1/5. 1/12 at 10:15 and 2: "European Works of Art." On view from 1/5.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 1/11 at 10:30: "Art & Architecture Books." On view from 1/6.

nightlife

Smashing Pumpkins...Rocking Wagner...Cage

Concerts

"The Music of David Rosenboom and Henry Threadgill"—The highly acclaimed "Interpretations" series presents works by the computer-music pioneer David Rosenboom and post-jazz leader Threadgill. Threadgill, who will not be present, leaves his work in the capable hands of pianist Myra Melford, brass player Ted Daniel, and a guitar quartet of Brandon Ross, James Emery, Ed Cherry, and Jerome Harris. However, Rosenboom himself will be on hand to perform with narrator Robert Ashley, "computer-media" player Kent Clelland, and two, er, "brain wave operators." Think nice thoughts. 1/11 at 8 P.M. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $10.*

"Tone unCAGEed"—The late composer, philosopher, and existential pianist John Cage gets his works considered by pianist Bernadette Speach, turntable conceptualist D.J. Spooky, and others in an evening of performance, sound sculpture, and ear-opening media manipulations. 1/13 at 8 P.M. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St., bet. Tenth and Eleventh Aves. (307-7171). $12.*

Jazz Concert for Martin Luther King Jr.—The Meeting House Jazz Orchestra, along with Michael Wolff, Monika Brand, and the Friends Seminary Vocalists, sings praises and blows psalms for Dr. King on Martin Luther King Jr. Day. 1/15 at 7:30 P.M. *Friends Meeting House, 15 Rutherford Place, 15th St. bet. Second and Third Avenues. (979-5030). $10.*

Clubland

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Academy—Alternative-rock's reigning dysfunctional family, the Smashing Pumpkins, presides over what looks to be the last major rock show the Academy has in store. They play this venerable, mosh-ready, and soon-to-be-missed rock venue 1/11–1/13. *243 W. 43rd St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (249-8870).*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. *43 Murray St., two blocks below Chambers St. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—Trombone maven Steve Turre leaves his brass at home to lead the Sanctified Shells, a combo that serenades, island-style, with specially tuned conch shells on 1/12. 1/13: "In Their Own Words: A Bunch of Songwriters Sittin' Around Singin'," featuring Bobby Braddock, John Gorka, Tish Hinojosa, Jorma Kaukonen, and Jo Carol Pierce. 1/17: Jeffrey Gaines; Jill Sobule. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Hands down indie-rock's hottest piano-led trio, the Ben Folds Five, kicks some keyboard butt here on 1/17. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie with comfortably down-home ambience and even more comfortable couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 1/10–1/11: Lonnie Shields. 1/12–1/13: Harmonica ace Sugar Blue. 1/17–1/18: Bobby Radcliff. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today, or ever. 1/12: Highlights from the Loser's Lounge. 1/13 and 1/16: The new, young singing sensation Ké. 1/17: Jane Kelly Williams. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 1/16: Captain Beefheart guitarist Gary Lucas does "psychedelically fired fragments from Wagner," trumpeter Dave Douglas's String Group gets classical, violinist Mark Feldman waxes Romantic, and Lounge Lizards cellist Jane Scarpentoni addresses the baroque as *Tutti Magazine* presents "Knit Classical Mutations: Doing and Undoing the Classics." 1/17: The winsome, barely teenage hearththrob of indie-rock Ben Lee is back with his band Noise Addict. His

Talent

Earth to Eartha...

Of all the cabaret greats who roll through the Café Carlyle in a given year, there is none so surreal, so larger than life, so seemingly *computer-generated* as Eartha Kitt, grande dame of exotica and siren of slink. A caramel-colored minx who purred in French, Spanish, German, *and* Turkish, who actually sang while recumbent on a fur rug, Kitt conjured one of the most hallucinogenic manifestations of the American id ever—and that was *before* playing succubus to Batman on TV. Now, with Catwoman 30 years behind her, Kitt remains a wonder to behold. An impossibly vivacious 67, the sinewy diva doesn't so much perform cabaret as enact a visitation. Staring from beneath heavy lids, stage-whispering "*Je cherche un millionaire*" to a red-faced swell down front, Kitt comes off as simply extraterrestrial—a leggy praying mantis, say, or a Venusian queen. Her voice, phrasing, and comic timing are, of course, impeccable—she belongs next to Marlene Dietrich in the pantheon of worldly vamps—but it's this eerie, hyperfeminine presence, transcending generation and genre, that elevates her out of the cabaret and into the realm of Disney, Pixar, virtual reality. See her at the Café Carlyle (through February 21) and marvel: Could Spielberg ever top this? CHRIS NORRIS

Photograph by Jesse Frohman/Outline.

voice has changed, but the author of the Evan Dando send-up "I Wish I Was Him" remains charming as ever and his band rocks harder than ever on their new record *Meet the Real You*. They play with Guv'ner. 1/18: Roger Miller's Elemental Guitar; Gary Lucas's Gods and Monsters. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Limelight—Its "decadent" exterior—a deconsecrated church—its velvet rope, and its surly doorpeople may all scream *eighties*, but the Limelight looks like it's going to be a cash cow right through the millenium, packing them in just about every night. Expect platform shoes, several floors of pulsating house music and exit routes that would do King Minos proud. *47 W. 20th St. (807-7850).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. 1/9: Franklin Turnpike. 1/10: Johnny Allen. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUE).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 1/14: Moonshake, with Katherine Gifford of Stereolab. 1/15: Darling Picassos; The Divers. 1/17: Lauren Hoffman; Paul Cebar and the Milwaukeans. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

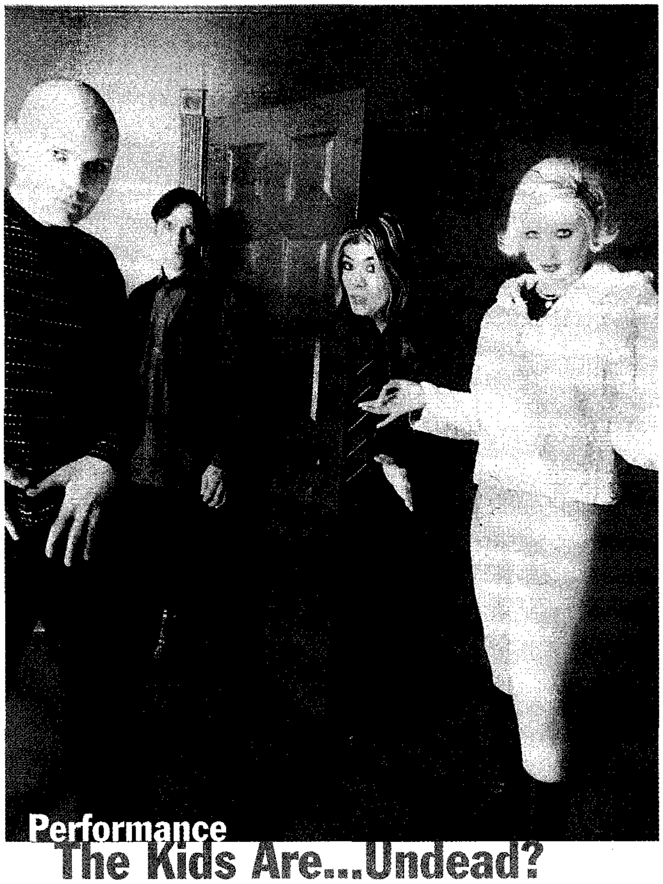
Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all recent visitors. *375 Third Ave. at 27th St. (683-6500).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The backroom Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 1/11: Local saxopohone guru Arnie Lawrence; Herman Foster and friends. 1/13: The Sweet Potata Trio. *94 Ave. A. (473-7373).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Friday and Saturday nights, the fourteen-piece Stan Rubin Orchestra plays classics from the swing era for, as they say, your dancing enjoyment. Rubin's songbook is 1,000 arrangments strong, many of them transcribed from thirties and forties records. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high-concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning midstage column and muddy-sounding areas by getting there early. 1/12: Local funksters Milo Z. 1/13: Third World; Leroy Sibbles and the Heptones. 1/16–1/17: The second annual tribute to Danny Gatton, featuring James Burton, Albert Lee, Bill Kirchen, and the Uptown Horns. 1/31: Johnny Winter; Bill Perry; Debbie Davies. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 1/9: Tiberius. 1/10: Blindman's Holiday; Thanks to Gravity; Daniel Carter. 1/11: Mother Sound; Mama Kettle; Groovechild. 1/12: Scofflaws; In-Steps; Isaac Green and the Skalars. 1/13: Ominous Seapods; New Brown Hat. 1/16: Wig Jam; Dose Hermanos. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*



Photograph by David La Chapelle.

Performance

The Kids Are...Undead?

No, that's not a 'Nosferatu' casting call, it's Smashing Pumpkins, the newly shorn and gothic first family of alternative rock. They play the Academy, January 11–13.

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking light fixtures hovering from the ceiling. The fine jazz musicians who play nightly rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (soon to take Korea with Blue Note Seoul), charges accordingly. 1/9–1/14: South African singer Miriam Makeba. 1/23–1/28: Spyro Gyra. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Through 1/13: Charles Thomas Trio. 1/15–1/20: Larry Willis and Rufus Reid. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Iridium Room—We voted this artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center the best new jazz club of 1995, and it shows no signs of slowing down. It still crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor, and it still hosts the greats and, especially, comers of jazz in its basement. 1/9/–1/14: Latin jazz stars Hilton Ruiz and Dave Valentin co-lead a cooking quartet. 1/16–1/21: Andrew Hill Trio; T. S. Monk Sextet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight sets Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 1/10–1/13: Pianist Terry Maldo. 1/14: Pianist Bobby Forrester and singer/guitarist Danny Draher. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Knitting Factory—1/9–1/10: Don Byron plays the music of Micki Katz. 1/10: Don Byron plays music of Raymond Scott and assorted klezmer. 1/12–1/14: Joe Gallant, Illuminati, and others play "Blues For Allah." 1/15: David Murray Big Band. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their more lucrative gigs in Broadway's orchestra pits. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a cozy, candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. 1/16–1/21: Pianist Marc Copland leads a quintet that features trumpet star Randy Brecker, saxophonist Bob Berg, bassist James Genus, and the ferocious drummer Dennis Chambers. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 1/9–1/14: Singer Gloria Lynne. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 1/9–1/14: Wessell Anderson & Wycliffe Gordon. 1/16–1/21: Eric Reed Trio. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. 1/9: Taja, featuring saxophonist Talib Kibwe and pianist James Weidman. Late-night jams happen Thursdays. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra shows Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 Macdougal St. (673-5576).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. 1/17: "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 1/16: "New

York Comedy Nights." 1/12–1/14: Thea Vidale. 1/16: Bill Plympton presents his own "Whacked Out Cartoons." 1/17: Comedy Fiesta. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 1/14: Sean Donnellan; Ben Creed; Most Brothers. 1/15–1/21: Gregory Carey; Marvin Bell; Sean Donnellan; Billy Jaye; Quentin Heggs; Rob Magnotti. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Jane's Comedy Club —One of the more intimate comedy spots, with regulars on Comedy Central's *Stand-up Stand-up. 254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Place. (475-5263).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's The Show Formerly Known As Rebar. Shows at 8. 171 Ludlow, at Houston. (260-2323).

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics.". Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 1/16: "Alternative Comedy," featuring Elisa DeCarlo and Dan Kinsella. Through 1/14: Sean Donnellan; Ben Creed; The Most Brothers. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—That incurable romantic Phillip Officer is back in the dusky precincts of the Oak Room to kick off the new year with the appropriately titled "Many A New Day," his tribute to the lyrics of Oscar Hammerstein II. Through 1/20. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix-fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Bemelmans Bar—Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:45 to 1:30, pianist/vocalist Barbara Carroll provides relaxed, jazz-flavored interpretations of both classic standards and her own original songs. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Eartha Kitt, doing the *chanteuse* thing in her trademark purr. Opening 1/4; through 2/21. Tues-Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45. $45 cover, no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist/singer David Raleigh rocking the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses St. (226-4621).*

Ibis—This Mediteranean-flavored supper club, popular in the early eighties, has recently reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30, Fri. at 9:30, Sat. at 8:30 and 11:30. Dinner and performance, $45. Performance only: $15 with a $20 minimum Tues.–Thurs., $20 with a $20 minimum Fri.–Sat. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rock of the Valkyrie

Gary Lucas—Wagner fan and Captain Beefheart guitarist—is but one of the classically minded rockers and jazzbos undertaking the masters in "Tutti Knit Classical Mutations," at the Knitting Factory, January 16.

Rainbow and Stars—If you're into girl groups, this is the assemblage of your dreams; Merry Clayton, Marianne Faithfull, and Darlene Love hooking up for a show called "20th Century Pop." Through 2/3. $40 cover Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and Fri.–Sat. at 11; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet recently celebrated the first anniversary of its successful Friday-evening engagement here, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, John Norman Thomas (*Kiss of the Spider Woman*) sings the songs of Frank Loesser. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th St., Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who bought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently—is the theme and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine, it's a henna.) *231 E. 14th St. (539-1389).*

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college fight songs. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit, and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

Bowery Bar—Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. So happy for a new place to have a genius time, the crowd doesn't seem to mind a bartender in whom a request for a neat bourbon inspires paroxysms of self-doubt. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

Brooklyn Inn—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cutups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. *Bergen St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn (no phone).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Photograph by Manfred Rahs.

in concert

Beethoven Fest...*Romeo*...Emanuel Ax

Classical Music

Tuesday, January 9

Beethoven Festival—The complete sonatas for piano and cello, performed by David Golub and Gary Hoffman. First of three nights. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5788), at 7:30; $30.*

Wednesday, January 10

Gerald Ruzicka, Guitarist—Performing a recital of his own works. *Jefferson Market Library, 425 Sixth Ave. (243-4334), at 6:30; free.*

Thursday, January 11

Bargemusic—Works by Beethoven, Arensky, and Mendelssohn. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs works by Debussy and Ravel; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

Friday, January 12

New York Philharmonic—See 1/11, at 2.

Beethoven Festival—The Orion String Quartet performs four string quartets. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5788), at 8; $30.*

Saturday, January 13

Chopin in Our Time, Part II—Workshop on Chopin's appeal with pianist Garrick Ohlsson and author David Dubal. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 10; $25.*

Beethoven Marathon—A chronological performance of Beethoven's chamber works, sponsored by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. *Daniel and Joanna S. Rose Rehearsal Studio, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza (875-5788), performances begin at 10, noon, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, and midnight; $25.*

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Performs Prokofiev's complete *Romeo and Juliet*, Op. 64. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $13–$60.*

Guarneri String Quartet—Performs works by Janáček, Barber, and Schubert. *Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 8; $25.*

New York Chamber Symphony—With pianist Sara Wolfensohn, performs works by Ginastera and Augusta Reed Thomas; Gerard Schwarz, music director. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $30.*

Broken Consort—Premieres of works by Otto Luening and Anthony M. Kadleck. *Construction Company Space, 10 E. 18th St. (924-7882), at 8; $10.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

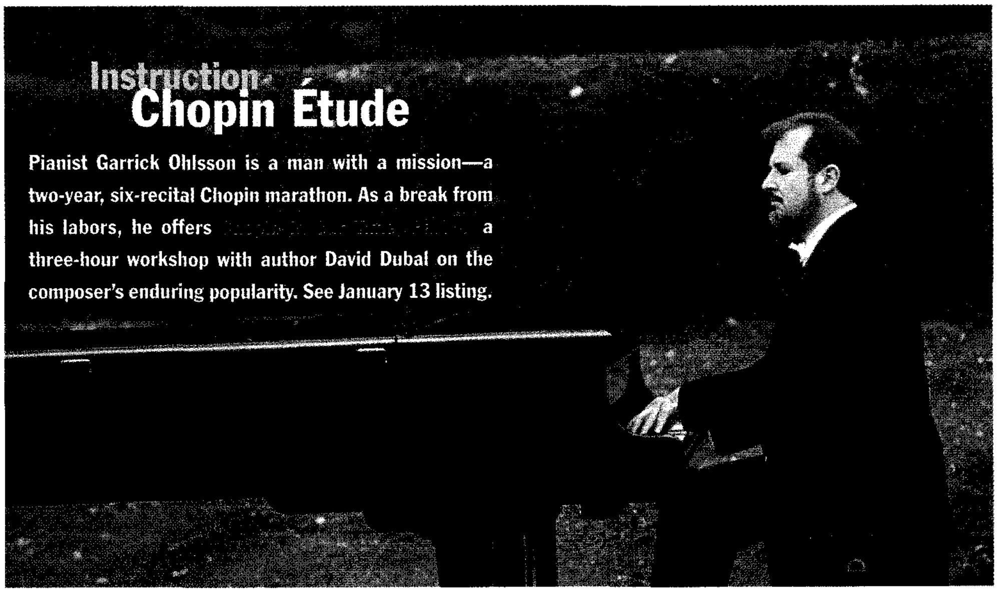
New York Philharmonic—See 1/11.

Sunday, January 14

Coffee Concert—Violinist Livia Sohn performs Beethoven and Prokofiev, accompanied by brunch from Fletcher Morgan Catering. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448), brunch at 1, performance at 2; $10.*

Emanuel Ax, Pianist—Performs works by Bach, Schubert, and Copland. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 2; $30.*

Society for New Music—A sixtieth-birthday celebration for Elliott Schwartz, featuring performances of *Elan* and *Dream Music with Variations*. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8060), at 3; $12.*



Instruction

Chopin Étude

Pianist Garrick Ohlsson is a man with a mission—a two-year, six-recital Chopin marathon. As a break from his labors, he offers [illegible] a three-hour workshop with author David Dubal on the composer's enduring popularity. See January 13 listing.

Bargemusic—See 1/11, at 4.

Ambrosia Trio—Performs works by Beethoven and Brahms. *Madison Ave. Presbyterian Church, 921 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. (304-2253), at 4; $8.*

BachWorks—Singers and musicians perform *Cantata 82* and *Brandenburg Concerto No. 5*. *St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church, 315 West 22nd St., at 5; $15.*

Beethoven Festival—Three sonatas for piano and violin, performed by André-Michel Schub and Cho-Liang Lin. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5788), at 8; $30.*

Monday, January 15

Clamma Dale, Soprano—Performs American songs from the Civil War, accompanied by pianist David Tice. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $22.50–$25.*

Martin Luther King Jr. Celebration—Directed by Cedric Harris, a performance of original choreography, gospel music, and scenes from King's life. *Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center (769-7406), at 8; free.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Puccini's *La Bohème*, 1/9 at 8, 1/13 at 8; Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, 1/10 at 8, 1/13 at 1:30; Janáček's *The Makropulos Case*, 1/11 at 8; Puccini's *Turandot*, 1/12 at 8, 1/15 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$250.*

L'Incoronazione di Poppea—The Glimmerglass Opera kicks off BAM's 1996 season with Monteverdi's seventeenth-century thriller. 1/13, 1/15, 1/17, and 1/19 at 8, 1/21 at 3. *BAM Majestic Theater, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $35–$75.*

H.M.S. Pinafore—The New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players revive this shipboard romance. 1/11 to 1/13 at 8, 1/13 and 1/14 at 3. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400); $20–$40.*

Tartuffe (The Con Man)—The Bronx Opera Company performs Kirke Mechem's setting of Molière's comedy. 1/12 and 1/13 at 8. *John Jay College Theater, 899 Tenth Ave., bet. 58th and 59th Sts. (576-1370); $15–$20.*

Dance

Altogether Different—A showcase for developing choreographers, featuring new works from Irene Hultman Dance, Kevin Wynn Collection, Doug Elkins Dance Company, and four other companies. 1/9 to 1/6 at 13, 1/13 and 1/14 at 2, 1/14 at 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. (242-0800); $17.*

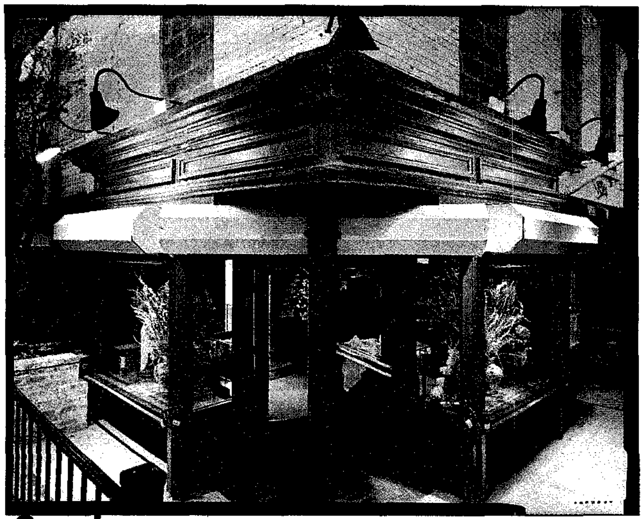
New York City Ballet—Repertory, including the new ballet *Reliquary*. 1/9 to 1/13 at 8, 1/13 at 2 and 1/14 at 3. *New York State Theater, 20 Lincoln Center (870-5570); $22–$70.*

Madre Selva: From Life to Spirit—Celebrating the work of Cuban artist Ana Mendieta. 1/11 to 1/14 at 9. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5829); $12.*

Photograph by Erich Hartmann/Magnum.

restaurants

Soul Diva...Green Buddha...Up From Ashes



Opening
Harlem Renaissance

Six months ago, a fire destroyed Rao's, the century-old bastion of home-style Southern Italian cooking adored by slumming swells of a certain *Cigar Aficionado* stripe. A renovation has already restored the dark paneling, tin ceiling, and oak bar. (455 East 114th Street.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host-owner Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. *2 World Financial Ctr., on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Pipeline—Oil-refinery décor and an eclectic American menu, with dishes like lobster club sandwich and chicken corn chowder, make this casual restaurant a favorite for businessmen and neighborhood families alike. *2 World Financial Center, 225 Liberty St. (945-2755). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Zoë—Charmingly hosted, megadesigned, and packed at lunch. Exceptional American wine list and an eclectic menu featuring contemporary American dishes like crispy calamari with Vietnamese dipping sauce, wood-grilled Angus sirloin with basil mashed potatoes and bourbon sauce, and German chocolate cake with banana ice cream. *90 Prince St. (966-6722). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Photographs by Bernd Auers.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Elephant & Castle—This eclectic American restaurant moved from SoHo to NoHo, but the menu still offers such favorites as steak frites with Sichuan sauce, honey-charred chicken, and its famous Caesar salad. *6 Bond St. (254-9604). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Doozo—Casual Village restaurant, with a sushi bar and traditional Japanese dishes like teriyaki and udon noodles. *216 Thompson St. (533-4433). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villarcy. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) ($).*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

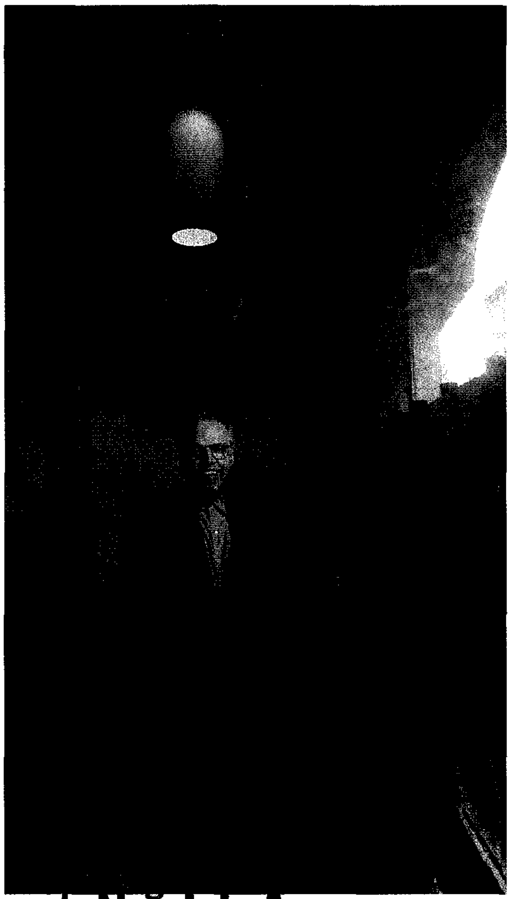
Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Cigar Room at Trumpets—This clubby hotel dining room features hearty American fare like steaks, chops, and seafood, should you feel like eating. The *real* specialty is the menu of 25 cigars from Nat Sherman and Davidoff of Geneva, any of which would be well-paired with a single-malt scotch. Jackets required. *Grand Hyatt New York, Park Ave. at Grand Central Terminal (850-5999). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Happy Veggie—Since the owner and chef are both vegetarians, they take this type of cuisine seriously. Innovative recipes for dishes like fried vegetarian scallops with taro and vegetable spare ribs are culled from gourmet restaurants in Taiwan and Hong Kong. *37 E. 29th St. (686-9692). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*



Newish Age

West Village newcomer INdiGo shares an owner, Gino Diaferia (pictured), and a chef, Scott Bryan, with its sister establishment (and former vegan temple) Luma. The eclectic, gently priced menu features creations like monkfish paillard and Asian-spiced brandade-and-lobster ravioli. (142 West 10th Street.)

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, grilled Black Angus sirloin, and—for adventurers—the pupu-platter appetizer. *35 Union Square West (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mendy's—This kosher midtown deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. *61 E. 34th St. (576-1010). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and a live opera trio on Saturdays. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Toledo—Elegant midtown restaurant serving classic Spanish cuisine, including zarzuela de mariscos and veal chop Riojana. Jackets preferred. *6 E. 36th St. (696-5036). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Beema Grill—A handy pit stop for commuters and sports fans, this contemporary grill specializes in American dishes like Cajun chicken with angel's-hair pasta and grilled salmon medallions. *One Penn Plaza (695-8747). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

L'Acajou—This casual French bistro, serving regional specialties like escargot, steak au poivre, and venison, also curates art shows. *53 W. 19th St. (645-1706). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Old Homestead—This West Side landmark, established in 1868, still sells huge pieces of cow, enormous lobsters, and the ever-so-trendy Kobe beef from Japan. Meat dealers and distributors eat here, which is a very good sign. *56 Ninth Ave., nr. 15th St. (242-9040). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresh Basil's Trattoria—This casual midtown Italian restaurant prides itself on its friendly service and contemporary atmosphere. Try the gnocchi Aurora, the seafood pescatore, or the grilled veal chop with portobello mushrooms. *663 Lexington Ave., nr. 55th St. (888-4292). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions. Try house specialties like Hunan honey ham and prawns with egg-white sauce. To accommodate a primarily corporate clientele, several private dining rooms are available, and parking is free for four hours weeknights and after noon on weekends and holidays. *219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Kokachin—Elka Gilmore was recruited from the West coast to create this shrine to Asian seafood, with subtly spiced, high-quality versions of tuna, sturgeon, oysters, and more. The newly refurbished Omni Berkshire provides a casually elegant setting for her refined cuisine. *21 E. 52nd St. (355-9300). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and John Schenk's Mediterranean-influenced American menu, with offerings like braised moulard-duck leg and mustard-crusted rack of lamb, propels the kitchen directly (and deliciously) into the twenty-first century. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The new upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

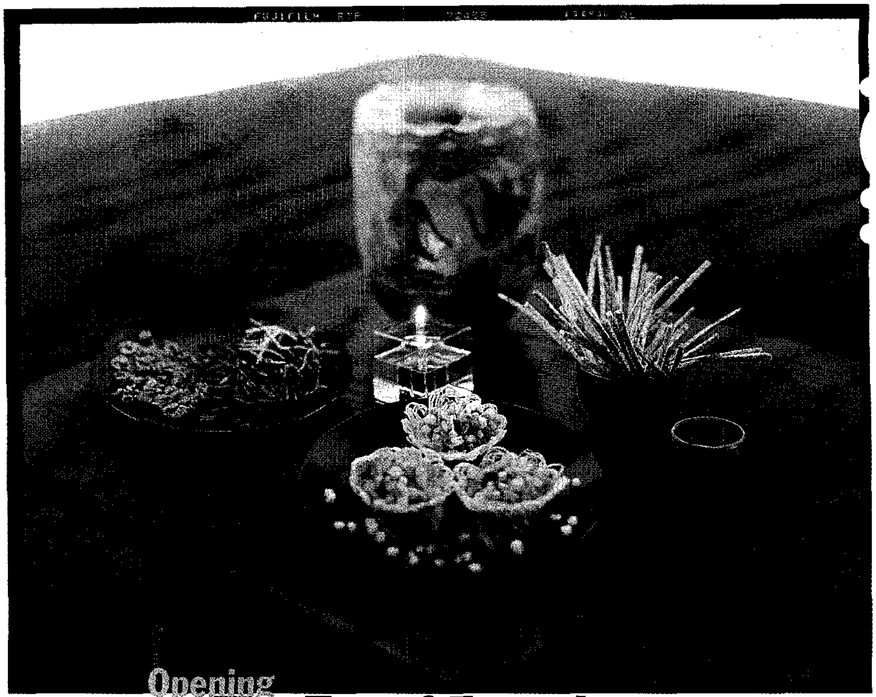
San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sutton Grille—This East Side American newcomer offers contemporary renditions of American standards in a lively, casual atmosphere. Specialties include potato-crusted red snapper, penne with veal meatballs and oven-dried tomatoes, and dry-aged New York steak. Live jazz Wednesday and Friday nights. *1016 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (755-3663). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*



Opening

The Tao of Fennel

Food writer Colette Rossant conspired with Cantonese chef Guy Lau to create Buddha Green's novel vegetarian menu, using seasonal Western ingredients like fennel, leeks, and Swiss chard in delicately flavored stir-fries and casseroles. (145 West 58th Street.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millenium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Il Tinello Ristorante—This elegant Northern Italian restaurant offers classic dishes like osso bucco and salmone Copa Santa to a sophisticated crowd that doesn't mind wearing jackets for food this good. *16 W. 56th St. (245-4388). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. *802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I–M) AE, DS, TM.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Rivista—Theater-district canteen for actors and audiences alike, serving Italian fare like monkfish Livornese, lamb chops, and lasagne bolognese. *313 W. 46th St. (245-1707). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of sophisticated Northern Italian dishes like rabbit with prosciutto di Parma and lobster salad with cannellini beans. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Kodnoi Thai Cuisine—Authentic home-style food cooked by a real Thai mother, with traditional preparations of pad Thai, crispy red snapper, pineapple shrimp curry, tiger prawns, and lemongrass soup. Antiques and a fireplace cozy up the bustling East Side location, midway between Bloomingdale's and the 59th Street bridge. *208 E. 60th St. (688-2177). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Opening

Soul Searching

Like rhythm-and-blues musicians whose tunes were glommed by major (white) record labels in the fifties and sixties, Laurita Roc, self-styled diva of soul, sees bits of her culinary creations—and her signature, rootsy names for them—scattered on menus across town. A charismatic caterer whose hungry following has included, incongruously, Sue Simmons, Robert De Niro, and the queen of England, Roc hasn't the time to begrudge her imitators now that she's opened her very own Laurita's Cafe Soul (311 Church Street) with her son, Meishan, as the only other investor. "It's very difficult working in someone else's kitchen" is all she'll say about her stints at Shark Bar on the Upper West Side, which she left noisily after creating its original, much heralded menu, and at Birdland on upper Broadway, where she didn't last two weeks.

Despite the aggressively folksy dish names she coined—Oh Slap My Face peach cobbler, Back in the Yard deep-fried catfish—Roc's recipes are evocative of a Deep South upbringing the Harlem native never experienced. "Mom couldn't cook," Roc says. And neither could Roc until she was 18, when her fiancé forecast nuptial doom. "I'm not *staying* married to you," he said. "You can't cook." The marriage didn't, in fact, last, but it succeeded in making Roc learn her trade.

She lived abroad for decades, opening southern-style restaurants in Paris and London. Back in New York, she helped yank ham-hock-and-lard-laden southern food into this century with ingredients like smoked turkey wings and vegetable oil. It took five years to find her own space, and she deliberated over its décor, a TriBeCa take on New Orleans bordello. "My son had a fit because he thought it would be too froufrou," says Roc. Predicting a scene, she already has plans to expand. "When I go into a place," says Roc, with the confidence of a virtuoso, "it starts to *happen.*"

ROBIN RAISFELD

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Eurotourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

China Fun—Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. *1239 Second Ave., at 65th St. (752-0810). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. *1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850). (M) AE only.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hosteria Fiorella—This friendly neighborhood Tuscan trattoria serves especially fine antipasto and seafood, including a filet mignon of tuna and a claypot-roasted salmon, as well as a variety of pastas and thin-crusted pizzas. *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccioni still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Manhattan Cafe—A posh, Upper East Side destination for mammoth steaks and chops. Soak up the luxurious atmosphere, with its Persian carpets, Deco chandeliers, and mahogany paneling. *1161 First Ave., nr. 63rd St. (888-6556). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Settle into comfortable banquettes and listen to live jazz. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Sorvino's—This Upper East Side Italian restaurant offers traditional fare in a cozy, elegant environment. Try the pasta with blue-crab sauce and the grilled veal chops with porcini mushrooms. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *1294 Third Ave., nr. 74th St. (744-5924). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Popolo—Italian on the Upper West Side, with everything we've come to expect: gourmet pizzas, classic pastas, and homemade tirami su. In warm weather, eat outdoors. *351 Columbus Ave., nr. 76th St. (362-1777). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

China Fun—Oodles of noodles, every which way, plus dim sum and Cantonese barbecue dishes. Try the Shanghai weekend brunch. *246 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (580-1516). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ernie's—Lively Northern Italian restaurant with soaring ceilings and floor-to-ceiling windows, serving a variety of pizzettes, pasta, and meat dishes. *2150 Broadway, nr. 75th St. (496-1588). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was David Letterman. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also, Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dali Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sidewalkers—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don't come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. *12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Monte's—This Italian dining room is truly a Brooklyn landmark, with its Venetian crystal chandelier, restored oak-and-mahogany bar, and Venetian murals from 1938. The kitchen is equally renowned for its famous shrimp à la Monte and homemade cheesecake. *451 Carroll St. (718-624-8984). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Queens

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

the mix

Beat That!...Sandhogs...Jamaica Kincaid

John Leonard's Television Notes

The Gulf War ("Frontline," 1/9 and 1/10; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) is a fifth-anniversary reexamination of the foreplay, Big Bang, and postcoitum *tristesse* of our Kuwait-saving and Saddam-bashing, with interviews of everybody from Colin Powell (who had his doubts) to Norman Schwarzkopf (who lost his temper) to Maggie Thatcher (who's still bitter that Saddam survived and she didn't), plus Mikhail Gorbachev, Hosni Mubarak, Yitzhak Shamir, and Tariq Aziz. Patriot missiles turn out to have been practically useless in intercepting warheads. There were indeed some low-level Iraqi intelligence agents among the 200 killed in the bombing of the Al Firdos civilian air-raid shelter, though most were women and children. Brent Scowcroft was thrilled by it all: "I had the battle plan on my lap, and we were sitting here watching CNN. . . . It was uncanny."

Legend of Ruby Silver (1/13; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) requires the grizzled old miner Bruce Weitz to sober up, recently widowed Rebecca Jenkins to shape up, 15-year-old Jonathan Jackson to grow up, and venture capitalist John Schneider to sell out, in a reasonably absorbing TV-movie account of modern-day prospecting. Good Bruce; even better scenery and machinery.

The Outer Limits (1/14; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime) returns with two new episodes, only one of them available for preview. In "A Stitch in Time," Amanda Plummer is a mad scientist who at 15 was kidnapped and raped, and so grew up to invent a time machine that lets her go back and waste miscreants before they do their dirty deeds, which messes with the future, which is why FBI agent Michelle Forbes, in a startling Jodie Foster imitation, is out to shut her down until . . . Mario Azzopardi directs from a crackerjack script by Steven Barnes.

The Rockford Files: If the Frame Fits (1/14; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) brings back Jim Garner for another TV-movie reprise of the fondly remembered series, as well as Joe Santos as Dennis and Stuart Margolin as Angel. Better yet is the return of Gretchen Corbett as Rockford's lawyer, Beth Davenport, who quit the defense-attorney business to write best-selling books, and Dyan Cannon as an IRS agent with her own agenda. Jim's a little sluggish, but this particular plot is not—involving Latin music, a recording company, and a rogue CIA operation.

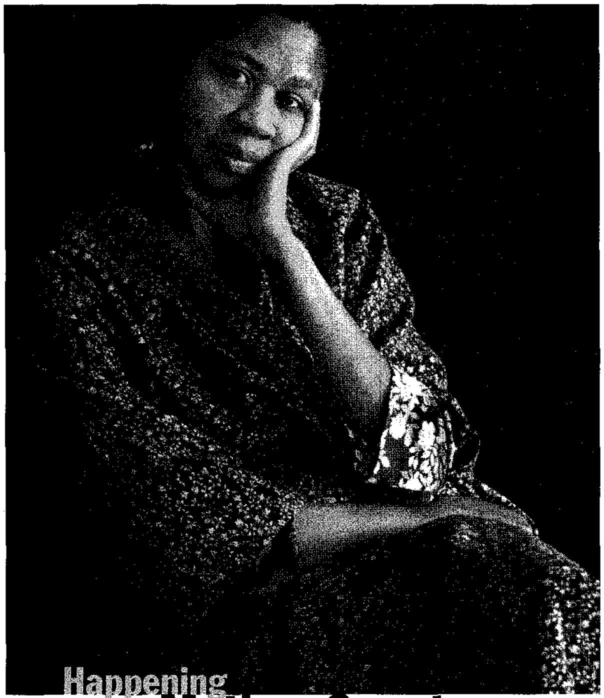
Gridlock (1/14; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) stars David Hasselhoff as a hotshot helicopter pilot who saves the Federal Reserve Bank and his tour-guide girlfriend (Kathy Ireland) from a fate worse than S&L's while all the bridges in Manhattan are blowing up. This is said to be the most expensive TV movie ever made ($6 million), which may be why they couldn't afford to send out preview cassettes. Still: more. David Hasselhoff. The heart goes pitty-patt.

Freedom on My Mind (American Experience, 1/15; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) gives Bob Moses his due at last as the damn-near-saintly hero of the voter-registration drive at the heart

Preview
Tunnel Vision

The sandhogs, New York's tunnel-specific construction workers, take "Soundprint" producer Dan Collison on a (partial) tour of their 161-mile turf. The radio documentary airs January 12 at 7:30 on WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Photograph by UPI/Bettmann.



Happening
Mother Country

The story of Xuela Claudette Richardson, a woman on the island of Dominica, is the subject of Jamaica Kincaid's lyrical new novel, 'The Autobiography of My Mother.' She reads from it at Books & Co. on January 12. (See listing.)

of Mississippi Summer 1964. Violence met nonviolence; brutishness met cunning, endurance, and faith. If Lyndon Johnson had thrown away these people at the Democratic Convention that year in Atlantic City, Mississippi politics, steeped in blood, would never have been the same. And Moses, who shows up hesitant and humorous and self-effacing as usual on camera, is still with us, teaching children how to do math in his Algebra Project. An important addendum to *Eyes on the Prize.*

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall— 1/9: Mozart's Symphony in F and Paine's Symphony No. 1 in c. 1/10: Vivaldi's Concerto in g and Sibelius's Symphony No. 1 in e. 1/11: Mendelssohn's String Symphony No. 10 in b and Gliere's Symphony No 3 in b, Opus 42. 1/12: Wolf-Ferrari's *Idillio-Concertino* and Haydn's Symphony No. 92 in G, *Oxford.* 1/15: Gould's Spirituals for Strings and Still's Symphony No. 2 in g, *Song of a New Race.* 12/16: Telemann's Tafelmusik: Concerto in F and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No.2 in c, Opus 17, *Little Russian.* 1/17: Taneyev's Oresteia Overture, Opus 6 and Sibelius's Symphony No. 6 in d, Opus 104. Weeknights at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New York and Company—1/9: Karl Sabbagh on *Twenty-First Century Jet.* 1/10: Dr. Alan Cooper on grammar. 1/11: *National Review* senior editor Richard Brookhiser on current events; Jamaica Kincaid on *The Autobiography of My Mother.* 1/12: Open phones—listeners call in on issues of the day; Al and Larry Ubell on home repair. Every weekday at noon; WNYC, 820 AM.

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes—1/10 at 7 P.M.: Episodes featured are "Dr. Watson Meets Sherlock Holmes" and "The Dying Detective," starring Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson, and Orson Welles. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Texaco-Metropolitan Opera—1/13 at 1:30: Mozart's *Don Giovanni.* With Jane Eaglen, Patricia Schuman, Ruth Ann Swenson, Stanford Olsen, Thomas Hampson, John Cheek, Herbert Perry, and Paata Burchuladze. James Levine conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Sunday Night Opera House—1/14 at 8: Wagner's *Rienzi.* With Rene Kollo, Cheryl Studer, Jan-Hendrik Rootering, John Janssen and the Bavarian State Choir. Wolfgang Sawallisch conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Written Word

Jamaica Kincaid—1/12: Reading from her novel *The Autobiography of My Mother.* Books & Co., 75th and Madison (737-1450); free.

Amy Carr and Emily West—1/9 at 7, Botanica Bar, 47 E. Houston (343-7251); $3.

"Jewish Women Poets"—1/10 at 6: Liz Zelvin, Madeline Tiger, Enid Dame, Helen Papell, Grace Herman, and others. An annual celebration of Jewish woman poets. Council House, 9 E. 69th St.

Dale Peck—1/10 at 7, reading from his new novel *The Law Enclosures.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. Free.

Gregory Corso and Herbert Huncke—1/10 at 8: Fellow Beats read at the Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church. 131 East 10th St. (674-0910); $6.

"First Thursdays Words"—1/11 at 7:30: Edwidge Danticat, Phebus Etienne, and Norman Wong. Dixon Place, 258 Bowery, ½ block south of Houston (219-3088); $5.

"A Tribute to Martin Luther King"—1/12 at 7: "Why We Still Can't Wait." Reading by Lora Tucker with open-mike session. Joloff Restaurant, 930 Fulton St., bet. Clinton Ave. and St. James Pl., Brooklyn; free.

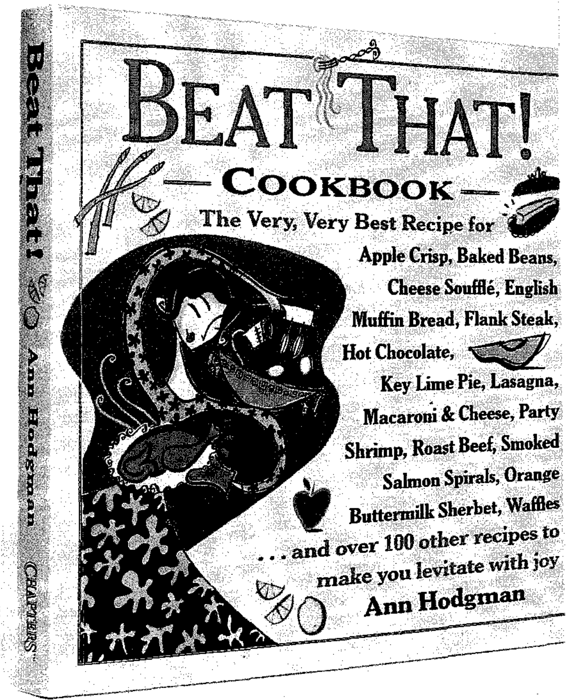
George-Therese Dickenson and Charles Bernstein—1/13 at 2:30 P.M.: Ear Inn, 326 Spring St. (226-9060); $3.

Bobby Miller, Emily XYZ, Reese Thompson, Laura Dinnebeil, Tom Savage, and Open—1/14 at 5: Sliding Scale Poetry/Sun Mountain Cafe, 82 W. 3rd St. (721-0837); $3/$6 non-perf.

"A Martin Luther King Day Celebration of Langston Hughes"—1/15 at 7:30: Lucie Brock-Broido, Mari Evans, Paule Marshall, Walter Mosley, Carl Phillips, Arnold Rampersad, and Helen Vendler read his stories and poetry. Unterberg/92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $8.

Linda Davies—1/15 at 8: Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway (595-6859); free.

In Print **Ann Hodgman's first collection of recipes, *Beat This!*, was as much a challenge as a book. It contained, she said, the best recipes, the *only* recipes, but she vowed to publish a sequel if enough readers proved her wrong. Enough did. Among the *Beat That!* entries are "The Greatest Garlic Bread," "Mature Macaroni and Cheese," and "Very Controversial Apple Crisp." What no one can improve upon is Hodgman's writing; her stuff is tonic to anyone who hates lifestyle kits disguised as cookbooks—as well as to anyone who hates cooking. (Chapters, $14.95.)**


Beat That!
Ann Hodgman
CHAPTERS
BEAT THAT!
— COOKBOOK —
The Very, Very Best Recipe for
Apple Crisp, Baked Beans,
Cheese Soufflé, English
Muffin Bread, Flank Steak,
Hot Chocolate,
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Lectures and Panels

Crossword Puzzles—1/11 at 8:30 A.M.: The ninth Random House Literary Breakfast brings together Maura Jacobson of *New York,* Stan Newman and Will Shortz of the New York *Times,* and three puzzle-obsessed "mystery celebrities." Harold M. Evans moderates. mad.61, 10 E. 61st St. To reserve, call 940-7480. $35.

Expansive Poetry—1/10 at 8: Following a reading by poets Jack Butler and Frederick Turner, there will be a panel discussion of the expansive-poetry movement with painter Steven Assael and art critic James Cooper. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway (595-6859); free.

Tours

The Flatiron District: Park Avenue South—1/15 at 12:30: This Municipal Art Society tour covers a district of great historical and architectural interest, and includes first-class examples of Beaux Arts and Art Deco design. Also covered is the statuary in Madison Square Park, New York's greatest outdoor museum. Tour leader: Francis Morrone, architectural historian. Meet at the northwest corner of Park Ave. South and 23rd St. (call 935-3960 for further information); $10 for adults, $8 for students, seniors, and MAS members.

Celebrating Martin Luther King Jr. Day in Historic Harlem—1/15 at 1: A tour emphasizing the history, architecture, and people of this area. Stops include Abyssinian Baptist Church, Strivers Row, and the Apollo Theater. Call Big Onion Walking Tours at 439-1090 for meeting site and further information. $9; $7, students and seniors.

Events

The Boat Show—Through 1/14: See boats of all shapes and sizes for all budgets. The show will also be displaying, among other boating paraphernalia, engines, accessories, and nautical gifts. Sat. 10 A.M. to 9 P.M., Sun. 11 A.M. to 9 P.M., and Monday through Friday 1 P.M. to 9 P.M. The Javits Convention Center, 35th St. and Eleventh Ave.; $8 for adults, $3 for children under 12, free for children under 6. Call 984-7070 for information.

Poets in a War—Through 2/17: In observance of the fiftieth anniversary of the end of World War II, the exhibition will feature manuscripts, first editions, drawings, and portraits of 130 British poets of the forties. Among the major writers whose work will be on view: T. S. Eliot, Edith Sitwell, and Dylan Thomas. The Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.; free.

kids

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Children's Events

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Raised Voices—Nearly 100 children, ages 8 to 16, members of the prestigious New York Young People's Chorus, sing a glorious program of sacred and secular choral compositions including Ella Fitzgerald's "A Tisket a Tasket," Debussy's "Noel des enfants qui n'ont plus de maison" ("A Christmas carol for homeless children"), Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pirates of Penzance*, a Nigerian Christmas song called "Betelehemu," and selections from Benjamin Britten's *A Ceremony of Carols*. (The concert is a benefit for the chorus.) 1/12 at 8. **Lincoln Center,** Broadway at 65th St. (533-1675). Tickets are $15. ◉

Kansas on Ice—Dorothy wears sparkling ruby skates in a musical performance on ice of *The Wizard of Oz*. Call for a schedule of performances 1/17 through 1/21, with a Spanish-language performance 1/19 at 7. **Madison Square Garden,** 2 Penn Plaza (307-7171). $12.50 to $19.50.

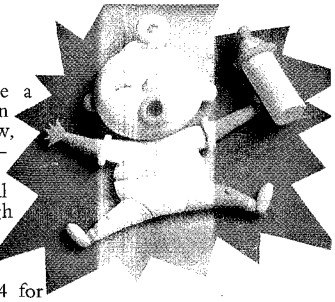
In Tribute—Howard Golden and Rudolphs Crew and Giuliani introduce "A Brooklyn Tribute to Dr. Martin Luther King Jr./Come Share the Dream," which promises to be a major-hoopla event. Folk and gospel singer Odetta sings anthems and songs inspired by the civil-rights movement. 1/15 at 10:30. **Brooklyn Academy of Music,** 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4111). Free tickets are available on a first-come-first-served basis starting at 9:30 on the morning of the event. ◉●

In Miniature—Central Park police officer Travis Rapp teaches model-making at a club that has recently begun meeting on a weekly basis. Kids ages 8 and up can work on constructing a model of the northern end of Central Park as it was at the end of the last century and as it is today. Sundays at 1:30. **Charles A. Dana Discovery Center,** Central Park at 110th St., near Fifth Ave. (860-1370.) Registration is required. ●

Peace and Love—An afternoon family concert with a theatrical bent that celebrates the life of Martin Luther King Jr. Performers are Christine Campbell and Virginia Davidson. 1/13 at 2. **Heckscher Museum of Art,** 2 Prime Ave., Huntington, New York (516-351-3250). $7 for adults, $4.50 for children. Reservations required. ◉

Theatrical—*Freedom Train,* the story of how Harriet Tubman escaped slavery and helped others do the same, is performed with music of the period by **Theatreworks/USA.** 1/13, 1/14, and 1/21 at 12:30. Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (677-5959) $17. *Schoolhouse Rock Live!,* an adaptation of the Emmy Award–winning television series is at **The Lamb's Theatre.** Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10, Sun. at 3. 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200.) **The Grove Street Playhouse** begins another season of delightful restagings of well-loved children's stories: *The Little Mermaid* is presented weekends at 1:30; *Hansel and Gretel* and *The Jolly Gingerbread Man* are weekends at 3. 1/13 through 3/24. 39 Grove St. (741-6436). $7. *Professor Putter,* a scientist-inventor who conducts funny, sometimes magical harebrained experiments is at **West End Gate.** 1/13 at 1:30. 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (877-6115). $7. Carved marionettes perform *Cinderella* in a Spanish setting, where a bullfight is even worked into the show, at the newly renovated **Swedish Cottage** in Central Park. Tues. through Fri. 10:30 and noon, and Sat. noon and 3 (988-9093); tickets are $4 for children, $5 for adults. Seventeen-year-old Emmanuel Wilson and 10-year-old Marisol Rosa-Shapiro perform in *Flies in the Soup,* an original musical about a couple of reform-school parolees who pose as geniuses. Through 1/28; call for specific schedule; **Tada!** 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732); $6 for children, $12 for adults. Children in the audience may get up onstage at *Alfred the Dragon and the Phantom Balloon Stealers.* Saturdays at 3. **New Media Repertory Co.,** 512 E. 80th St. (734-5195). Adults $7, children $6.

Times . . . a-Changin'—The **New Victory,** the first of several Times Square theaters to be refurbished under the city's renovation program, devotes itself to bringing first-rate theater to family audiences. *Sheila's Day* tells the story of South African and African-American women working together to arrive at common ground. Through 1/21, at Sat., Sun., and Wed. at 2, Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., and Sun. at 7. 330 W. 42nd St. (239-6255); tickets are $10 to $25.



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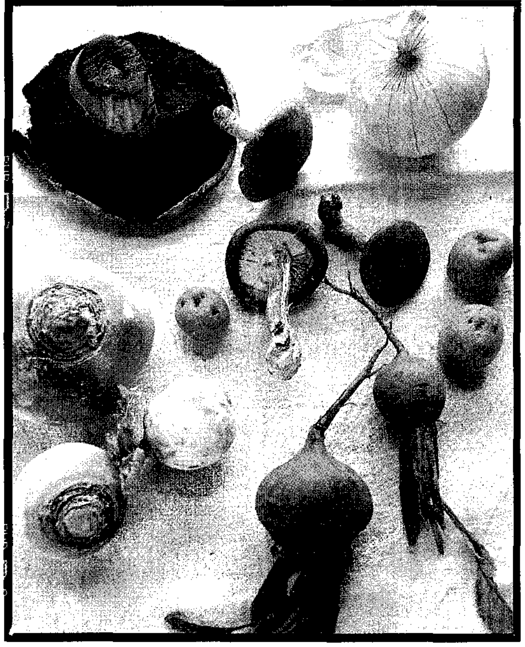

Grown-ups are genetically disposed to want to induce small creatures to chow down. We *like* to form faces with carrot noses and spaghetti hair on the plate; we *enjoy* pretending spoonfuls of baby food are airplanes coming in for a landing; and when the food in question is nutritious and free of pesticides, we're extra jazzed. *Buying* the food, though, especially with small children strapped to our bodies, or bigger ones, begging noisily for Froot Loops, satisfies no such primal urge. Nor does schlepping it home. Maria Friedrich, a mother of two, signed on for weekly deliveries of organic produce to her home in Brooklyn from Urban Organic last year simply because she was "weary of carrying bags of groceries home from the store." Friedrich has since found that the service, founded in 1993, which now delivers to 1,500 households in the five boroughs, has considerable other benefits too: "We get so much food from them for $50 a week that I end up sending my daughter off to school with fruit for her whole class." Friedrich also swears by the recipes from the chatty newsletter that comes in each box; they are designed to suit the week's groceries and inform, as Friedrich puts it, "what to do with the blasted rutabaga or parsnip that arrives." And she credits the company with making her family members fans of "vegetables I would never have even *considered.*" Customers can tailor their basic $27, $37, or $52 delivery boxes somewhat to fit individual preferences, for more kiwifruit, say, instead of collard greens, or to add grains, dairy products, or baby food from a supplementary list of non-produce items. Urban Organic is at 718-499-4321.

BARBARA ENSOR

Photograph by Melanie Acevedo; illustration by Richard McNeel.

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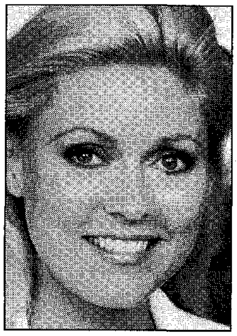

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Come In From The Cold—Warm, lovely, classy, energetic mind (Ivy PhD/ABD), demi-adventurous, slim, 35, 5'2" (heeled), Jewish (secular). Loves photography, day trips, fine dining, etc. And you: empathic, responsible, successful, chatty, witty, fit man for a committed lifelong romance. Personal note/photo. 1347 ✉

Rare Find—Sexy and elegant, spectacular strawberry blond, with fabulous legs and a size 8 figure, a pleasure to be seen with and easy to be with, seeks a very tall, witty, successful gentleman over 50. 1332 ✉

Make My Heart Skip A Beat—Elegant, pretty and passionate, slender and shapely Wasp lady, 51, blond designer who's bright, curious, educated - looking for my guy. He's intelligent, has made his mark in life, has traditional values, is loving, open, attractive. Humor helps! We're both class acts in search of a soul mate with multiple interests - tennis, travel, books, politics, architecture. Note/photo/phone. 1318✉☎

Love, Lust, Laughter—Sought by an easygoing, prominent, leading CEO with good looks, humor...caring, dynamic, lots of fun, sharp mind and body, *tall*, muscular, 39, cultured. Dreams of a nurturing woman, classy, under 36, 5'6" plus, with advanced degree, for romance, family. Phone/photo essential for reply. 1330 ✉

Sensuous, Sexy Blond—Jewish professional, athletic, highly educated, high-energy, diversified interests - seeks adventurous, romantic Jewish gentleman, 40-50, to share candlelight dinners, Godiva chocolates, intense passionate moments and great fun. Note/phone/photo a must. 1316 ✉

Handsome, Successful—Manhattan physician, 49, seeks sophisticated, sensuous woman, 35-45, for serious relationship. Note/recent photo/phone. 1348 ✉

Long-Stemmed Beauty—With few thorns. Tall, slim, very pretty, fit, sexy, bright blond, 36, Jewish, seeks handsome, emotionally and physically fit, substantial professional or successful businessman, 5'11" plus, 36-46. Note/photo, please. 1300 ✉ ☎

Long Island Male—32 years old, financially secure, college graduate, seeks down-to-earth, white Jewish female, 20-30 years old. Likes movies, skiing and fun times. Recent photo, note and phone please. 1329 ✉

She's Got It All—She's 26, 5'7", beautiful brunette, sophisticated, elegant, exciting, fun-loving, hard-working, caring, great cook, trilingual, well-traveled, Ivy undergrad and grad school-educated, from fantastic family - I should know, I'm her mom. She would love to meet the man of her dreams: a tall, handsome, intelligent, charismatic, sincere, strong, athletic, upwardly mobile, 28-36-year-old Jewish businessman with a similar background, who enjoys the good life, music, theater, travel, romance, family, and who's ready to begin to share it. RSVP quickly with note, recent photo and resume before she kills me for placing this ad. 1390 ✉

Seeking Elite, Ford...Next Model—With brains, warmth and a sense of humor. I'm a handsome, kind, smart, established investment banker - 6', athletic, 38, brown hair, hazel eyes. Dinner, courtship, friends, love, travel, marriage, nanny, kids. *Composite/photo and note. 1298* ✉

Leggy, Light-Hearted—And a good listener. Pretty, bright, personable, 34, 5'10", brunette, professional, with advanced degree, new to NYC. Hope to meet a tall, attractive, honest, intelligent man, under 50, with a ready (sincere) smile, an appreciation of the absurd, and an ability to see the silver lining behind most clouds - or at least to humor me! Come explore the city with me. Phone/photo, please. 1389 ✉

Answer Only If Applicable—53, 175 lbs, 6', handsome (no complaints to date), successful professional, recently "back in the loop", looking for serious and sustaining relationship. Provided you are a 30-43 woman, a "knockout" head turner, sexy, fit of body and sound of mind, you ought to take pen, pencil, crayola, etc...to paper - and neither of us will be disappointed. Responses only to recent photo/note/phone. 1306 ✉

Pensive Yet Playful—Very attractive, intelligent, well-educated, fitness-oriented, 29-year-old female attorney, seeks similar traits in a male companion, 28-36 (nonsmoker). Note/photo. 1382 ✉

Golf, Ski, Beauty—Everyone assumes I'm "taken" or no one knows anyone they think is special enough. It's truly a frustrating situation. I'm your average, well above average, attractive, warm, successful, athletic (golf, skiing, running), sophisticated yet well-grounded Jewish woman who enjoys *all* NY has to offer. I'm open to relocation as long as a golf club is nearby! I have a great sense of humor, style, and self. If you are a happy, solid, successful, youthful, grown-up man (38-50) who still believes in romance, do drop a note with your photo included and let's see what happens! 1372 ✉

Gay Male, 38—6', successful, fit, brown hair, blue eyes, father of beautiful adopted baby, fun-hearted and serious-minded. I love cooking and eating, outdoors and in, city and country, family and friends. Seek down-to-earth, focused, mature, no pretensions, gentle man, 34-44, for committed, sharing relationship. 1250 ✉

Special—Come fly my airline, and I'll make our dreams come true. Very pretty, slim Jewish gal, warm, easy to be with, 53, seeks special man for New Year. 1358✉☎

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Beautiful Female MD—Tall, thin, athletic, Jewish, young early 40s. Considers herself charming, warm and stylish. Enjoys the gym, movies, travel, dining, tennis and cycling. Hoping to meet sincere, attractive, well-educated, nonsmoking professional male, 45-55, with advanced degrees, for adventures and lasting romance. Note/photo/phone. 1353 ✉

Introduced Through Friends—Is how I thought we'd meet. Striking, curvaceous, professional, divorced Jewish female, seeks Woodstock soul mate to share laughs, music, family, wonderful times and the Sunday crossword. We're both independent, financially secure nonsmokers, ready for a real relationship. 1309 ✉

At A Friend's Home, My "Dare"—Was to do this ad. Everybody was given the challenge to do something different and exciting! I guess there's a first time for everything. Very good-looking manufacturer, 55 (younger in every way), extremely well-dressed, trim, intelligent and humorous, wishes to meet that certain very, very pretty lady, with lots of style and class, in her 40s, who is trim and lovely. A Manhattanite with a current photo will positively get a response from this ready man. 1304 ✉

Successful Female Executive—Slender, tall, exotic, available, seeks comparably endowed male (CEO/MD/JD - big plus), 50s, for travel to West Coast in February, Mideast in May. To the good side, I am highly entertaining to be with. I don't smoke. I pack in a jiffy. I am rarely crabby. On the other hand, I do not cook and have a noticeable predilection for enjoying eating three times daily. If you are still with me, call/write ASAP, as you could also be the companion I seek for the best journey. Home. 1388 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty, Slim—NJ professional, great legs, mid 30s, warm and nurturing, seeks single, slim, attractive male MD/DMD/CEO type for monogamous relationship. North NJ preferred. Note/photo. 1367 ✉

Great Times—In search of classy professional, model looks, slender, athletic, single white female under 32, who'd enjoy royal treatment - a romantic and generous, single white gentleman, 30s, who visits NY frequently and may relocate, who is definitely handsome, tall, trim, well-built, never married, and charismatic. The right lady will be loved, respected and taken care of in every way. Please be a nonsmoker, no dependents. Recent photo a must. 1338 ✉

Unsuccessfully Romantic Single Man—35, Jewish, professional, open-minded, bright, funny, enjoys non-Hollywood movies, jazz, fine dining, traveling overseas. Seeks intelligent woman of any religion or race for serious relationship. Photo appreciated. 1385 ✉

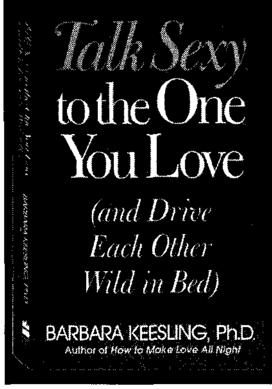
"Desert Hearts" Fans—Vivian type seeks Kay-ish girlfriend, 27-37. 1384 ✉

Casting Call—Seeking dynamic leading lady to co-produce, co-direct and co-star in a financially successful solo act seeking to be a duet. Currently performing on LI's south shore is a 39-year-old transplanted New Englander, 5'7", single Jewish male, John Goodman look-alike. You are an attractive, marriage and family-minded, single Jewish female, 25-40, who knows that genuinely nice people who are honest, sincere and willing to work hard are more important to a successful production than glitz, glitter and glamour. My theater is smoke/drugs-free, but is filled with laughter, romance and the willingness to explore any and all avenues with the right cast members. For possible rehearsal schedule and additional info, send resume (note/photo/phone). 1297 ✉ ☎

Big Brown Eyes, Slim And Curvy—Beautiful, spontaneous, and fit, Juilliard-trained musician, 29, Jewish, bright, sophisticated yet down-to-earth, seeks successful, cute, athletic, somewhat cerebral and verbal guy who loves to laugh, drink red wine, read in bed, cuddle and throw a softball around on the beach. Photo and note, please. 1350 ✉

Strictly Personals

Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $36.50 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). All ads will run electronically on Compuserve. To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.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Franco-Italo-American Jewish—Widow, multilingual businesswoman, semi-retired, seeks gentleman widower, father - possibly grandfather, 46-63 only, 5'9"-6'1" only, who likes and/or speaks French and/or Italian and/or British accent. Photo/phone two absolute musts. POB 136, Cliffside Park, NJ 07010.

Keep This New Year's Resolution—To meet a pretty, single Jewish female, professional, 34, who is caring, warm, kind, sweet, intelligent, fun, fit, interesting, sophisticated yet unpretentious, with good values, enthusiastic about life, having many interests...if you are a Jewish male, 30s-early 40s, having similar qualities, ready for a forever-lasting relationship. Note/photo. 1312 ✉

Gentle, Shy JD—Perceptive, fit Jewish man, 30s, enjoys racquetball, the Caribbean, bridge. Seeks loving, attractive woman, preferably very tall, very shapely and secure, to adore. 1315 ✉☎

British Lady, 23-35, Sought—By adorable, dynamic American lawyer, to share special moments and candlelight dinners. Note/photo/phone. 1327 ✉

Menschen Me—Fun, nice handsome guy, 38, 6', seeks Jewish woman, 30-35, to enjoy beach, theater, sports and forever love. Photo/note, please. 1290 ✉

Zest For Life—Lovely lady (212), vibrant, attractive, fun, warm, cultured professional of sensibility and substance, seeks similar mensch (50s-60s). 1375 ✉

I Want To Bring Joy To Your Life—Wealthy, never-married, 36, 5'10", slender, sensitive, kind and romantic man. Interests include art, theater, sports and travel. Seeking very pretty, 27-36, 5'3"-5'9", slender, warm and caring woman for relationship. Note/photo. 1354 ✉

Meet Your New Year's Resolution—Great legs, great smile and a great mind are just three of the things you'll love about this Jewish, 40-something MBA girl who promises to bring out the boy in you. Photo/note please. 1371 ✉

Gay Woman—40s, professional, stable, diverse interests, loves tennis and Xena, looking for fun and a relationship. 1364 ✉

Central Jersey—This 5'9", 42 year old head-turner with big baby blues and long hair, in search of her Prince Charming with whom to enjoy it all. Let's work out, play racquetball, explore new places through travel, dine, cook, ride horses, share family times, hold hands and never, ever stop kissing! I'll forever believe in dreams, along with the reality of having one shot at this gift called life-which makes the importance of true love matter all the more. Note and photo only. 1374 ✉

Bright, Pretty Manhattan Lawyer—Slim, shapely, 5'7", youthful 47, seeks man with intelligence, warmth and integrity. Nonsmoker. 1287 ✉ ☎

Great Guy—MD, Catholic, adventurous, handsome, very affectionate, big-time cuddler/kisser, seeks very pretty, outgoing lady, 25-38, who loves to laugh. Photo/note, please. 1391 ✉

Highly Attractive Jewish Female—I'm 35, 5'5", professional, slim and athletic. Looking for male, 32-42 years old, with matched set and interests: Rossignols, Sauconys, Trek or a Yonex. If you're as hesitant answering an ad as I am writing one, send note/photo. Nonsmokers only. 1288 ✉

Mrs. Bond, I Presume—Slim, worldly beauty (late 20s-mid 30s) needed to team with updated Bond wannabe (Connery) posing as successful Jewish Wall Street investor (39, 6'), to find missing half of secret formula. Extremely long-term operation - requires romance, exotic travel, high-functioning communication, and kids. Photo (microfilm okay). 1336 ✉

Lovable Guy, 48—Enjoys career, art, music, cinema, cooking, humor...as much as making life dynamic. Seeks upbeat woman for relationship. Respond in most comfortable way to: 1284 ✉

Fantastic Asian Stunner—Long-haired dream princess, magical smile, creamy skin, 30s, 55, courageous, well-educated, stable, seeking a winner - secure, successful, solid...to walk in the sun and dance in the moonlight. 1356 ✉

Beautiful, 5'9" Blond—Jewish female professional, 40, slender, mom of one - loves dancing and exercising. Seeks caring, nonsmoking, in-shape, Jewish professional male, 40s. Photo helpful. 1351 ✉ ☎

World Traveler—Looking for reason to stay home (or travel to new places). Attractive female, 42, loves the ballet, country, hiking. Seeks to meet bright, cultured, high-energy 40-something man. Photo/note. 1355 ✉

Ivy-Educated—Witty Jewish college professor, early 40s, seeks to meet attractive, intelligent woman (25-37) for long-term relationship. Photo/phone. 1360 ✉

Indian MD—Tall, handsome, kind, caring, mid 50s, seeks tall, honest, pretty, educated lady. Note/photo/phone. 1335 ✉

Classy, Attractive Asian Wall Streeter—Seeks trim, cultured, sincere, intelligent, successful white male with integrity and a great sense of humor, 43-53, 5'11" plus. Note/recent photo/phone. 1303 ✉

Weekends In CT—Attractive, Catholic, single white female, with beautiful brown eyes, 37, 5', 100 lbs, seeks single white male, Christian, 35-47, 5'7"-6', professional, nonsmoking, fit, with a healthy life style. I would like to share my life with an outgoing, honest, conservative man ready for marriage. I live in NYC during the week, but reside in CT. You will find me fun-loving, stylish, romantic, honest. I enjoy travel, Spanish/French, theater, cinema, spectator sports. Note/phone, please. 1311 ✉ ☎

One-Of-A-Kind Effervescent Female—Late 20s, with universal appeal, seeks upbeat guy under 36 with sense of humor and adventurous spirit. If you like laughing, dancing, driving, talking, and are willing to explore the possibility of Manhattan days and nights...get in touch. Note/photo/phone. 1357 ✉ ☎

Let's Be Together By Valentine's Day—35, 6'2", handsome, successful, trim, fit, caring white male, in the film biz, seeks a younger, smart, sensitive, witty gal to make it to "the end" with (race unimportant, but you must be slim and fit too). I love all that life offers, from the Rockies to the Rainbow Room...horseback riding, all types of music, film, dining, antiques, travel, art, theater, dancing and snuggling by the fireplace. Note/photo/phone. 1346 ✉ ☎

Attractive Black Lady—Professional, 39, 5'7", 138, athletic, seeks a white male, 40-52, athletic, with good heart, for a sincere relationship. Note/phone. 1343 ✉

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A WRITTEN RESPONSE Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Creative, Intelligent, Humorous—Handsome and athletic Jewish male, 29, who loves being outdoors and sunhine, seeks a female with similar qualities for a lifetime of fun and adventure. Note/photo. 1363 ✉

Madeleine Vionnet Fan—Handsome, unny art dealer, 36, seeks exquisite ewish wench. Note/photo. 1278 ✉

Gorgeous, Fit—Multifaceted, professional Fifth Avenue woman with errific young child - seeks exciting, accomplished, loving man, kids a plus, 45 plus, to share the joys and challenges of being and having a family. 1314 ✉ ☎

Veterinarian Wanted—Or any white ingle male, 38-45, who loves animals, environment, adventure. Me? Fun, sexy, 5'2", attractive, financially independent. Loves outdoors, indoors, travel, antiqung, sailing, skiing, dogs, cats, kids. Looking for warm, secure, communicative guy who loves to laugh, talk and give as much as receive. Photo please. 1324 ✉☎

Green-Eyed, Warm—Beautiful woman 40, scientific researcher, liberal, seeks sweet guy for love, marriage, family. 1378 ✉

Searching For Love And Romance—I'm a successful businessman, 44, tall, dark, good-looking and willing to take a chance. I'm trying to find someone who is ewish, 25-40, with a special personality and, I guess this is a weakness of mine, but also, one who is slim, shapely, and very attractive. For the last couple of years I've had my fill of clubs and discos, maybe we can find the chemistry that we'er both ooking for together. Willing to take a chance? Recent photo a must. 1380 ✉

Loves Lobs And Lindys—We can make a match (tennis), bike, jog, dine, attend theater, travel or dance. I'm pretty, slim, youthful, fit, smart, affectionate and love to laugh, late 40s. Seeking an educated, successful, active Jewish male, 49-59, with traditional values, for best friend and love. Note/phone/photo appreciated. 1285 ✉

Irish Eyes—Very handsome (truth), athletic Wall Street exec, now entrepreneur - loves skiing, scuba diving (instructor), swimming, tennis, opera, jazz and living. I am 47, divorced, no kids, dark brown hair, blue eyes, 5'11". I am looking for that special lady who has a zest for living and loving. Please be between 35 and 43, attractive, fun, classy, smart and principled. Note and photo, please. 1282 ✉

Good-Looking, Exciting, Witty—Jewish entrepreneur, 46, loves nature, sunsets, music, dancing, museums, theater, travel and believes he can see a woman's soul through her eyes, seeks bright, warm, sensuous, exuberant Jewish woman, 35-46, nonsmoker, with sense of humor, who's capable of nurturing and being nurtured. Note/photo. 1383 ✉

You Man, Me Woman—34, dynamic, curvaceous, successful Jewish actress. Seeks a man's man who understands a little about himself, a lot about women, and definitely knows the difference. Note/photo/phone. 1321 ✉ ☎

Looking For Ms. Right—5'10", 35-year-old Catholic man seeks an intelligent, attractive woman, 29-36, who enjoys biking, long walks, dining out and special quiet times, for a long-lasting relationship. Note/photo. 1362 ✉

Southern CT—Art director, 32, rugged, fit, ponytail, Italian-American, seeks similar, slim, nonsmoking older woman, 35-45. Note/photo. 1289 ✉

Gay, Handsome Man—Confident, masculine, athletic, romantic executive, 59 - looks younger, seeks good-looking, similar, permanent partner, late 30s-50. Photo and letter. 1322 ✉

Beautiful, Happy, Exceptional—48, wants to meet divorced or widowed Jewish man who knows he deserves the best and will know how to appreciate me. You should be very smart, content, except for missing one important aspect - that's being in love. Phone/photo please. 1352 ✉

Package Beautifully Wrapped—With loving, refined, talented and passionate contents, seeks Christian gentleman, 50s-60s, for delivery. Note and photo. 1302 ✉

Hi!—I'm a songwriter. I like to hike, dance, go to films and dine out. I'm very handsome, 46. I'd like a serious relationship with a very attractive woman, 30-40. Photo. 1323 ✉

One In A Million—Single Jewish female, Westport, CT, 34, pretty, petite, athletic, energetic, funny, self-reliant woman. My fans think I'm adorable. Looking for successful, self-confident, single Jewish male, athletic, level-headed, family-oriented, 35-45, who loves life. If this fits you, and you're committable...note/photo. 1313 ✉

Share Sesame Noodles With Me—Pretty, smart, warm, fun, successful, professional Jewish woman, 40, great figure and smile. Besides noodles, I enjoy Miles Davis and Mozart; tennis, cycling and skiing; Paris and Tibet; West End Avenue and Sagg Road. I'm looking for my professionally and emotionally secure male counterpart (38-50) - someone who really enjoys people and life and wants a committed, loving relationship. Note/photo, please. 1359 ✉ ☎

Alluring, 33, Professional—Black woman, avid skier, loves nature, traveling, romantic aviances, seeks nonsmoking, sincere, witty, marriage-minded professional man to share life's treasures. Photo optional. 1379 ✉ ☎

Light Up My Life—Pretty, bright, fit, youthful, unpretentious Jewish female, nonsmoker, great smile, seeks gentleman, widowed/divorced, 48-55, with a warm heart and a twinkle in his eyes. 1307 ✉ ☎

Keep That Resolution—Writer, male, 6'2", slim, fit, 48 but youthful (of course), no kids, compassionate, skeptic, dry sense of humor, seeks smart, tallish, nonsmoking woman who knows (sort of) what she wants. NYC/CT/elsewhere. 1292 ✉ ☎

Simply Special—Tall, pretty, blond Jewish female, young 40s, classy, warm and natural, seeks that special man with a zest for travel, Manhattan culture, tennis/golf, country weekends and sparkling conversation. 1325 ✉ ☎

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Chart-Topper—Songwriter/teacher, 49, seeks lovely lady, 35-45, with a strong interest in the arts, for a relationship that can be a number-one smash hit! Photo, please. 1366 ✉ ☎

Genuine, Caring And Responsible—Tall man, 46, concern for healthy living and spiritual growth, seeks attractive woman, 35-46. Note/photo. 1345 ✉

Love To Laugh—Very pretty, young 40s, educated, slender, 5'6", blue-eyed blond, warm, upbeat. Seeks handsome Jewish man (40-55) with good mind and kind heart, to share life's passions. 1310 ✉ ☎

Gay White Male—36, 6', built, playful, handsome, accomplished professional. Interested in art, cooking, travel. Wishes to meet my counterpart, 35-45. Photo/note. 1295 ✉

Successful, Nice-Looking—Happy and loving man, 60, seeks late 40s-early 50s woman, slim and petite, for lasting relationship. Photo. 1340 ✉

Nice Guy—Seeks nice girl for the usual stuff. I am 49, Jewish (not religious), 5'7". Would like to meet a slender, understanding woman who lives in New York City and enjoys movies. Photo preferred. 1305✉

Romance With Slender, Sincere—Asian professional woman, 25-38, desired by warm Jewish gentleman, JD, 35 (5'10", 155), varied interests. Note/photo. 1342 ✉

It's So Good—When minds merge, passions flow, and it feels just right. Sleek, sensual professional beauty, seeking upper-level professional man, 38-45, who is nurturing, strong, emotional and ready. Note/photo. 1333 ✉ ☎

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Strictly Personals
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I'm A Giver, Looking For A Giver—Green-eyed, dark-haired, great-looking professional woman, 5'4", young 52, Jewish. Seek a man who can be both silly and wise. Let's see if we can laugh together, and we'll worry about meeting the children later. My best qualities: warmth, wit, honesty. And yours? 1301 ✉

I Want It All—And because I have so much to offer, I will accept nothing less than: a beautiful Jewish woman, 30-38, petite, very thin, no children yet, successful professional with great sense of humor and very intelligent. Convince me that this is really you and I'll phone and try to convince you that I'm worthy of such a special woman. Photo, please. 1368 ✉

Substance Over Style—40, 6', rugged, fit, professional. Bright, caring, boyish and zestful. Seeks black female, 30-48, peaceful yet passionate, sensible, fit, yet very buxom. Note/photo. 1381 ✉

Very Handsome Jewish MD—33, seeks soul mate. Photo, please. 1370 ✉ ☎

A Romantic Friendship—You are a passionate, self-aware Jewish man seeking love, romance, commitment. This very attractive, curvaceous woman (44) is affectionate and loves to laugh. 1334 ✉

On A Mission—Petite blond woman, 42, with style, grace, beauty and a heck of a sense of humor, seeks a compatible man with values, integrity and substance, who enjoys theater, music, hiking, good food and having fun. Looking for a committed relationship to supplement interesting career and delightful 6th-grade daughter. Your convincing note will get my prompt reply. (203)/(914) preferred. 1299 ✉

Pretty Lady Loves Life—Slim, spirited, wishes to laugh/share/chance with happy, honest gentleman, 50 plus. Note.1386 ✉ ☎

Can Two—Adventurous, attractive, successful, loving, unselfish people actually find each other through an ad? Worth a try! 31, 5'7", Jewish professional woman, tennis player, well-traveled, enjoys sports... wants to meet you with all your values intact. Picture helps. 1344 ✉

stephanie, andrea & nancy

This New Year you're going to meet many interesting people. But then again, that's what you said last year.

We'll help you resolve your resolution. Through our unique matchmaking service, we'll provide you the opportunity to meet the finest professionals in town. Over lunch or a drink after work. So give us a call today.

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Start The New Year Right—Attractive, intelligent, witty woman, 37, 5'2", seeks smart, kind, genuine man, 32-42, who enjoys the arts, bicycling, sharing, commitment. Note/photo. 1317 ✉ ☎

Successful—36, 5'11", 190, brown hair, brown eyes, very handsome, emotionally sound, physically fit. Seeks sultry brunette to share a committed relationship along with moonlight walks past snow-covered fields, quiet dinners overlooking the Caribbean ocean, willing to give all the love your heart can hold. Drug/disease-free. Note/photo, please. 1279 ✉

Sophisticated, Smart, Attractive—New York woman, looking for a Jewish man, 43-53, who likes living in the city, people (including kids) and his job, and has enough time (space?) left over to enjoy it all with me. 1331 ✉ ☎

Imagine Me—Single black female, 5'4", 34 years old, professional, affectionate, spicy and spirited, who enjoys the finer things in life. You: a single "Great Gatsby" guy, attractive, tall, 34-40 years old, laughing eyes and tender smile, nonsmoker. You have fame and fortune but still feel unfulfilled without that special someone in your life. Let's explore the possibilities. Note, recent photo and phone. 1373 ✉

Smart And Sassy—Very attractive professional gal, great figure, Jewish, early 50s, seeks good man to make it all complete. 1377 ✉

Slender Brunette Beauty—Jewish, 5'8", 37, smart, professional, outdoors lover, seeks outgoing, intelligent, fit, great guy for... 1387 ✉

Attractive, Vivacious—Down-to-earth professional woman seeks man for all seasons, 55 plus - for good conversation, caring and fun. 1291 ✉

Attractive Chinese—Very warm, honest, intelligent, humorous, with many interests, late 40s, 5'4", slim - seeks accomplished, compatible male, ready for commitment, to share passion, laughter and cultures together, 48 plus, 5'9" plus. 1341 ✉

When You Dream—You dream of a classically beautiful, educated, articulate and soft-spoken African-American woman. The woman who turns your friends' and colleagues' heads at affairs, who loves and supports you deeply. She's tall, modelesque, professional, and dreams of you - a handsome, 5'11" plus, Jewish professional, progressive and brilliant, loving, kind, honest and sincere. 1319 ✉ ☎

Martial Artist—And musician - seeks fit, creative female (20s-30s). Photo. 1286✉☎

Classy Fort Lee Redhead—Seeks that special mensch, 55-65, with similar interests: world travel, theater, music, movies and a sense of humor. 1349 ✉

Professional, Attractive—Secure, humorous, sports-minded Catholic female - 32, 5'6", seeks male with same and more, 30-40, to adore me for the years to come! Photo. 1320 ✉

Pretty Woman Wanted—Good-looking, successful businessman from LI, 49, seeks very pretty, slim, intelligent woman, 34-44, for good times and possible long-term relationship. Note/photo a must. 1280 ✉☎

Attractive, Shapely Blond—47, seeks man for intimacy, fun, humor, great home cooking, sharing "stuff", etc. 1294 ✉

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Joie De Vivre—Adventurous, fun-loving, very pretty, slender, professionally successful, witty, divorced Jewish female with passion for the outdoors, culture and the arts - seeks ardent, nature-loving, creative soul mate to share life's pleasures, 55 plus. 1283 ✉ ☎

Slender Blond - Empathic, Playful—Upper East Side professional woman, 51, wants to know you. Enjoys city, country, travel, dining, quiet times. Seeks compatible partner to share life. 1337 ✉

I Have A Vision—On weekdays, we are dedicated and successful with our careers. On weekends, we are house-hunting in CT for that charming home full of character and warmth. We renovate and decorate it together. It's great for dinner parties, family get-togethers or just sitting by the fireplace with the Sunday paper and fresh bagels. If not at home, we might be traveling, skiing, playing golf or tennis, out for dinner and a movie or just walking the dog. If you are 26-31, educated, sharp, classy, passionate, stunning in a dress and sexy/cute in jeans, and would like to share my (our) vision with a recently-turned-32, 5'11", handsome, romantic, fit, Jewish (non-religious), successful guy who loves kids, send me a note and photo. 1326 ✉ ☎

Sensual, Sincere—35-year-old Jewish woman - enjoys simple pleasures of life. Seeks professional, passionate gentleman. Descriptive note/photo/phone. 1308 ✉

Beautiful Chinese Woman—Intelligent, sexy, 5'5", 115 lbs. Seeks 40-58, kind, professional, handsome white man for friendship, marriage. Photo/note. 1328✉

An NJ Jewel—Rare and beautiful Hispanic brunette, sweet, 5'4", slim, confident, Christian and gracious. Loves the arts, tennis, skiing and shore weekends. Has an excellent career, two homes and grown children. Seeks to meet, fall for and rekindle passion-missed with one quality man. Please be articulate, financially set, stably employed, 45-55, active, attractive and available. Send letter with photo to: POB 801, Chatham, NJ 07928.

Say I LOVE YOU, POO - or HAPPY BIRTHDAY BABY... Reach old friends or that attractive stranger you met at MOMA... Find a tennis partner or travel companion... Share your boat or balloon...

ASSORTMENTS

NEW YORK MAGAZINE'S

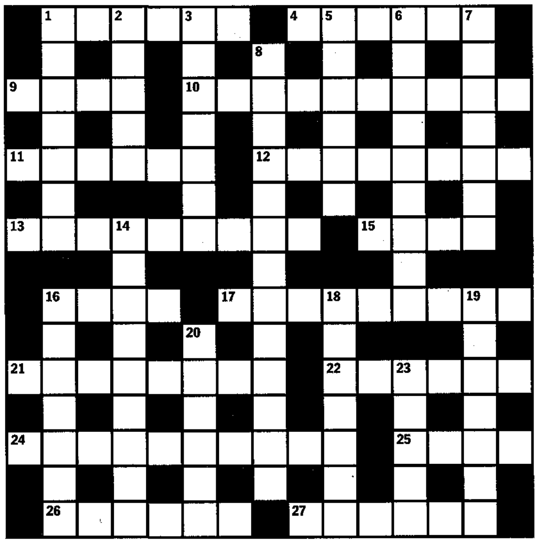
Weekly Bulletin Board

Call 212-779-7500

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 A tense time ahead. (6)
4 Stolen gun and car. (3,3)
9 New labs block. (4)
10 Nine crates of mixed fruit. (10)
11 Capital of Tobago? (6)
12 Lone duck out in the open. (8)
13 They're not suited for running. (9)
15 They are engaged in making a machine work. (4)
16 Plan shows parking place. (4)
17 Two men of a bygone era. (9)
21 In such a state there's no need for alarm. (8)
22 This may be arranged after the draw has taken place. (6)
24 Unintentional change of key. (10)
25 Speed of a ship steaming to tie up. (4)
26 Logs made from northern trees. (6)
27 Capers used in making pickle. (6)



DOWN

1 What to do with your form—when too skinny. (4,3)
2 Expressions of gratitude and disapproval are forbidden. (5)
3 Managed to fire rifle. (7)
5 Nothing clear may come from this prophet. (6)
6 Strangely uncordial feature of wet weather. (4-5)
7 Makes harder to fathom? (7)
8 One gets to like it, having gained discernment. (8,5)
14 He may explain changes to incomes. (9)
16 Dash to get article into cheap production. (7)
18 Bill and Cyril involved in making textiles. (7)
19 Sea-food for Jack and no one else. (7)
20 Charm by being a close listener. (6)
23 Genuine contract by the sound of it. (5)

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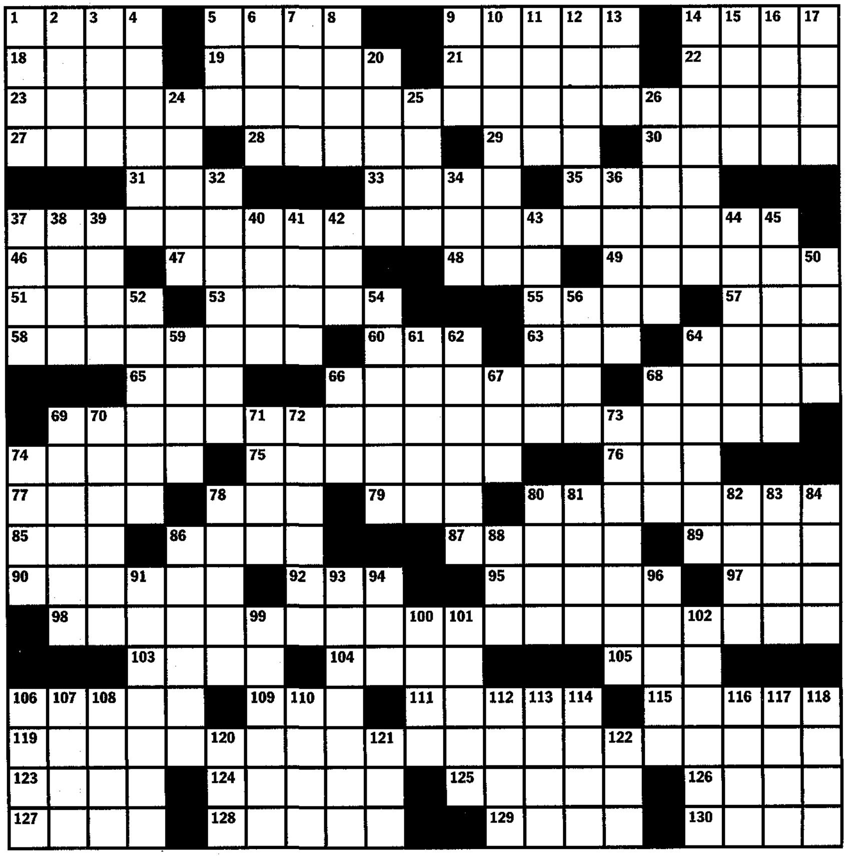
'Bee Interview': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Pickup point
5 All over again
9 —— wallop (hit hard)
14 Capture
18 Contented meow
19 Wakeful watch
21 Robin of balladry
22 Enraged
23 Why do you avoid the sea?
27 "The Duchess of ——" (17th C. play)
28 Shining example
29 Author Deighton
30 Cabinet Department
31 Fore's opposite
33 Hoarse sound
35 Salvation, for one
37 What is your facts-of-life lecture about?
46 Farm stack
47 Femme fatale
48 British rock group of the '70s
49 Curls the lip
51 Old Testament prophet
53 Hocks
55 Oaf
57 Tree exudate
58 Tweezers' targets
60 Spasm
63 Coal scuttle
64 Lohengrin's love
65 —— vous plaît
66 Pancho's ponchos
68 More skiddy
69 In what season do bees socialize?
74 Outlet insert
75 Goes to class
76 U.S.–Can. canals
77 One of Kipling's "twain"
78 Trio before V
79 CCLI doubled
80 Assign to one's account
85 Likely
86 Attack on the fridge
87 Coveted statuette
89 Arp's art movement
90 Buffed leathers
92 "—— the master of my fate": "Invictus"
95 Kukla's colleague
97 Einstein's birthplace
98 What is your favorite cause?
103 Battleship hue
104 Prison, London style
105 Urging from the chef
106 Maxim
109 Scrooge's put-down
111 Airline to Caracas
115 "—— Were the Days"
119 What does your lawyer do?
123 Partially open
124 Kind of geometry
125 Support for a bridge
126 Nag, nag, nag
127 Tipplers' oases
128 Room at the top
129 Bassoon's kin
130 Do in

DOWN

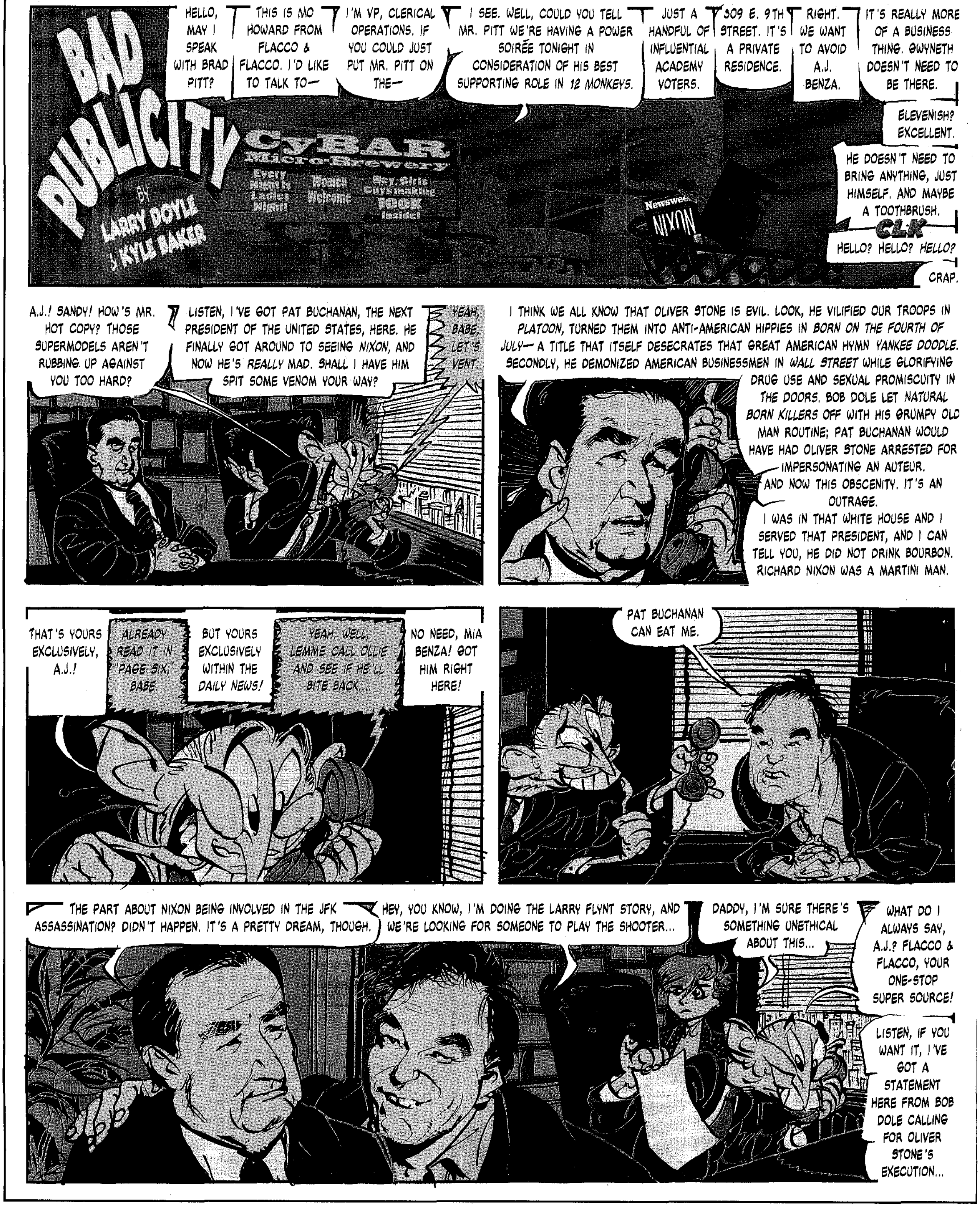
1 Canned-meat trademark
2 Oompah instrument
3 Pitcher Hershiser
4 Assembly-line house
5 Memorable Gardner
6 Unless, in legalese
7 Relative of "zounds!"
8 Divorcée's former status
9 Equal footing
10 Actor Menjou
11 Smokey Joe's place
12 Abduct for ransom
13 Timetable abbr.
14 Early kind of photograph
15 Opera highlight
16 Superman's alter ego
17 Slight advantage
20 Absorb lessons
24 Stereo systems
25 "When I was ——. . ."
26 Donny or Marie
32 ". . . to the shores of ——"
34 Hoggery
36 Put down more turf
37 Fifth word of "America"
38 Befogged
39 Fictional Jane
40 "Go for your gun!"
41 Plies the needle
42 Gloucester's cape
43 Abstain from
44 "Gigi" portrayer
45 Erratum remover
50 Practice boxing
52 Part of AWOL
54 Potted
56 Flub the game
59 Circus area
61 Neighbor of 93-Down
62 Prefix with vascular
64 Reverberated
66 Air express, for short
67 Afternoon abbrs.
68 Like —— not
69 Final news summary
70 Backpacker's inn
71 Jacques who played Mr. Hulot
72 Broadcasting venue
73 Attribute (to)
74 Pod contents
78 Bird in "Peter and the Wolf"
80 Rights gp.
81 Unperturbed
82 Smear
83 Doing nothing
84 Housebreak
86 Rue
88 Weep audibly
91 Miners at work
93 Kabul citizen
94 N.Y. transit org.
96 Port of southern Israel
99 Romeo's enemy
100 —— to (stopped a ship)
101 "Untouchable" Ness
102 Moral principles
106 Moby Dick's pursuer
107 —— vu
108 Seaweed substance
110 "More than one way to skin ——"
112 Nappy hairdo
113 Ticket remnant
114 Charlie Chan's remark
116 Racetrack shape
117 Immunity fluids
118 Catch sight of
120 Fitness facility
121 Dry, as wine
122 Directional letters



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 67.

Crossfire Live

Sandy shows there are an infinite number of ways to stoke that 'Nixon' controversy.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
HELLO, MAY I SPEAK WITH BRAD PITT?
THIS IS MO HOWARD FROM FLACCO & FLACCO. I'D LIKE TO TALK TO—
I'M VP, CLERICAL OPERATIONS. IF YOU COULD JUST PUT MR. PITT ON THE—
I SEE. WELL, COULD YOU TELL MR. PITT WE'RE HAVING A POWER SOIRÉE TONIGHT IN CONSIDERATION OF HIS BEST SUPPORTING ROLE IN 12 MONKEYS.
JUST A HANDFUL OF INFLUENTIAL ACADEMY VOTERS.
309 E. 9TH STREET. IT'S A PRIVATE RESIDENCE.
RIGHT. WE WANT TO AVOID A.J. BENZA.
IT'S REALLY MORE OF A BUSINESS THING. GWYNETH DOESN'T NEED TO BE THERE.
ELEVENISH? EXCELLENT.
HE DOESN'T NEED TO BRING ANYTHING, JUST HIMSELF. AND MAYBE A TOOTHBRUSH.
CLK
HELLO? HELLO? HELLO?
CRAP.
CyBAR Micro-Brewery
Every Night Is Ladies Night!
Women Welcome
Hey, Girls Guys making 100K Inside!
Newsweek
NIXON
A.J.! SANDY! HOW'S MR. HOT COPY? THOSE SUPERMODELS AREN'T RUBBING UP AGAINST YOU TOO HARD?
LISTEN, I'VE GOT PAT BUCHANAN, THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, HERE. HE FINALLY GOT AROUND TO SEEING NIXON, AND NOW HE'S REALLY MAD. SHALL I HAVE HIM SPIT SOME VENOM YOUR WAY?
YEAH, BABE, LET'S VENT.
I THINK WE ALL KNOW THAT OLIVER STONE IS EVIL. LOOK, HE VILIFIED OUR TROOPS IN PLATOON, TURNED THEM INTO ANTI-AMERICAN HIPPIES IN BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY— A TITLE THAT ITSELF DESECRATES THAT GREAT AMERICAN HYMN YANKEE DOODLE. SECONDLY, HE DEMONIZED AMERICAN BUSINESSMEN IN WALL STREET WHILE GLORIFYING DRUG USE AND SEXUAL PROMISCUITY IN THE DOORS. BOB DOLE LET NATURAL BORN KILLERS OFF WITH HIS GRUMPY OLD MAN ROUTINE; PAT BUCHANAN WOULD HAVE HAD OLIVER STONE ARRESTED FOR IMPERSONATING AN AUTEUR.
AND NOW THIS OBSCENITY. IT'S AN OUTRAGE.
I WAS IN THAT WHITE HOUSE AND I SERVED THAT PRESIDENT, AND I CAN TELL YOU, HE DID NOT DRINK BOURBON. RICHARD NIXON WAS A MARTINI MAN.
THAT'S YOURS EXCLUSIVELY, A.J.!
ALREADY READ IT IN "PAGE SIX," BABE.
BUT YOURS EXCLUSIVELY WITHIN THE DAILY NEWS!
YEAH, WELL, LEMME CALL OLLIE AND SEE IF HE'LL BITE BACK...
NO NEED, MIA BENZA! GOT HIM RIGHT HERE!
PAT BUCHANAN CAN EAT ME.
THE PART ABOUT NIXON BEING INVOLVED IN THE JFK ASSASSINATION? DIDN'T HAPPEN. IT'S A PRETTY DREAM, THOUGH.
HEY, YOU KNOW, I'M DOING THE LARRY FLYNT STORY, AND WE'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO PLAY THE SHOOTER...
DADDY, I'M SURE THERE'S SOMETHING UNETHICAL ABOUT THIS...
WHAT DO I ALWAYS SAY, A.J.? FLACCO & FLACCO, YOUR ONE-STOP SUPER SOURCE!
LISTEN, IF YOU WANT IT, I'VE GOT A STATEMENT HERE FROM BOB DOLE CALLING FOR OLIVER STONE'S EXECUTION...

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